

(Yung Lan on the track)

Dolce, Dior, Fendi, yeah
My car got a hemi, yeah
Swipin' in different cities, yeah
My chain cost a fifty, yeah
My lil' vibe conceited, yeah
My team undefeated, yeah
Leave a nigga deleted, yeah
Yeah, yeah
I'ma hit the gas like, "Fuck it"
Ran off to Denver with the nuggets
He ain't tryna shop, keep it truckin' (Truckin')
I'ma get some money, I be hustlin' (Hustlin')
Runnin' to the paper, T.J. Duckett
Havin' these hundreds, I ain't got no budget
Havin' these hundreds and a lot more comin'

Havin' these fifties, I ain't talkin' 'bout the rapper
And I'm a swiper infused with a trapper
When did y'all niggas start eatin' red snapper?
All my dawgs be steppin' like Kappa
Bae, your boyfriend corny like Braxton
Fuck your plug, that nigga be taxin'
All these pounds in the car, compacted
I just went to WAFI and bought a Patek
Four by four truck got good traction
Shot him in the face, goddamn, that's graphic
I just wanna feel on your ass, goddamn
I just wanna go inside you, goddamn
Put you in position, I can make you a boss
This your favorite house, this ain't no loft
Nigga, this a mansion, this ain't no townhome
I be on an island in a whole new time zone
Every other week a nigga gotta fly to Frisco
I be in the crib cooped up with a thick ho
Had to get a big truck 'cause a nigga 6'4"
Gotta fly first class 'cause a nigga rich, ho
PG and G-Star and my hoodie Kenzo
In the high rise with the floor-to-ceiling window
Made at least three hundred K from crypto
Online buyin', don't know which crib though

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