

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