

Boolin' with your bitch she never told you
Wanna bag a gas in the old school
Tryna steal the sauce, boy I taught you
Shooting fades for the low, boy I off you

Miami in the morning with a bad bitch
Got a Mishka Gucci Preme habit
All real timings, king salad
Rudy's with the 1s, boy ima classic
Balling, yep I'm surfing, I'm too wavy
Going hard on them hoes that tried to play me
Made a couple songs got them going brazy

Hey, hey what you doing

Could've been on the team, lil shawty a fiend
Lil wrist in them jeans, Alexander McQueen
Stepping out on the scene
Want it all but I need more
Yellow diamonds, juggin' out the speed boat

Hey, hey what you doing

Never take a L
Roll the window down for the smell
She just popped two and she feeling herself
All I know is getting money
All I know is getting paper
All I know is stack up
I be flexing on a hater

Smelling like a hunna dollar bill
Smelling like a hunna dollar bill
Hunna, hunna dollar bill [x2]

Smelling like a hunna dollar bill
Smelling like a hunna dollar bill
Smelling hunna dollar bill [x2]

Piped up bih, how you feel?
Can't fake it, all y'all niggas keep it real
Switch for a guy, young guy no chill
Hold up, swole up I be in the field
Really I need me a rollie
Rolling in LA no Kobe
Liking all of my pics like she know me
Dick her down in the night and she leave in the morning
I'm yawning, hey

Smelling like a hunna dollar bill
Smelling like a hunna, hunna, hunna dollar bill [x4]

Sauce, skrr skrr
Sauce, skrr skrr
Hey, lil bitch
Hunna dollar bill