

(Sonny you killed this)
What, what

At the Met dressed in a straw hat
Give me any car I'ma floor that
Say one word had me jaw looking like Paul Frank
And I'm with guys, who know guys with the machines to go knee high
Send one shot to your behind, for the same price of 3.5
She like "how come you don't text me?"
Well I couldn't hear the text tone
Cause the exhaust comes too loud on a M3
Going 80 on the M1, inhale to my left lung
She's watching me like it's check one
Mic check and the check two
2AM get a check through, spend that
I made it back when it hit noon
I don't do much of the talking, heads turn when I walk in
I hit one spin said two words, and the whole room's applauding
It's young T in a fake cap and a onesie
On my debut in the NBA I got injured, but I dropped 3
Bring the roof off on my drop top
Hit a quick scope on a long shot
I make better songs with the mic off
I just mime it in a striped top (striped top)

Left wrist, getting checked out
I want sell it, in a civic going west bound
Sell it s-s-s-s, it went sold now
I just stepped out in a civic going westbound