Baby, I could give u the moon You know he can't do what I do Yeah, It's true Girl, I think I'm dyin' real soon We could die in my room Me and you I'ma keep you in mind While I drive right by Say goodbye to the nice guy I'm wastin' my time Givin' you rhymes You gotta give me a dime Before I do that again And I ain't trippin', I'm high In the trunk of the Benz Is where my women reside Where my women will die I ain't got no friends And I don't listen to y'all I'm equipped for the fall And the winter and all When the summer come I'ma have enough to get the fuck out I could buy a truck and Drive that motherfuckin' truck out Trynabuy luck If you don't die that means you lucked out I ain't tryna fuck I see the moon and bug the fuck out