

You got it, Mag

So we gon' get 'em, be like, I can't even lie, like, this the time
And we gon' shine in peace, I think she knows we're getting rich though
And when I swerve in that rental, they gon' know I'm on his ass with that stick, yeah
Got a Seraph tee on, put it on my head
Walk inside the bank, give me all that fuckin' bread
I'm finna go guns blazing over this bitch
I'm steady reminiscing about your fuckin' friends
I got this cup, it's full of mud, I feel it in my head
I'm going M.I.A, my friends gon' think I'm fuckin'- (Shh)
I'm in the trap, boost the trap for my fuckin' mans
And it's a ritual we do, so you cannot get in
And you can't get it in with me, you gon' have to pay a fee
I told my bitch to hold my strap
I told my bitch to hold my strap, 'cause she was next to me
I told my brother Zuro, we ain't finna go for free
I'm looking at the sky, thinking 'bout how high it go
I'm thinking 'bout the bitches, thinking 'bout how tall they be
I'm fuckin' with these model bitches, I swear they all some fre aks
I love my brothers for all that shit that they done did for me
I can't even lie, this the time and we gon' get 'em, be like
I can't even lie, like, this the time and we gon' shine in peace
I told my little brother, that's my brother, I'm gon' get him right
I told my little brother, we gon' shine, it's my fuckin' time
I can't even lie, like, this the time, and we gon' shine in peace
I told my little brother, that's my brother, I'm gon' get him right