

Yeah yeah yeah  
I don't know what they want, I don't know  
In the cold with my Gs, in the cold  
We supplying you the ting, in the snow  
I think I know what they want, I think I know  
I can smoke for your whole fucking ends  
On the low, got the woah in the Benz  
Only bros, I got no fucking friends  
Cos I don't trust 'em, no fucking chance  
Buss a move, when I'm juice oh my  
In a coupe, getting whoop, from your wife  
She was yours, but she loose, now she mine  
From the roots to the roof, all my Gs are together

Take the scale out the cupboard, hit the block then I flood it  
New watch looking flooded, paigons watching all gutted  
Look at all this white on my clothes, I ain't got time for them hoes  
Looking like it snowed in the kitchen, I spent all night by the stove  
Heard these niggas wanna run up on me, you niggas better not roll with nanks  
Broke rappers talking 'bout yay, I really got Rolls Royce stamps  
Niggas act hard all on the net, when that gun blast you better run fast  
Got my first check and like Spike Lee, I did the right thing I gave my mum h  
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She the sweetest of females, big bump oh gosh let me test my luck  
This is a gorgeous one, baby it's S, this is some gorgeous bud  
She a real naughty one, she said S you're a rebel  
She said S you don't give two fucks, ok ok my love  
Now suck me off, let me spark my skud  
They start soft [?] in the morning, two long ones get a big boy touched  
Ay...I think I know what they want, I think I know  
I buss the AM pack and put it to their nose

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I don't know what you want, I don't know  
I just be trapping and jugging, I just be trapping and jugging

Broke niggas can't do me nuun, broke niggas can't tell me nuun  
And I can't even be in public and I just think I blew your budget  
I don't father too many, imma pull me up a henny  
Oh my, oh my  
Feds coming, stash the readies  
Say you got racks, don't believe 'em  
You niggas ain't act like I need 'em  
I had to link up with Nina  
Dis a banger for your speaker

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