

Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Ay, she basically a hooker but with morals  
Chanel on my straight look like a  
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
Ayy

Ayy, she basically a hooker but with morals  
Chanel on my straight look like a lawyer  
You represent me when you in these streets you like my daughter  
Neptune taught you rap perception  
You can make them believe any fuckin' thing  
And if this shit true they make you they queen  
She can fit the shoes but she squeezin' her feet  
Celebrate the news if I tell her where to meet  
Don't let no meme fool you, I'm a pretty bitch dream  
Weeks off tour and I still ain't been home  
We both barely care, but we pickin' up the phone  
I fell out with some rappers, but I'm good back home  
Nigga post some bout' me  
First a Maybach, now Lakeshore Drive  
Might grow many match time  
Knew you was a snake, so how I stab you in the spine?  
Uh, I'm gettin' way too good at this  
You niggas is rookies how I tell coach pull the kid  
Trapper wanna book me prolly help him go full legit  
I'm still  
I'm still  
I'm still, lil' ol' me  
And I could do it by myself and niggas say show me  
I look like money, but I'm bein' low key  
I'm sex, money, drugs but you could get to know me  
  
Like, I'm still  
I'm still lil' ol' me