

Atlanta, India, Mediterranean
Look at my wrist and then look at my chain again
Turned me to mama and ask what she think of me
She told her to keep me because I keep a bank on me
I gotta chill on these bitches, they dangerous
I got that necklace and bracelet, no ring on me
First they was late on me, now the want hate on me
They can't relate to me, now they want hang with me
Oh you might get seasick when you see this
Oh you might get seasick when you see this
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All of this flexin', they wanna put brakes on me
Bad bitches, they want it, they putting braids on me
Heard that you kiss her but she put her face on me
Maison Margiela and that got no lace on me
I'm drippin', I'm drippin', it look like a lake on me
I did not ask for your motherfuckin' take on me
Now that I got you awake on me
\$900 Gucci with the snake on me

Same ones that hate on me
Same ones that gotta plate for me
I deserve a little thanks from you
I ain't ever try to change on you
The ice on me got some chains on it
If you wanted some I could arrange it for you
You know that this shit ain't a thing to me

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I do not rock with no red tops
One bed for my sheets and it's Vetements
Got these bitches wet like a
She in my bed tryna get her a breadcrumb
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Shawty be shakin' like she was Arabian
And my diamonds white on me like Albanians
Ballin' the end of the game with the gatorade
NY and B I think I need a ring on me
RnB bitch on me and she want sing on me
I could work for a pharmacy, all of this lean on me
Moses my jeweler, I flooded my Jesus piece
She fell in love with the lingo I talk

Rocks on my body, bitch I'm Ringo Starr
Racks on my body, I don't cary cards
I keep my distance, I don't fuck with y'all

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