Princ3

Not3s

More cars, I ain't tryna be walking a lot
New sims, I ain't tryna be talkin' a lot
Fake guys can get air from me
'Cause I've clocked them man force it a lot
They say they drip but ain't sourcing enough
They walk with a limp like they on, like they're pimps
But they're wimps, I'm calling their bluffs
Their girl wanna bruck it, bruck it, horse in her guts
Not3s Princ3, yeah, it's me, yeah, it's me
And I stay LV like the print on the cloth
All white whips when we glide on the roads
Bare gyal wanna see who's part of the flock
Rich from the ends but life wouldn't end
I cruise on the yacht as if my wave weren't enough
We hit heavy, bunch of bulldozers, Jenga
And you seeing all these blocks falling off

A despiser can stare in despair
Chain hangin', don't touch or come near
Build from the concrete, you ain't got the same drive
I'll assure you, just go compare
Couldn't give a fuck on what they thinks fair
Whether they care or not
I don't care, why would I when I'm here?
Highest tier, you're not

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Real eyes realise real lies
They couldn't do me wrong if they tried
It shouldn't be so hard to recognise
It's mine, all mine, game's mine, game's mine, mine

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