

BrentRambo
Yo, copy, ayy

How far you wanna go in the back?
I'm new to this money, I'm foreign to that
Poppin' these pinks, New York, I'm back
She miss me 'cause of my Florida racks
She want me, I want more to drink
Lovin' my life, got bored of that

So my mind give me more to think
And I can't take no more of that
All bossed up, she ignorin' me
But I want my lil' Tory back
Trippin' on X, no more of that
All my emotions got absorbed with that
My son asked why my water pink
It hurt 'cause I ain't mean to show him that
I gotta get my order back
What the fuck I'ma do with forty racks?
Besides spend a lot on hoes in Saks
I hope it's more to rap
But I care what my brothers think
They standin' in my corner like Floyd there
How you want more of me?
I'm rich but I still get sorta sad
These lil' niggas big quarterbacks
Big in the pocket, but avoid the sack
Don't you get bored of that?
Uh, hmm, ayy
How you gon' lower me?
I get high and adore the racks
First to the money, I record the racks
I can't see me goin' back

Ayy, ayy, ayy
I can't see me, uh, ayy
Ayy, ayy
I can't see me, uh, ayy

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Ayy
Lovin' my life, got bored of that
Ayy, ayy

How you want more of me?
Ayy, copy
Yeah, how you want more of me?
Ayy
How you want more of me?
Ayy