

(Oh my God, stop the music)

Yo, bro got black and white like MJ
Caramel one, she bad
Better than who? Ya mad
1, 2 strokin', that back bouncin back
Ya hear that clap, clap
Ya hear that clap, clap
Ya hear that clap, clap

Haha, yo
Expensive taste, Bottega no Bentayga
Bro serve that no waiter
No Migos, the BS that way don't cut trees
I'm a paper chaser
A million streams, a billion dreams, in love with bread
Might marry the queen
Every man ain't real and tough as they seem, nah!

Invest in me, like NFT
Bro whipped that quick, that's a cup of tea
Don't watch me, like BBC
On my A1 J1, DTB
Them gyal too meady, man too seedy
I put me first, I'm greedy
Fed on K, quick D camp
Are ya mad? No license and speedin'
Strapped up like the Turks
Are ya mad? Ain't tryna have no kids
Bro hopped out of the whip (You know what happened, my G)
I was in the back, no line
Bro had brown, said, "Feds ain't grabbin' man, G"

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Ya hear that

Yo
I been out here for qway though
Don't play when I hit that, say my name
Bro got a shot, that's perfect aim
Gyal think I'm a dog they could not tame
Don't wanna go jail, use your brain
Are ya mad?
Are ya mad?
Them man cap, don't talk no facts
I can't react, I'm tryna attract
Started to think most man are on crack
I'm warmin' up, no jumping jacks
I'm warmin' up, no-

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