

My weed from Jamaica, my money older than Sega  
Bust it open, then wait up, tell m, work out, then re-up

My diamonds sparkling, I be like the sargent  
Pull up in the Astin Martin, leave in a Burperry carpet  
Migo the label, but no no playing with paper  
My shirt tiger striped, my shoes aligater  
With the plug, never see it  
Wip them chickens and pidgens, cokina and midgets, touch it, I  
flip it

I remembered in school, teacher talkin bout history  
I was tryna make history, up in that house in Beverly  
I just called my jeweller, tell him bring me my roly  
In that muscle car, 12 pull me over for flexin

I got sweet and sour chicken, lemon, go get me some beef  
I got soldiers in the streets, I'm commander and chief  
When the Js hit the dope, I bet those nose bleed  
I got a plug from Mixico, and one plug that's chinese  
Bad bitch on my team, do whatever I please  
Thick thais, brown eyes, she finesse you with eze  
Think the jeweller got me sick, a chew, I sneez  
Someone get me a key, I'll just rest in peace  
Last nigga try to jump, left him deceased  
Then we dumped him in the river, body still won't be seen

I'm a cool individual, selling dope, that's my principle  
Young like the siminals, baking soda a chemical  
I done made it out vakent, had to lie on David  
Keep the pistol like Peet, and keep the knife like I'm Jason  
I ain't Gigga for nothing, tell m fishing for money  
Gotta bumblebee building, me and my crew, that's some hundreds  
Took the truck to Bahamas, pick the plug up from London  
I be sellin so many fishes, call me Offset Benny Hanna  
And the 9 is my ratchet, trappin and stampin on mattress  
Singing Tony Braxtin, and they all wet like napkins  
Biggest bitches, I'm cravin, got that dope, so come taste it  
No, my swag is not basic, pull up with a strap, no laces