

I'm runnin' to the check like a sport
Shorty as thick as a horse
I'm servin' that bitch out the Porsche
And no, we don't fuck with the narcs
Pink stones all in my chain, diamonds, they shine in the dark
Real Runtz all in my blunt, yeah, that shit smell like a fart
Digg, digg, digg, digg, digg, digg, digg, digg
Sideways off that lean, I don't know which way is up
Walk into the pharmacy and tell 'em fill my cup

New Maybach, I need me a driver
[?] like a virus
They cuttin' the check on the [?]
Lil shorty, I need me a rider
We stashin' them bricks in the safehouse
Three hundred, now give me a Wraith now
Instagram, I'm flexin' the bankrolls
Like the army, I got me a tank
Kill that nigga and keep me the [?]

All my sins, they don't get erased
I knew that I'd make me a way
I knew that I'd make me a way
I'm whippin' a Lamb, not a Lotus
I'm stackin' the money, get focused
In New York, I gotta keep me a [?]
'Cause these pussy ass niggas be hating
Call my mama and tell her I made it
In the middle of the day I get faded
Middle of the day, I get faded
But I'll never forget 'bout the paper
I'll never forget 'bout my guys
I'll never forget 'bout my slimes
That's why I gotta keep me some fye

I'm runnin' to the check like a sport
Shorty as thick as a horse
I'm servin' that bitch out the Porsche
And no, we don't fuck with the narcs
Pink stones all in my chain, diamonds, they shine in the dark
Real Runtz all in my blunt, yeah, that shit smell like a fart
Digg, digg, digg, digg, digg, digg, digg, digg
Sideways off that lean, I don't know which way is up
Walk into the pharmacy and tell 'em fill my cup (One time, BADSHIT!)

I can't feel my face, I'm off a perky, bitch I'm stuck
Cartis on my face and I don't know which way is up
And we done post up with them chops, ride with the fye
And my nigga had it loaded, you wan' slide, you gon' die
Bunch of heavy metal toters, better run, better hide
Bet I'll catch yo' ass outside, 556 in when he slide
[?] Glocks in the front way, out here spazzin'
Bitches out here clappin', I don't know which way is up
We done took a couple bitches and you know it's goin' up
Ridin' with my choppers and they fully loaded
I want all the smoke, [?] steady smokin'

I'm runnin' to the check like a sport
Shorty as thick as a horse
I'm servin' that bitch out the Porsche
And no, we don't fuck with the narcs
Pink stones all in my chain, diamonds, they shine in the dark
Real Runtz all in my blunt, yeah, that shit smell like a fart
Digg, digg, digg, digg, digg, digg, digg, digg
Sideways off that lean, I don't know which way is up
Walk into the pharmacy and tell 'em fill my cup