

Can you, uh, cut everything up in my headphones a little bit?
Thank you very much
Thank you
Yeah, yeah, uh

So let me just gas this shit like crash the whip, I'm showing off on accident
Passionate and sick, I'm Kobe Bean with the assist
'Cause I won't pass to them
I break it down and roll it on my lonely
'Cause I don't want no fake homies, no Manolos, only Tonys
And this world is mine, I knew that since my daddy reached his climax
You think that it's sick, I think it's honest
I smoke a whole eighth throughout the day, call it surviving
My mind is like a safe that I'm just filling up with problems
God, thank you for my girl, we fuck, I know she feel my pain
She hold me tight and grip my back and tell me give her everything
I live my life against the grain, to be like them, I'm so allergic
I'm dirty, there's no detergent
Not worried 'cause they ain't perfect
With these words, I been serving the streets
Don't matter if I'm serving the streets you on, I'm still helpin' 'em eat
Don't matter if I come in second place, it's not certain defeat
Don't matter what you say, everyone know you just speaking to speak
No matter what you say, even if I'm broke, I'm still keeping it me
All you listen to is hoes so how the fuck is you keeping it G?
You see how I live so discrete, woe is me
I got money deservedly
Been through hell and back with gasoline drawers on, and yet I'm still flourishing
So I know you niggas heard of me
I won't take your girl, just take her heart and call it surgery
Please don't speak on me foul, that shit is called perjury
I'm tryna put my nephew in a Benz before I'm 33
Tryna put these habits down before they start hurtin' me
Searching for a real one in this world is like tryna find a Jollibee in Harlem
Don't even get me started
I spit my fucking soul and they been stalling
And they been stalling

Livin' like Ace, hundred racks in the safe
Eating chow mein, baby from Spain, played it safe
Monopolize and build a brand so big, they can't break it
Six figures off of retail, damn, this shit crazy (Goddamn)
Real nigga off top so I ain't trippin' off much
Knocked baby off the 'Gram, took her out for some lunch
I've been tryna make it shake, I been outside for a month
A fresh orange juice, something slight in the blunt
Like my OG Deuce told me, man, it's never enough
A two piece and Burlon game, automatic, I'm up
I like to keep my whips clean but barely drive 'em, I'm nuts
My bitch got a lil' whip so she be pickin' me up
Baby girl, this not a Wraith, but shit, this Uber a 'lux
LJ, Caleborate, love, who cooler than us?
I analyze the situation and take my time with it
We can't do much, love, I'm on the time light (Sock it to me)

Accountant knockin' at my door, I gotta sign shit (Goddamn)
Ocean view, orange juice, and an omelette (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)
When I wanna drop shit, bitch, I drop shit (Numbers)
I'm nonchalant to the bitch but really having chips, off the dribble

Check, yeah
You're doing good
Sock it to me
We ain't come to this motherfucker to play no games
You know what I'm sayin'?
Somethin' slight
Ayy, ayy, ayy
Man, good job
Caleborate, I got you
Numbers, bad
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy