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Nigga, I done fucked around and linked up with my nigga Cardo, nigga, God da
Sock it to me
Good job
Numbers
Uh, uh, uh, ayy, ayy
Uh, uh, uh, ayy, ayy, oh-oh
It was a clear afternoon, the hoes was out
Slidin' up, cashmere, bro just got out
Bought him shoes and clothes, a zip of 'dro
A couple hundred dollars then he knocked him a go
I'm mackin' on a bitch 'cause it's necessary
She bought a nigga Gucci and Cartier
I'm tryna go to Boston, there's money there
I'm rollin' up a chop in the barber chair
Sprinter van with a TV
Every real P need one of these
I'm from the slums where shit can get real
You got a be from The Bay to know how I feel
I'm not famous, I'm just a real-ass nigga
Who needs a record deal when you know how to get it?
They tryna book Uncle Larry overseas
But for that, bitch, I need twenty Gs
Smokin' on a chop with the top down
I'm coolin', I'm feelin' alive
Don't be callin' my phone tryna kill my vibe
Bitch, I work too hard to get this fly
I'm feelin' good today, I don't want no drama, ever
I'm feelin' good today, so keep all that far away, far away
I make songs for niggas that live like me
And that bad-ass bitch that get off at three
Take a nigga number then call me sometime
How I make it out the trap? I be thinkin' sometimes
Baby came through with chicks for days
Fuck my morals, I'm hittin' today
Then she blew a nigga phone up, these hoes is mainy
I was just tryna smack, I ain't need no lady
Put my Nikes on then I grab my keys
Let me roll up a fat-ass chop before we leave
Sittin' on my couch playin' D'Angelo
My candle cost eighty dollars for the little one
Thirty K, all stock, this the real one
No Ds in the wash, still killin' em
I'm livin', life is cool
Matter fact, bitch, my only problem is you
Smokin' on a chop with the top down
I'm coolin', I'm feelin' alive
Don't be callin' my phone tryna kill my vibe
Bitch, I work too hard to get this fly
I'm feelin' good today, I don't want no drama, ever
I'm feelin' good today, so keep all that far away, far away
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