I'ma go flex on a bitch, go stunt on a bitch I'm sorry, I'm havin' my way You ain't even with my team, you ain't with my gang Lil nigga, get the fuck out my face I brought a Glock in the party, I shoot at the opps They dancin' like B2K Nigga want smoke, I'm like, "OK" We gon' pull up, take his ass out in broad day I'ma go flex on a bitch, go stunt on a bitch I'm sorry, I'm havin' my way You ain't even with my team, you ain't with my gang Lil nigga, get the fuck out my face I brought a Glock in to party, I shoot at the opps They dancin' like B2K Nigga want smoke, I'm like, "OK" We gon' pull up, take his ass out in broad day

It's more money out here to be made, oh
None of these bitches get saved
I take this drip to my grave, bro
Dash on these bitches, I'm great
She on my neck like a groupie ho
Had her before I was paid
These niggas lame how they catch the boat
Tryna keep up with my waves

I keep them racks on my nightstand I don't put my trust in no one I had to go with the right plan Separate me from the fake ones I'm poppin' off like a handgun Cops askin' questions, we don't say nothin' Designer on my fuckin' body Shorty, why your boyfriend dressin' like a pilgrim? To be honest, I don't feel him I live what I rap, that's a real life Lil shorty got hit with a real pipe Now she don't want you, it don't feel right I'm thanking God, 'cause I'm double blessed I'm in the sky, somewhere outta sight True stoner high, e'ry night Livin' this, how you gotta pay the price

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Drip too hard, don't stand too close Fuck around, get hit up with this K Don't say nothin', better get out my face Can't get a job with a tat on my face Niggas ain't real and I can't relate I bring my gun when I go on dates Order my money when I get it from Chase Hit up Virgil, Louis my shades Niggas say I'm fake, don't know what you think I done fucked a model bitch over the sink Coco Chanel ain't put it in pink Animal cruelty, I put on this mink AP too little had to add me a link Mike Amiri denim, gotta hunnid on my jeans I'ma do whatever, gotta feed my team I married my bitch, gotta pull me out the ring

Apparently, the clarity, aye-aye-aye
Chicago Streets to Beverly, aye-aye-aye
All-white 1's, like KKK
Skie's goin' broke, ain't no way
Let a bitch come try to steal my chain, you spit on her face

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