

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah

Yeah, they sleepin' on the kid but I'm unbothered (Trauma Tone)  
Last month I turned down five label offers  
Then lil' mama hit my blunt and she got nauseous  
I'm a business man, step into my office  
He tired of his girlfriend speakin' 'bout me, he switched the topic  
They feelin' my snippets on IG  
Big yellow gold AP look like pee  
My bitch from India, no Arie  
I'm droppin' quality music like Pee  
We fuckin' all inside my car now she done came all on my seat  
These funny lookin' Margielas feelin' comfortable on my feet  
All the blogs say your shit ride but in the street we know it's weak  
I like my bitch pussy sloppy wet but I like my hundreds all neat  
I'm kinda drained 'cause a nigga been lookin' at these pounds and weighing u  
p all week  
Ain't on no court but you know I'ma hit the mall and ball like Joel Embiid  
All these chains around my neck just like a slave except I'm free  
Heard she charge you for the pussy, damn, she let me hit it free  
You think that being a slimeball cool, I don't, I guess we don't agree  
You niggas already lost, you niggas might as well take a knee  
I keep them shooters with me and you know they aim shit  
Lil' mama seen a nigga in person and almost fainted  
My Air Forces clean, you know they custom painted  
I swear these broke niggas be speaking another language  
I trap so hard just like I'm Drink God, all these bottles of sour and paint  
Avoiding these cars, I ain't usin' my Wayz app  
Nigga better bring my money like ASAP  
Nigga, my wrist be rocky like A\$AP  
I was on the block every night like Suge  
Bass guitar like I knew I could  
Now I got bad bitches treating me good  
Gotta make sure I'm goin' hard on all these verses  
Gotta upgrade all my straps 'cause niggas lurkin'  
I can't leave it in the car, I got it on person  
Got your bitch shotgun in the foreign and we swervin'

I hit that bitch one time, you know she ain't a virgin  
I hit the club, yeah, you know they let them birds in (Let's go)  
Niggas tryna ride the wave but bitch, we surfen'  
And niggas talkin' on the 'Gram gon' get 'em in person  
I pop them Percs, yeah, that's my meds, it got me nauseous  
I keep the stick, I got that tint, you better keep cautious  
If you not talkin' 'bout no check, I'm tired of talking  
I got this water 'round my neck but not a dolphin  
These niggas so shady, boy, you gotta pay me or we gonna give you heat  
You goin' so crazy on the daily, I made sixty in a week  
Oh, that's your baby? She a nympho, she be fuckin' up my sheets  
I passed that thot ho to my kinfolk, yeah, these bitches is some freaks  
Makin' that wrist skrrt 'til your wrist hurt, you gon' remix up a key  
You goin' berserk in that new vert, doin' a hundred down the street  
Put you on a t-shirt, hell, you can get hurt if you play with FBG  
Nigga put in work, rich, came from the dirt, we was servin' A to Z  
It's lot of money on the East Side, yeah, they know who run the city  
Every state, I get a new vibe, fuck a bitch because she pretty

And in the streets better keep your shoes tied 'cause these niggas really gr  
itty  
Feel like every week we be like, "Who that man was having to the city?"

Trauma Tone