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I'ma go to Hell with just me, myself, and all my money
I might go to jail but they're never gonna take it from me
Postin' bail in my mugshot looking hella bummy
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Talk about guap I got a lot
Shit ain't enough I ain't gon stop
All of the shit that they talk
But bet they gon cop when this drop
Don't try to flex you ain't able
I got this over the table
Everyone tryna say it's the cosigns
But I did this shit without a label
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If you knew what I made in the last few months
Bet you'd talk to me different
Don't go blowing up my phone when I'm on your television
Cause I put the money on top
All of these rappers is talk, yeah
Best keep your girl on a lock
Cause she'll hit me up when this drop yeah
Two bitches in the Ferrari
Both of them down to get naughty
Can't keep from spending my money
Everyone say I'm the life of the party
Might take a flight out to Canada
I took the check and then ran it up
My teeth reflect on the camera
Might go and wreck the Aventador
I'ma go to Hell with just me, myself, and all my money
I might go to jail but they're never gonna take it from me
Postin' bail in my mugshot looking hella bummy
I'ma go to Hell with just me, myself, and all my...
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