

Invoice

NoCap

I get paid to speak, the labels send the invoice
No time for niggas mad, I'm ballin' like I'm James Harden
I'm focused on these commas, I'm so tired of dodgin' sentences
I'm loyal to my homies and I'm richer than my enemies
Told G-Man if we touch the top, then we won't see the bottom
Concrete jungle, if it's meant, then we gon' see about it
The streets, they need me, that's the reason all my songs leak
Christian Dior don't help me much, them demons on me

(Nigga) Oh-woah-woah-woah-woah
(Yeah) Oh-woah-woah-woah-woah
(Yeah) Oh-woah-woah-woah-woah
(Yeah) Oh (Yeah), oh (Yeah)
I bought this watch to flex, I can't tell the time on this bitch
Up the wrist, Van Cleef
When I hit, Plan B
Call a Lyft, she stayin' with me
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah

Boot me up, don't slow me down
Bought the rear-view camera, ain't like how it sound, ain't got the kit
Wake up in the morning, I pour this shit for breakfast, I'm sippin' grits
NoCap loud as me, yeah, I'ma hide all the keys
I'm ridin' in the Bent' to Veeze, hittin' shit like Austin Reeves
I'm gettin' so tired of you niggas hatin', I went and turnt off fatigue
Lil' bro still rock the CDL, but he made that off a V
Bought the car to flex, I don't know the price of this shit
Text the jeweler "meth," he put some ice on my wrist
I sip Wock' and Tech, I don't need no price of no Trish
Won't see me lost for breath, I save a life if you lick
Cover my heart with Chrome, got that shit on like I'm Kent
Lot of these niggas be buyin' pussy, but I don't pay a cent
Told a bitch we ain't goin' on no date, make her order carry-out
Miss me with a wedding, I left her naked at the Marriott

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