Yeah, yeah, yeah Aye Royce, you did it right here Uhh Uh-huh-uh Racks to the ceiling

Just tryna get racks to the ceiling Pourin' the lean with a feelin'
Day dream 'bout money and bitches
Speed racin' so I am speedin'
When I'm with you I'm wildin'
See a new car I buy it, yeah
You don't get money, so stop it, yeah
See a new house I buy it, uh

Pull up and make you freeze, ridin' around in the street, uh
Big ass 223, first class to the east
I'm chasin' these bands, I hope you understand me
Walkin' around with the glick in my hand, now that nigga dancin'
Chanel bag, runnin' around with the cash
Brand new Louis bag, walkin' around with the stick in my hands, uh
Bros stick to that, I flex like that, uh
We don't give no pass, bad bitch with fat ass

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Yeah, yeah walkin' around with a stick
Yeah, yeah I got a brick, whippin' that shit, uh
Takin' a picture, yeah, she takin' a picture
She on the phone with me, she in love with me
She screamin' "Mosey", I'm into that
She want my money, I already know what's up
And when I feel lonely, I poured up a cup
You not my homie, so get the fuck out

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