

Phew, phew
Yeah, ha
Yeah, ha
Yeah, ha
Yeah, ha
Ha, phew
Ha, chyeah

I'm mad, berserk
I swag, I surf
Too bad, for certain
Two bands for my shirt
New baddie, she perfect
New bag and she want it
I'm mad, berserk
I swag, I surf (Phew)
(Ha, ha, yeah, ha)

Went to sleep fresh in a coffin, woke up and I went shoppin'
Put all my clothes alphabetical order, I got so many options (Chyeah)
On Monday, I'm rockin' Armani briefs, on Sunday, Alexander the office
I had to sit down with the team at McQueen and they tellin' me
I'm rockin' it properly (True stories)
I step on them, they can't rest (True stories)
They tellin' me take this check (True stories)
28 carats in the back of my mouth 'cause I really been tryna say less (Less)
28 carats on four rings and I got an Audi on my chest (Yeah)
I'm too swagged out, tell your boyfriend he ain't your boyfriend, he's your ex
I'm swaggin', I'm surfin', I'm goin' berserk like post-traumatic stress
(Ha, chyeah, ha, chyeah)

I'm mad, berserk
I swag, I surf (Phew)
Too bad, for certain
Two bands for my shirt
New baddie, she perfect
New bag and she want it

Ha, huh? Ha, chyeah, ha
Too swagged might not even do the next- (Huh, oh my)
Too swagged might not even do the next verse