SRT

Moneybagg Yo

Uh, yeah, yeah, go

Might get talked about, but I don't get touched (Nope)
Gotta keep it in they face, they don't take much (Ho)
I'm the boss, I'll never take a pay cut (Never)
Roll over, give her her dick when I wake up (Uhh)
Cristal, 1K for the shape up (Chopped)
These niggas tryna count my pockets
Back to back with it, I keep on coppin'
2020 buy the red seats, Lil Yachty (Inside)
I put her on freeze, she wait for my call
I'm takin' her down when this pill dissolve (Yep)
Statue of Liberty, standin' there tall (Uh, uh, uh, uh)
I'm chasin' her down, she run up the wall
I'm smokin' boutique, the flavors unique
Four-hundred a juice, a hundred a quarter (Seven)
Shoppin' online, yes, they get the orders
Chanel, her stroller, my one year-old daughter
A space ship, thought they seent it (Work)
Whole time, this a 'Ghini
Whole time, I was fuckin', I done tell her I love her
But didn't really mean it (Damn)
Showed them folks my setup, like
Black in line, Frankenstein
Stick is on me, porcupine
Out of sight, out of mind (Gone)
I cannot apologize (Nope)
Whack 'em and upload, happy vibes (Brrt)

Hey, lil' bitch, I didn't wanna fuck until she knew that I was me (Until she knew that I was me)
Church on Saturday, 'bout this clarity, you gon' die 'bout these VVs (Brrt)
Pussy, play, you gon' get fucked, we sucker free, so ain't shit sweet (Shit sweet)
Don't put no K behind that, send one to the face, you did see Jesus (Brrt, brrt)
Had to whack his ass regardless, give a fuck about no payment
Think we played, I'll stomp the yard, we steady steppin' on the daily (Bitch, we steppin' on the daily)
Twenty-thousand in these pockets, these Amiris, ho done ate it (Facts)
And I just left Toronto, smokin' dope, kickin' shit with T-Daily (Facts)
Did a favor and let you live after you went and wrote a statement (Shit crazy)
I was lazy, just cut you off, blocked you on all my pages (Shit crazy)
Cost my young nigga his freedom, got him scufflin' in them cages (Free Hank)
Say your mama made you snitch, but you the one who signed them papers (Brrt)

Man, fuck that shit, they mad we made it, no hand out, we got up off our last
We had to go and take it, seen too much, mask up, we apein'
Oakland bitch suckin' my dick, she said she cheerlead for the Raiders
Burnt the head off, then I skated, had to snatch off in the shaker
We run through weed by the acres, take care of the block, pay the neighbors
Big ass box under this chopper, we ain't come to hook up cable
Me and Thirty ran through ninety-thousand way before a label
He can ask me for a body, no hesitatin', I'ma pay him (Brrt)
I got faith in my high speed chase behind this SRT

Thick lil' bitch in my back seat, she tryna set some up for me
Four-deep, slimed out in this Lamb truck with three choppers apiece
Three-seventy-five, shots was fired, you know we slime for BGE
Brrt

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