

CashMoneyAP

More drink, new chain, new pain, new fame
They hate they shining way more, it's all visage
They hate they shining way brighter than stars
Yeah, I was facing envy
Is there anymore love left in your system?
Is there any more drugs left in your system?

If I had a son, it would still be more rain
Toothpaste on the stick, got more aim
Gold on my neck, no tradename
Gold on my neck, Trinidad James
Got paints every time that the narcs came
I'm with Atlanta but them sticks got Interscopes
I still smell money even though my nose was broke
Tote Drakes like OVO
Got in Illanois like I'm Durkio
To the streets, we still signed
Two bitches, same time
Shot the face of the Rolex, yeah
I'm tryna kill time
We jump on the plane and be right back tomorrow
Say he ain't gone plug, I know what he charging
Since I got rich, she been saying she sorry
She won't let me go, I been thinking 'bout Cardi
Money grow on trees, I'll have me a garden
Rollie got pointies, no matter who gaurding
Shots for the opps
Traphouse jumping like it's a party
Traphouse jumping likes it's Jordan
Painting her face, bitch, I'm an artist
Pissing lean, I'm feeling like Marcus
500 dollars on a T-shirt
Cut some bricks, now he stuck behind a brick wall
The way it's been getting off
Stepping on they neck, the plane broke, I can't lift off
Shit was Harden like Chris Paul
I ride with a nine in Tennessee
Want a verse, NBA gotta charge him a fee

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