

Woo! I'm on my way to an island
And I'm popping shit at the pilot (fly shit only)
Niggas be broke and be starving
But still talking shit like they violent (niggas is broke)
They said that they honest, talk money
These niggas gon' say that they got it
Get it now boy, the key to success
And these niggas gon' blame it on Khaled
They don't want to see you win (they don't)
They don't want to see the Wraith (no)
You don't want to see your bitch caught up in the stars
Like she's outer space
Mansion at the condo, condo at the mansion and I'm running out of space
Tell your homie, keep on coming out his mouth, I'm sending somethin' round h
is way
Niggas barely getting lawyer money
Better get some Sig Sauer money
Running 'round like you Superman
Don't be selfish, get your mom insurance money (hah!)
'Cause I'm the one to put it on your money
I'm the one that make it happen it to you
Niggas with you fuck around and do it for me

Hopped in the Wraith and I bought it, it's litty again
Fly out the piff and the tropic, it's litty again
All of my partners is poppin', you know that we litty again
All of the fours on Collins, you know that we litty again
They don't want to see the squad
They don't want to see the Wraith
They don't want to see your bitch up in the stars like she going outer space
Litty again, litty again
I got it we litty again
Litty again, litty again
I got it, we did it, we litty again

Feature money out the safe
Went and brought a Wraith
Brought it down Collins
Niggas talking like they want it, when we in the city they don't want proble
ms
Niggas said they gon' rob us
But nigga we coming for welfare
A shooter money when I pull it out of you
Catch a bullet like a NFL player
Should've known it was litty
When bitches start lying on my dick
Lie on that pussy like I hit
Can't even be a side, side bitch
I'm hittin' 9s, 10s and you ain't even looking like you a 5
Roll bitches trying to do it for Twitter
When they used to do it for Vine
I'm the man of the hour, I'm the nigga with the airtime
Rolls Royce Wraith
Put your bitch up in the stars like she in the airline
Niggas talking 'bout my hair line
I laugh about it, I be feelin' them
See, we both be making M's

They be making memes, I be making millions
I just counted up a Quentin Miller
A QM, that's a quarter milli
They don't wanna see Jae drop "6 Fly"
Private when he go to Philly
Funny money, yeah I know it's silly
But your hoe feel me when I pull up and I got a pour a whole four on it
I promise she gon' know it's litty, motherfucker, yeah

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All of my niggas is way up
These niggas is haters, I know that they haters (fuckers)
I score your bitch like a lay up
I make a mil' like a layup
I pop a pill just to stay up
I sip the lean just to slow it up
I'm with my team and we going up
All these foreigners, they know it's us
Whip it, whip it, whip it, whip it, whip it
Like the coco when we mix the soda up
Perfect timing and we're blowing up
Fuck it, I'm a light the Rollie up
Shawty fucking for Chanel
I ain't tripping, that's a coconut
Push the ride to the motor bus
Stack the paper fill the sofa up
Lie on that paper, I am not slacking, I stay on that paper
I feel like it's a restraining order on that money 'cause y'all stay away from that paper
I know some niggas that used to be balling but know they all feeling a way 'bout this paper
I be spending hundred, hundred, hundred, after hundred
They thought I was making this paper
Fuckin' it good, I be raping this paper
Shit I might as well get married to money
I marry Nicki, still married to money
She rich as Mariah, I carry the money
And fuck a deposit, I bury the money
(Bury the mills) I bury the money
It hang out my pocket, embarrassing money
I act like I ain't used to having this money

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