

(Nikko, let me get a hit)
(Darkside, Darkside, Darkside)
(Keyz on the beat)
Ayy

Ayy, Trackhawk Jeep, I been tearing up the street in a brand-new SRT
Got a whole lot of money, got a whole lot of lean, and a whole bunch of moll
ies on me, ayy
Go to the mall and I spend it, I hardly be giving the label receipts, ayy
I give a fuck 'bout no taxes, I ran up a hundred K less than a week, ayy

Spin out that Bentley truck, foreign and chopper
Her nigga couldn't handle her, made her my problem
All-white, but the red be right at the bottom
Used to walk, all a sudden, they sending a driver
I spent twelve on the outfit, no, I ain't Tekashi
Pull up new school, but I didn't go to college
I got love for lil' Hotta, I gave him my pocket
It was laced when I went in, I came home and tied it

Shorty wanna go see the river, I cried it
I know I get in my feelings sometimes
I'ma take care my family and eat with the guys
Want my opps to see this, man, I hate that he died

Couldn't leave my right arm naked, my right wrist look like my left one
I keep that hammer around me, my last name should've been Nelson

Diamonds dance, I don't need a filter
Flawless baguettes, the real ones
I came home and got some cheese, I ain't taking no pictures
Soon as she get up off her knees, she go cap to her nigga
I take banana clips with us
'Cause when we go, it get realer
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