Got a rich ho, she don't want nothin' cheap
Ain't cuffin', do my hoes, pass her to the big bro (Big bro)
Rockin' white gold, then I switched to rose gold (Rose gold)
I don't need you, my pocket full, on cheese full (Racks)
These niggas know I'm the GOAT in the studio booth (They know)
Don't run for this shit, just let it choose you (Oh yeah)
They wanna play hide and seek, I find my way
Hit his ass up with the motherfuckin' KelTec, nigga still fightin' for that cash
(10Fifty, I love you)

You ain't gon' never meet a young nigga, young nigga realer than me You ain't gon' never meet a young nigga that drip harder than me .223, play with me, I bet he knock you off your feet Cup on Easter pink, real diamonds, water sink (That's water my sink) Yeah, a blizzard storm, told 'nem to go grab a mink Karate back Panamera, ride through, tearin' up the streets I get big high, your nigga small fry (I get big high) I'm a thief in the night, yeah, go ask them guys (Slatt)

Fuck that, I'ma slime this night (Fuck that)
I'ma show you, got Dior's eyes
Fuck that, I'ma live my life
Get the money and stay in my pride (Racks, racks)
I'ma pop my gun, bro (Boom)
Real slimes on all y'all
I'm slide with it off, yeah
Get money and lay low (Lay low)
Yeah, I'm slidin' like God, I'll give you a halo (That's crazy)
I beat that pussy up, now she tryna stay low
You niggas know the vibes, millions what I strive
I bet I can blow your mind 'cause you never seen this life

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You ain't gon' never meet a young nigga that drip harder than me
.223, play with me, I bet he knock you off your feet
Cup on Easter pink, real diamonds, water sink (That's water my sink)
Yeah, a blizzard storm, told 'nem to go grab a mink
Karate back Panamera, ride through, tearin' up the streets
I get big high, your nigga small fry (I get big high)
I'm a thief in the night, yeah, go ask them guys (Hood Gotit, talk to 'em)

Pardon, my bad
Flexin' for the 'Gram, lil' nigga, you cap
Before this rap shit, everything I did was slatt (That's no cap)
No need for guidance 'cause I'm puttin' Atlanta on the map (It's a blessing)
Hood Baby gon' pop shit, ain't nan' nigga can stop that (Big poppin')
Uh, pocket look like it got jumped (Hood Baby), yeah
Pockets look like they got mumps, yeah
They took his shit, lil' boy, you dumb
I drop big bags off on my mom (No cap)
Big bags, Balenci bags stuffed with blue hundreds and MAC's
I got 'em big mad, yeah, big sad, can't do that
Too funny, you too funny, broke niggas make me laugh
Keep new money, new, new hundreds, when I walk out that bank

You ain't gon' never meet a young nigga, young nigga realer than me (Hood Ba

by)

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