

Uh, yeah, yeah (Yeah)  
Yeah (Yeah), oh, yeah (Yeah)  
Uh, yeah (Yeah), oh, yeah (Yeah)  
Yeah (Yeah), oh, yeah, yeah

So, what's the point of being put on? (Skrrt)  
When half of y'all don't got a thing to show off  
You got the ass on the gram, but at what cost?  
They workin' most to make but I make just one song

No, you expect me to get mad  
But I really ran this bag, up to new worlds  
Dead end, I'm swimmin' in some bags with your new girl  
20K on them teeth, they don't sag, nah, they too firm  
Pay for them tattoos on her bag  
20K up on my teeth, so they can dance  
My clan fuzzy pulled up some of my past  
Walkin' with yo' head high, like, what you proud of?  
All that fake shit don't shine, we kill the cowards

So, what's the point of being put on? (Skrrt)  
When half of y'all don't got a thing to show off  
You got the ass on the gram, but at what cost?  
They workin' most to make but I make just one song