

Yeah, in the booth, gettin' high
Yeah, goin' up, so I gotta hold it down
Yeah, all the bad bitches outside
Yeah, freak bitch, finna take her to the house
Swear I been a real nigga all my life
Smoke fire blunt, that's a high-five
You ain't tryna run it up, boy, you fried
Ain't shit but that money on my mind

Every single day, I be on the grind
All that shit fake, nigga just rhyming
Nigga, take the cap off, quit lying
Nigga, I just wanna shine like my diamonds
On the way to the top, I been climbing
I been smoking za, gettin' higher than the pilot
Stackin' all this guap, nigga, now my money piling
Finally, all this hard work done paid off
How the fuck I woke up to a check on my day off?
Brodie been swingin' them sticks, he don't play golf
Got a hood bitch, she'll spray you with some mace, dog
Until you come up, all you gotta do is stay down
In the party, brodie got it tucked, he don't play 'round
All I gotta do is spit a bar to get paid now
And they know my bro'll lit a spark if it came down to it
Bitch at the spot, ass up and her face down (Ugh)

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Ain't my birthday, but I run that cake up
I'm a real stoner, fire it up on the wakeup
You just now got you some money, boy, you late, bruh
I'm tryna ball on 'em, I don't got no time to lay up
Niggas be tellin' fake stories, yeah, they made up
She was trippin', had to tell her tie her lace up
When you finally get you some money, they gon' hate you
I ain't never need a bitch, all I need is that paper
That ho catfish, she ain't shit without makeup
Big bitch, shorty got that ass, told her, "Shake somethin'"
Big blick, brodie's stick look like a ray gun
All these broke niggas what I gotta stay 'way from
How the fuck you say you got a bag, but ain't made nothin'?
If it ain't about a bag, then don't say nothin' to me
Livin' dreams with my day-ones
Ice on my neck, young nigga spent that pape' on ten

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Ain't shit but that money on my mind, yeah (Cheeze)

Know what I'm sayin'?
Yeah
Skii