

(Keep that, Paryo)
(Zetra)

Know we got sticks on deck
My bro ready, he ready to shoot, gang finna aim for heads
Ran up one million as a teen, niggas can't tell me shit
So there's no way I'll go out sad, can't go out like no bitch, oh, yeah

Lost some friends along the way, but that's just how it goes
They true colors pop out when you start to sell out shows
You feel a way, then I don't care, 'cause I been on my own
Been in the stu' like every week, bitch, that's my second home
Yeah, coupe, know it's candypaint
Don't care about what you think
Can't hang with us, he not gang
So fuck what a fuck nigga think
My shooter, he ready, let it ring
I love my money, expensive things
I'm livin' the life that I dreamed
And these niggas not, that shit on God
They in the crib or workin' a job
Poppin' that shit, don't care about cost
That's not my bitch, I'm cuttin' her off
And that's on God, no, I'm not involved
Not sittin' down, bitch, I'm standin' tall
I'm in Alyx, don't shop at the mall
We runnin' up like it's an assault (Oh, woah-woah-woah)

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Brand new tee, got it cropped
You can't rock this shit like me, I got the brand new drop
Know that I'm way out of his league, these niggas best not talk
When I was eleven I turned thirteen, 'cause I didn't fuck with cops, oh, yeah
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I know who my friends and know who are not, no one see that shit from afar
And I know she wanna come fuck with the kid, 'cause she already know I'm a star
You wouldn't believe like half of the shit I told you that we did on tour
We was up in the club, we throwin' them hundreds up in the air, on the floor
We was in the back of the sprinter, said, "Fuck it," we might make a song on the bus
Brought all my friends on the tour and we turned that bitch up, nigga, nobody do it like us
My brodie nicknamed the AR, that bitch Hannah Baker, that bitch gonna pull up and cut
I got a photoshoot when I touch down in LA, know I'm finna hit up my boy TRVST, yeah

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