Tee Tee, that's my sister

OG, that's my cousin

Just talked to my brother

Told him that I love him

Made it from the bottom

Beef? No problem

All they ever ask is when my new shit droppin'

They watching They watching everything I do They all chasing Can't run a mile up in my shoes Tell me later That ain't my problem Das on you I'm flying private I'm walking right up with the crew We land I take my nephew to the Swapmeet White tees Then it's to the studio to produce My beats Sitting in the shop Acrylic on my nails Getting harder than gel I got a story to tell

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I'm the baby from the dumpster Brenda was my momma Free lunch in the summers Now I'm stacking commas Fake bitches still envy I don't need that drama I'm too damn busy outchea Chasing numbers Ponytail poppin Cocktails in the cockpit Boys insist on hanging on While I explore my options I tell them to stop it They search but they can't top this The hustle I don't knock it Cus I'm about that profit

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