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The Melody
DJ on the beat. So, it's a banger
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Chanel or Cha-ne'-ne', whatever you call it Whenever you poppin', don't matter who bought it Prada wristband with the chip, my new wallet Fresh out the creek, I'm discreet, I'm too solid Charge up the G-Wagen, new electronic Deep in religion, might get back demonic Go ask promoters, I picked up six hundred Four hundred more, one million, Gillie, he saw it Six-carat stones, GIA, I went flawless I had to flush with the top off the toilet Fendi Baguette bag thirty-two hundred Dealin' with jet lag, pass me a water Sheets in the county, go run up a quarter Brodie did that just to bonus his lawyer She sent me the heart eyes, I tried to ignore her Left her on read, let her know she a choice

Put 'em on ice, he play
Put her on ice, she play
Put on my ice, I'm safe
My little brother, he carry a Drac'
And I told him, "Ain't nobody safe."

They say I look nervous, they look at my face (Yeah) You could do that but can't play in my face (Yeah) I told the water boys copy the plates (Yeah) Little bro had fucked up his heart off the vape (Yeah, yeah) The bloggers be talkin', they start up a case (Yeah) Ain't from my hood, then you cannot relate (Yeah) Pass out that money, you already ate (Yeah) Bottega slides, I love pretty feet I was 'bout to go Brabus, the order backed up Switched to Ferrari, it smell like the horse Drink like Starbucks, but it got me backed up When I'm too high, bitch, I don't like to fuck Bro like defender how he move like a cluck Brand-new McLaren, shit straight off the truck Bitch think I'm cocky, I don't say, "What's up?" Me and bro loyalty made out the mud

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