

I'm working on dying
Hot sauce

I got bands no loan
Did it all on my own
I be rockin' 'Vlone', lone, lone
I don't trap, I got two phones
Yes, I know I'm on ten toes
I don't bang with them, no no, no, no
Get out my lane
Look at my chain
Look at my game, woah
What is yo name?
Get out my face, you not the gang, no
Woah, woah, woah, oh, oh, woah, woah, oh

I got the bands and if it's on me
Pull up, I'm ballin', your shoes gettin' creased
I'm what your little bro wanted to be
I got that smoke, coming for free
Commas on me
Commas on me
Commas on me
Commas on me
Hundreds on hundreds, no green
R.I.P. Gus, Lil Peep
My diamonds is water on freeze
New chain, new ice, ya dig?
New ring, new bike, ya dig?
Your chain is light, ya dig?
Ya dig? Ya dig?
Man, I'm so lit
Got hunnid racks, no deal
Man, I'm under fill
Roadside hunt, no kill
I don't really care how you feel
Whole game on mils
Whole game on mils
Free bro, outgoing mils

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