

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 jawn  
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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