

How the hell did you get here?
Was you sent for me?
Manhattan fly, Brooklyn bad
And you're slipping, too
I wish I had some more treats, girl
Just to trick on you
But this money ain't impressive, huh?

I'm a fly motherfucker from around the way
S-I till I die and I say it brave
Make money for my fam, fans are the enemies
And I'm smoother than a shot of Hennessy

Hennessy, Hennessy, Hennessy
If I hit it then you gonna run to me
Remember me, remember me
And it ain't too cool to pass by
But you say yea baby let's ride
You fucking with the right guy
And I know you're feeling me
Yes, you're feeling me, aye

What the hell did you come for?
Was it meant for us to lock eyes in this party, baby girl?
Maybe rush to crush
Young nigga from the slums of the city
Fresh but not the flow, so gritty
Running shit, Mr. Mack Milly
You're lookin' like...
I put that on my mama
All my people say it with me

Now once we choose to move on
Anything to talk about
You really got me open, girl
Tryna see if you can work it out
All I ask of you is never change
'Cause you're probably find it blind
And I'm 'bout to make you say
Come on take your next shot of Hennessey