

Lost

Money Man

Pressure all in my loft
Steady gettin' this shit off
At first I was lost
Then I got me some crops
She give ass and the top
I got shooters who watch and alerted
When they aim its precise and its perfect
When I go in she feeling it perfect
NBA money I need a jersey
Kickin' shit in the penthouse that's furnished
She came over we fucked on the furniture
I woke up and I shot at a burglar
I be hanging with felons and murderers
Keep my name out ya mouth or we burnin' you
Its in the attic we pull up and serve you
Hit stick [?]
Plottin' on niggas we sinister
Just sold a bag to a minister
I wanna feel on your curvature
My lil bih from Decatur she savage
But she pretty and keep a lil ratchet
Keep a weedman, just show me yo factory
Sippin drank ain sippin on daiquiri

All this Swagger increasing my salary
Different cites I took this shit nationally
She say please come in go in my vaginal
Fendi jogger my outfit be casual
Gucci headband but no I'm not hoopin
Niggas push up on us then they stupid
They ain't hip to the dawg, well they clueless
Bought a stick and I know I'ma use it
Me and my niggas on the same page
We talkin' on the phone you use code names
White bitch same color cocaine
We ain't fuck around with no lames
On my left hand 4 rangs
All these blues ain't no change
Even with the money I won't change
Even with the fame I'm humble
One way ticket out to Humboldt
All these racks I need two vaults
Shout out to my niggas in Duval
Free all my niggas behind the wall
Wish I could burn with all of ya'll
Wish ya'll had no time at all
There's money out here and I'ma find it all
I'ma go fill up this Louie duffle
4 years ago I still struggled
Now I gotta sack and I'm still hustlin
My lil youngin' gonna kill somethin'
Heard your mixtape I ain't feel nothin'
The streets I ain't trust for real
Need an M before I sign a deal
Seen a scale and it gave me chills
Remember just keep it real

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