

Top ski, top third, top four  
You know what's goin' on (Icey, I'm so sick of you)

I was already sittin' in my car 'fore she set him up  
Damn near bought the same jeans twice, I ain't even keepin' count  
Girl's so freaky, said her pussy get wet how the car sound  
I gotta keep me a coffee cup like I got a horrible job

I was drowning from that drank, I'm sweatin' through Celine  
I was just mad at my lil' bitch, she did somethin' in a dream  
She seen the Benz, she's in traffic, reminded her of me  
I got too much money right now, they say I'm outta reach  
I'm in the black truck like I'm pres', but I can't get impeached  
It's some niggas that want me dead, but they ain't got the reach  
I'on respect nobody but the feds, everybody else can beat it  
One call away, uh, all the day

Freestyle pourin' 'til it's said, don't think no head can fit in it, yeah  
I'm over the pond, might need help, my cup on senior citizen  
I got a.5 on every reach, don't act like she ain't careerin'  
I'ma thank you twelve if you leave ya gun I'm clutchin' Rob Dillingham  
Somethin' I never seen was the hoe on Earth I ever wanna wife  
Movin' like Edward pass my finger, treat it like I'm Uncle Ice

Said he got Wock', but he wants a K, well to me that's priceless  
I got these hoes lined up like suspects, pickin' 'em out of a line-up  
Perc' kicked in I'm the chosen one, dance slo-mo like Soulja Slim  
Kill y'all hoes, I'm grown as fuck  
Play once, I can make hole-in-ones  
So many hoes got stricked in the club right now, man, I feel like a bowling ball  
Can't have smoke with no nigga, if it ain't no money, if it ain't no blood involved

Ayy, ayy, got to brush my shoulder off  
She just took off titties and ass the same, she already know what's up  
Swear to God I just told Wham, "We rich now, how the fuck we fallin' off?"  
Young nigga I'm a rich junkie, take real medicine, never took Tylenol  
I just put a bitch up, she say I'm the G.O.A.T., it don't even bother y'all  
Nigga can't get a response, he'll get a bullet unless that Glock involved

Them lil' boys feed lies, stain on 'em, I pop out a fishbowl  
A bitch want plain AP, her ear a three-pointer this shit like a field goal  
It's obvious I got more drip than a boat, still just this year in clothes  
That 220 in the moment, I could lose you, like a lil' remote  
They pulled up tried to spin, gotta box 'em in like blood crawford  
I'm tryna focus on real estate, I'm thinking 'bout buying all the drug houses  
These rap nigga get messy, I feel like a ho if I download club house  
These rap nigga get messy I fuck around and buy 'em a soccer ball

These rap nigga be worse than the hoe you spill they tea they love gossip  
Hope you know you'll never be the main bitch I'm married to Aunt Jemima  
My young niggas got way more Glocks and switches than they got clean boxers