

I'm on my 98 chain, I make Slick Rick proud
I got on 9 diamond chains in the booth right now
They call me spending stupid, no roof it
Shawty with that gold toothes
Old Gucci, new Gucci, make you upgrade your booty
Whipping up that hooty and the blowfish, I'm getting to it
Chain cost a brick, and a brick all these red rubies
If he bigger go pick up a stick with a 50 clip
And I ain't 50 cent, get you killed for like 50 packs
She assuming so she bet her ass on her fucking self
I produce, consume a lot of cash by my fucking self
All that bush that me and scooter flip, we need a fucking belt
They think I'm bring me a melt back, all this fucking L

Skerr Skerr Skerr, Goddamn I broke the pot
I'm trapping and rapping and cooking the dope
I'm selling the bricks, re-rock
Skerr Skerr Skerr, Goddamn I broke the pot
I'm trapping and rapping and cooking the dope
I'm selling the bricks, re-rock
Skerr [x22]
Gone

Nah that ain't me, nigga that's Gucci scraping the pot
I'm in the other room stacking up pounds of stinking pot
40 bands on me in this booth right now
50 pints, sold em in 30 minutes, soon as they touched down
Pull up smoking cookies, sipping syrup
Been a big timer in my city, I got work
They talk about big money shit, but nigga I do that
You want a pint from me nigga that's gon cost you two stacks
Thinking bout buying another whip so I took a trip
To go and see my plug, nigga first things first
Got back, told my home boy don't be surprised when he see me pu
ll up at the block in that vert