

Ayy, ayy-ayy

Cash make everything go my way
I pull up, I ain't even really come with a lot
Just enough to remember my face
I used to rap on the bus
My truck got a mini fridge, be storing the drink
Whatever you need it's for us
We punish the greedy
I love you, but you in the way

I put a bitch in -
However you say it, that's back in the day
She want to twin and the matching Balencis
The bitch want the gang to call her gang
Real pretty hoe, I salute
You got to get troops surround these waves
I just got deja vu, I did this before
And y'all both had the same name
I bought that Lamb' for you
I barely had one and I know that drives you crazy
Shit, Dan said I changed, I feel him
Too slime, no Boog gang with me
Too slime, no Pop on the stand
I'm god, I'm satan off xans
Nigga still do a track on the band
We rich but we miss our friends
If they was here we would probably bump heads
You ain't rich if it ain't got to your head
Saw your text and it's better on read
I flex and you better off dead
Niggas broke can't bap
20 mil off rap, I'm serious
I ain't even think hard on the lyrics
I was sick about that hoe, but I cured it
My neighbors they hate my Track'
But they never be complaining about the Urus
That drank shit caps like Act
Red don't even taste like syrup
I pull up, I ain't even really come with a lot
Just enough to remember my
I make everything go my way
I pull up, I ain't even really come with a lot
Just enough to remember my face

I used to rap on the bus
My truck got a mini fridge, be storing the drink
Whatever you need it's for us
We punish the greedy
I love you, but you in the

I make everything go my way
I make, aye, aye, aye, aye
I make everything go my way
Aye, aye, aye