

Got some new plates (I'm number six, oh, yeah), don't lead no c
hase now (Oh, yeah)

This a E30 (Oh, yeah), huh, we could race now, yeah (Oh, yeah)
On another flight (Oh, yeah), huh, just to skip town (Oh, yeah)
Hop up in my new whip (Oh, yeah) when I touch down, yeah (Oh, y
eah)

I need that GTR, I rock out, no guitar
I'm born to be a star, real shit like I'm a tsar
No JoJo, I'm bizarre, we leavin' tire marks when we skrrt off t
he tar (Skrrt), ah
I want a livery on that bitch, I want a turbo in my whip
2JZ, need to tune that quick, brand new rims, know they BBS
Not playin' games, no, this not DS
I love cars and I love model hoes who hop up in that Lex'
I don't say what brand I'm rockin', but just know that my jeans
distressed

Finna cop a brand new car and pull up in some shit you ain't ex
pect, huh, yeah

I stay with my gang like we NSYNC, huh
You can try to bite this swag, it's harder than you think, dawg
I smoke so much weed that no one's matchin' me, yeah, yeah
I got every brand, bitch, I got everything, yeah, yeah
Don't want no new friends, 'cause my gang stay with me, yeah, y
eah

My gang never late, no, I don't wait 'til three, hell nah
Half these niggas talkin' while I've been steady locked in
The whole world, they been watchin', but I don't even post ofte
n

And I don't do no dab pens, hope that shit got you coughin'
Just bought a new whip, I just copped that shit on auction

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wrld, bitch)