(Yari)
Hm-hmm-hmm, hm-hmm
Hm, hmm-hmm-hmm, hmm-hmm

Positive influences didn't really have a lot
Jewelry got insurances, don't make me bring this trap alone
All these bitches everywhere, they don't even have a tongue
I don't need insurances, I don't need to tag along
Always by my damn self, don't need to bring the gang along
God can hold my own ground, these offers like to cap a lot
Stick with me like Polo, come and check my catalogue
Greeting like a parachute, bitches wanna sing along
Then I bring the finger on, end up on the poster
Please don't get your bridges shot, big checking Monclers
Throwin' in the trap a lot, standin' at the fucking park
Tryna make you fucking locked, stocked and two smoking barrels
(Barrels), ah

Rollie it don't tell talk

Never touch the AP

Pull up with the Glock, Glock

Everybody shaky

Your bitchy give me crunk, crunk

Making bread like ice or pastry

Lot of problems in my life, but

It ain't nothin' I can't handle (No)

Sometimes I sit in my house by myself and my phone thinking, "S hould I put a hit out?" (Should I?)
Yeah, I change my mind, I got basics on the line
And I know there's bigger pictures

Fuck your bitch, I'm outside
Quarter million cash down
Double up and go again
Double up and go again (Double up and go again)
Double up and go again (Double up, go again)
Double up and go again

Double up and go again