

Ginseng

Hold up, dropped a hundred rackies on a house
Used to sleep on my grandmama couch
Now my bitch got Chanel on her blouse, ooh
I'm finna have sex with her mouth
Ain't none of my checks finna bounce
I think her ass fake, it don't bounce
I'ma just get the face and then bounce
How you rich? You don't have an account
She told me she wish I was dead
I'm like, "Wait, was it something I said?"
He not rich, that's just special effects
Swear to God I stay lemonade fresh
Fuck a job, I get paid just to flex
Fuck the cops, I got hate for the feds
I just hang with my money, no friends

No friends, no friends, no friends (Woo)
I'm in New York city so I just bought me some Timbs
Fell in love with CoCo, I got Chanel bracelets
Walked inside of Toto, I put Prada on my lens
Black Benz, black rims, black tints
The way I live my life, I hope that God forgive my sins
I don't believe the hype, I know you broke, boy, don't pretend
All my diamonds cold, they make me shiver just like wind
I was quarantined with a bad bitch and we made a movie just like Brad Pitt
Mike Amiri jeans came from Saks Fifth, and the pockets full so I'm sagging
I don't want Z's, I just want M's, I'ma have to some mathematics
My feet got the Raf Sims and that bitch told me I'm attractive

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I just hang with my money, no friends, ayy, ayy
I just hang with my money, no, uh
I just hang with my money, no friends
Trackhawk, super-charged Jeep
That's just Tune, be gone with the wind
Crazy girl, superstar me
We just live for the moment and sin
AMG not the regular Benz
Put her life in some devilish hands
I'ma be on TV when you see me

Bet these boys nod off in a meeting
Junkie boy all wanna be me
Really no flaws, it's different
She love when we come, we the tippers
No more love for no stripper
Codeine clogging my liver
You said I'ma be on TV when you see me
She said I'm done but I miss her

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