

Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah

Yeah, sliding through Gwinett, yes  
Sorry I was busy counting up a check, yes  
Louis loafers dancing, baby, do you want next? Uh  
I was on the jet with Prada, yeah, gettin' neck

What are you doing right now?  
Niggas be jacking your style  
Louis belt, yeah, it's hanging out (Uno I killed it)

Too-too many niggas was jockin' your style  
I know it has been a while  
Told her that I am not tripping, nah  
You know her feelings with youngin', yeah (yeah)  
Soon as I see these lil' biddies  
I'm taking these bitches, get them niggas out  
It's so amazing what these niggas is willing to do  
For a lil' bit of clout (ooh, ooh)  
Lil' bit of clout, lil' bit of clout (what? What?)  
I can go kiss on your neck  
Or just spray up your home or go run in your house (what?)  
I gotta' stay dripping, today  
I put on some Balenci' pants just to step out (damn)  
My Vivienne 'Wood the jacket  
They said that I look like the man of the hour, hour, hour  
Burning these boys just like, "Ow"  
Choppa' gon' burn these lil' boys just like, "Ow"  
Me and Young TYO out on the prowl  
Yeah, that's some money, I got it right now  
That was my twin and brothers  
Yeah, day-ones from momma, being reborn right now

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Big boss baby, yeah I got you (skrtrt)  
Good brain, lil' shawty, yeah, she's a scholar  
Broke nigga in the strip club, ain't got no dollars (racks)  
Stand on my money, bitch, yeah, it make me taller (racks)  
Yeah, this vintage denim, you can't find em' it's too old (sauce)  
Put on my Moncler, yeah, I swear it's getting cold (ooh)  
Told my ex bitch move on, yeah, let it go (skrtrt, skrtrt)  
Mind on the money, I can't fuck it up on hoes (racks)