

Ruffians

Ayy, I got the ball, pass it to my nigga, it's a no-look  
If he a rat, don't care if he a fish, that boy get no hook  
Ayy, know she fuck for nothin', but I still buy her Chanel  
Ayy, fucked her at the Hyatt, I was low as hell  
Ayy, my bitch drive on that drill, I told her, "Bust it left"  
Ayy, them bullets hit his hair, we can't go back to jail  
I was broke, I came from nothing, oh, you can barely tell  
Seventeen hoes, I took 'em tanning in the hills, they all from Nashvi  
lle  
The doors swing, I don't know how to park this one  
Ayy, rockin' so much Chrome Hearts, my heart silver  
Fuck who said that I can't rap, it got my house bigger  
Give 'em thirty like Stephen and I let Hot dig 'em  
I'm lit up a whole 'nother mode, with more power  
Bad bitch, she look like Rubi Rose, she get no flowers  
Bad bitch, she hell, but I copped her like the Lakers  
Ayy, savage, but I been moving swift just like I'm Taylor

Yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah

My opps, they hungry, so what's up on the barrel? The potato  
I was hurtin', so I went and bought me some more acres  
I spend my own money, you can ask my accountant at the label  
I drink too much syrup, every time I piss, I see tomato  
No, they didn't picture this, I spent twenty K just on some Gallery  
Slide in that Charger, but we gon' leave 'em dead just like a battery  
A nigga scarred up, but no I can't complain, my mama happy  
I just point at God, if my name was Johnson, it wasn't magic

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