

Ay, ay, ay

These shoes Prada but somehow we got some more checks
Codeine inside me, I've never took a sip of Moet
I can't write a poem but I bet that I can poet
I roll with savages, step on you quicker than a doormat
I was stuck, they didn't care, ay
I'ma shark, can't you tell?
Shooters on the right and left
We ain't gettin' gats when we empty shells
I just spent a hunnid, I'on care
Mink on me, I'm feelin' like a bear
Thinkin' 'bout my nigga, I been havin' back flash
You still my son if you was from Trinidad

I know some niggas who was in front and didn't last
I'm mad rich, when I was broke they used to laugh
Top down, blowin' weed on the ave'
It was a thirty so I only took a half
Designer gear, the drip is severe
Dying by my family, for my niggas I kill
I didn't catch a murder but I used to pull up and kill
Now it's butterfly doors, I'm tryna learn the gears

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