

I pulled out the pad and the pen
Said I'd take the night off but fuck it I'm at again
Ain't no regrets if I ever said it I promise that that's what I meant
I made a few love songs but now I be rapping again
Ain't worried bout money
I'm worried bout what they gon' say bout me after I'm dead
For now I'm alive and well
I guess only time will tell
She say that I'm way too crazy
But fuck it it kinda helps
Shorty was fine as hell
She wear a designer belt
And dress with the label in French
And still throwing shade at her ex yeah

This is something that you can't buy you just have it
Every bitch that came through tonight could do beauty pageants
If the oppies want a fight it'd be super tragic
We made something out of nothing like we doing magic

Y'all getting paid by the shift
I just get paid for results so I'm making these hits
And the same shit that y'all wanna hate on
The same shit that's making me rich

I promise I'm going the distance
Now my net worth is nobody's business
I'm so dope that I don't need a piss test
In my zone I'm at home burning incense
Cause I got all this karma on my conscience
And when it comes to drama I turn heartless
Load up the clips
Homie I know that you know what it is
Inhaling the smoke tryna cope with my sins
Shorty said I'm just a chauvinist pig
I said "so what I'm rich"
I'm getting top while I'm smoking a cig
As soon as I'm done I say pour me a drink and I don't need no mix
I blow her a kiss and say order a Lyft
I'm sort of a dick
I'll write a hit while I'm falling asleep
I'm a star player, you are not in my league
I pull up and lay down a bop then I leave
You're back of the line and I walk in for free

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