

Double G buckle tucked under my shirt  
I taste codeine when I burp  
I bought a Bentley forgot it insured  
You just a broke boy, you get on my nerves  
What would I do if the music ain't work?  
If I turn my trap phone off will it still chirp?  
I couldn't tell nouns from a verb  
But I could sell wings to a bird  
I could sell tags to a shirt  
Askin' me if you got tickets for sure  
I don't know, I'm not sure  
You just got hit with the curve  
I didn't know that girl was yours  
Said that she don't got no boyfriend, but sure  
I grabbed her ass, and she call me a perv  
Open the legs, so I had to insert  
Make my own beats, and I write my own words  
Cash found a diamond, tucked under the dirt  
I blew my third cheque and second and first  
Now I stack up, pay my bills on the first  
Me and Body goin' half on the chicken  
First we sell it, then we splittin' the difference  
I don't got no time to waste on no bitches  
Cause I know that the sea got lots of fishes

Smokin' and stackin' and countin' up green  
I think I need me a money machine  
I heard some fuckboys are plottin' on me  
Waist 32, .40 tucked in my jeans  
Won't forget when no one cared about me  
Talkin' but they don't know shit about me  
Mad I'm the person they wanted to be  
This ain't the shit that they wanted to see, yeah  
Now they lookin' at me  
Now everybody they lookin' at me, now they lookin' at me  
Now everybody they lookin' at me, now they lookin' at me  
Now everybody they lookin' at me, now they lookin' at me

Come in the spot and I'm lookin' so clean (clean)  
Balmain, that's all on my jeans (what)  
These niggas mad 'cause I'm gettin' that cream (cream)  
Steady be makin' them memes  
No, no, no, I don't mean to intervene  
I'm a outcast, I'm so fresh and so clean (woo)  
I fuck your bitch to blow off some steam  
Semi-colon; I got low self-esteem (yeah)  
Shenaynay, that's what we call the pussy  
Oh my goodness, that boy speak to police  
When I see 12, I can't talk, I can't see (I can't see)  
Shh, shh, shh, fuck niggas, do not bark up the wrong tree  
Her bedroom look like a coffin to me  
On the real, her pussy awesome to me (yeah)  
Gag all these niggas that coughin' at me  
Turn to Stephen Hawking when the burner asleep  
AKA badder than your whole damn team (yeah)  
You couldn't even get close to me in your dreams

Smokin' and stackin' and countin' up green  
I think I need me a money machine (yeah)  
I heard some fuckboys are plottin' on me  
Waist 32, .40 tucked in my jeans (yeah)  
Won't forget when no one cared about me  
Talkin' but they don't know shit about me  
Mad I'm the person they wanted to be  
This ain't the shit that they wanted to see, yeah (brown boy)  
Now they lookin' at me  
Now everybody they lookin' at me, now they lookin' at me  
Now everybody they lookin' at me, now they lookin' at me  
Now everybody they lookin' at me, now they lookin' at me