

Golden Hour

MIKE

Let me

Yeah, yeah

Spend it fast, and get it back quickly
In the club where we splurging on the black strippers
Keep the fanfare happy, that's a hat tipper
Big daddy, keep cashin' on the bag zipper
With the bag lifter
Out in Cali', unclassy, I'm a bad lipper
Big-tag ripper
Little fat, need to rip pants bigger
Make bands man, I need to see the gang richer
Who your mans? I don't see you in the gang picture
It be fan-fiction, where ya hands?
Let me keep a couple grams in 'em
All that handshakin', tweakin', boy your plan's glitchin'
Could've ran with it, got with Nav, we been schemin' on the grand mission
In the gauza, the one where all the sand isn't
Tryna jock us, can only be embarrassin'
All the carelessness
Like Obama in your city, we be airin' shit
I'm a problem, I'm fatiguing on a Claritin
For the samba, we was diggin' in the
Now I'm tryna put squad upon the
Light breeze, I'm try to take care of it
I don't choose to outdraw them, I'm aware of it
Now I ain't losin', I was cautious with the where-of-it
Thought we was doing outside, but we here again
Yeah, we here

Midnight, puff coat, I'm in Maryland
In in the '92 Wagon playing Erykah
Chanel from '04, I look arrogant
I switched whips three times for the hell of it
And I was just in '24, so it's evident
I'm in Oakland with Alchemist and Evidence
I only play my own shit, I'm critiquing shit
And got so much sauce, I can't carry it
I got so many flows, I can share this shit
And got so many hoes, I can share the bitch
Hold on, MIKE, I'm 'bout to go in
Orange stones in my piece, I could crush sodas
Anybody in the way, gettin' ran over
Coppin' work in capital, in a Land Rover
On the reservation, white tee, Kangol
I'm pushin' P in them spots that you can't go
I told her, "Grab some popcorn," it's a late show
Tossed a carbon-fiber kit on the gray Porsche
Mackin' on a lawyer bitch in my jean shorts
Yeah, we got the same coupe, but yours less gorgeous
"Is she gon' let a nigga hit?" Come on now. Of course

C'mon, you should've knew it
See how a nigga walked in, just walked in like-, uh
Sock it to 'em
I ain't come here to play no more motherfucking games, man

MIKE, what's happenin'?
NY to the Frisco
Hunter's Point, to be exact
Uh
Aye, aye, aye, aye, aye, aye