

## CTA 2 Bach

LUCKI

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