

Trending

Moneybagg Yo

Like when you hear this type of shit you know the check go right up
Haha
Federal, ugh ugh

I'm trending
My shirt, my belt, my shoes, the shit come from Fendi
These racks can't fit in my jeans 'cause I'm rockin' skinnies
I walk in a room full of bosses and you know I'm blending
She say I'm a hood nigga with no sense but bitch I got plenty
I put that Malaysian up in her head, told her take out that Remy
I'ma count money 'til I'm dead, lord forgive me for sinning
I try to be cool, you gon' make the news, I don't know why niggas envy
Forever talk about me, one of the greatest so you know I'm trending

Ah shit, ah shit
Yeah, I'm on some boss shit
I'm fuckin' the game good and I just came in it
I'm on some raw shit
I'm fuckin' your bitch and she grabbin' and clutchin' on me
Like she a crawfish
These niggas mosquitos and I might just spray at 'em
Spray at 'em, I'm on some Off! shit
You used to be cool, you used to be aight
Now you my enemy
Got an all black draco with a hundred some shots for 'em
I can shoot for infinity
I won't go back and for dissing you on no internet
That shit take too much energy
Everybody know that I trained you
Daniel San, you like my mini-me
I'm still hood with it
I pulled up at Church's and got me a two piece, I'm ridin' in a two seat
With a bitch that act boujie, she act like Karruche
I'm grippin' the wheel, other hand on her coochie
I really did run up some change, them facts
Couple stains on my shirt from the drank, this Act
Why you tryn' come for me, damn relax
The burner click clack, your brains go splat

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That lil money you gettin' ain't shit to me
I just counted four hundred large nigga
I'm with some hitters that don't give a fuck
They gon' leave your ass scarred nigga
Why MoneyBagg run the rap game?
I don't know, should ask God nigga
I got your bitch, she open for me
I just had a menage with her

Two bitches one me, that's three federal
Two stacks on the Cartier's, I can see better
I'm draped in Fendi and the F stand for fuck y'all
Yeah I'm talkin' 'bout whoever
I bought some choppers with clips that curve on 'em
Just like that C letter
Run up on me if you want to, I heard cry out
Big as Coachella
Ah shit, ah shit
I got them bands on me, they marching
I hit the kushy then pop me a perky
Now I'm kickin' shit with the martians
Pluto, Mars, no Bruno
I'm number one like my name was Uno
She gave me head, no Nu Gro
Then I got off and skrt-ed off in a two door, hey

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