Yeah Yeah

I ain't even mad at you, I just thought you was real Couldn't stay stuck, how I'm sippin' three thousands in this se al

I ain't even mad at you, I just thought you was real Been waitin' for my brothers locked up, hope you get your appea ls, yeah

Twenty-nine for the books, that's a bando baby One LB that [?] so my traphouse crazy Still I'm outside sayin', "Fuck you, pay me" No friends made me, no friends paid me, yeah OT trained me, keep your safety Anywhere I'm safe, G, oh-oh I've been rollin' the sea, on my Jack Jones lately The more I see you [?] please go get plan B (Go get plan B, uh) If I hand the money to you Then you don't need to count it, yeah, I'm sure about it The streets be kinda shady so we have no option but to keep the pole around us, oh-oh Keep the pole around us, oh-oh Got the shooters 'round me, oh-oh I got the shooters 'round me, oh-oh I'm the sensei, I make them press play Still got my brothers 'round me and they press cage I'm still maintainin', both wrists, whoa Both wrists rainin' (Splash, splash)

I'm not mad at you, I just thought you was real, oh Couldn't stay stuck, how I'm sippin' three thousands in this se al, oh-oh

I ain't even mad at you, I just thought you was real Still waitin' for my brothers locked up, hope you get your appe als, oh-oh

I ain't even mad at you, I ain't even mad at you (I ain't even mad at you, mad at you)

I ain't even mad at you, I ain't even mad at you, oh-oh Couldn't stay stuck, how I'm sippin' three thousands in this se al, oh-oh

Put all my jewelry on my wrists, I did it for the thrill (Thril 1, thrill)

Countin' hella bands in the whip, so fuck how you feel (Feel, feel)

Motherfucker

I know that they hate me, huh (I know, hmm, fuck it, that's it,

I'm done)

- I have a family so fuck a friend
- I do what I want, not the fuckin' trend
- I just left the store, spent three thousands on some kicks, two thousands on some kicks

Three thousands on some kicks