

I want a chain, bet I'm stealin' it
The more that you call, I ain't feelin' it
I wanna, ay
Ay (Taurus)
I gave a stripper the best of me
Ay, ay
I gave a stripper the best of me
I gave a good hoe what's left of me
Ay, ay, yeah
Ay

I gave a stripper the best of me
I gave a good hoe what's left of me
See what she had a lean recipe
Crash out in SoHo, I wake up in Beverly
I want a chain, bet I'm stealin' it
The more that you call me, the more I ain't feelin' it
I got a problem remembering
Back on them bars like I'm waiting for sentencing
SVI Range at the residence
Woke up the neighbors, they think I be selling shit
And my bitch just found me a better bitch
And my watch all Vs, she a veteran
Trackhawk cost two cheap foreigners
Free slime, I'ma still drink for em' (Taurus)
I'm paid, but this shit gettin' boring
My son ain't even like it's new Rick Owens
Shit, look, ayy
Hunnid thousand time teller, and it's all rose
She'll show it, she'll sell it and I'm all for it
Just pray my brothers never get jealous
Nigga what's mine is yours
She too pretty to be that Balenci bitch
I ain't got time for it
She too pretty to be that, uh, bitch
I ain't got time for it
Trackhawk, stomp the gas
She got whiplash
Bust a Presi, bet it make her old nigga mad
Trackhawk, stomp the gas
She got whiplash
Bust a Presi, bet it make her old nigga mad
I boss up a city girl, call me Tune Vert
Haha
Ay, ay

I boss up a city girl, call me Tune Vert
Pay the refs, and place a bet that's how the game work