

These niggas don't want it with us, they're pussy
Philly!

Posted in the trenches, all my chains on
Probably riding 'lone with your main jaw
Louboutin kicks ain't got a stain on 'em
Finger by the head, I call it brainstorming
She gon' suck me off while I reel the Wraith
You be in your hood never feeling safe
Stacking up the money, trying to fill the safe
I'm never coming home, I catch another case
Felonies, my niggas got felonies
We are selling dog food, I'm talking that pedigree
Had that white girl popping when niggas was selling trees
And when we were selling trees, those busting like bumblebees
Oh, never love the hoes, I've been in and out 'em
If you need the work, know my nigga got it
Trapped the twenty-eights for the thirty-six
It's cooking right in front of you like Benihana

Blowing money fast, blowing money fast
Blowing money fast, blowing money fast
Running through the bag, running through the bag
Blowing money fast, blowing money fast

When you came from nothing, fuck being humble
Fuck being humble, fuck being humble
Tell 'em that I'm strapped, I don't wanna rumble
Fuck being humble, fuck being humble

Fuck being humble when you in the 'Rari
If I hit your ho, I ain't even sorry
Threw it in her quarter like I'm Dez Bryant
Chain Roc Nation, all these damn diamonds
I feel like I'm [inaudible]
Fucking up Atlanta every time I hit it
Mixing that Givenchy with the YSL
Last time I checked, I was that fucking nigga
Feel evident and we chasing money and never women
Balling on bitches like Curry and we don't ever miss 'em
Bust 'em down, fuck 'em good, never kiss 'em
Tell your baby daddy I said, "fuck his feelings!"

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