

Something like this
Say you got hitters your shooters don't miss
Say you got hoes but you saving that bitch
You wanna show off your wrist
Rollie I hear that shit tick
Why you keep running your lips
Wait, bitch you ain't talkin' bout shit
Ya'll ain't talkin' bout shit
Ya'll ain't talkin' bout shit
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Wait, bitch you ain't talkin' bout shit

M-O-N-E-Y
Only thing I talk is the money
And we got the choppas make 'em fire
I ain't really feeling like Ghandi
10 bad bitches tryna vibe
Bet they won't get a dime from me
I remember sleeping outside
I didn't have no money I was hungry
Niggas ain't talkin' bout shit
Audemars Piguet's the wrist
Smash the hoe but don't trick
Hit the gas the lamb doing tricks
He a rat we ain't fuckin' with a snitch
Raaah! Scratch 'em off the list
Dressed in Margiela when I like to kick it
You ain't rich yet till you get a ticket
Rose gold Audemars Piguet
Bought a Bentley for the flex
Got a chopper, got a tech
I got plugs and connects
Free my niggas on the rec
Ain't came back yet
Gotta ride with a vest
You can die for respect

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They be asking for a quote
I be asking what the budget
They be talking bout the smoke
I be talking bout the nugget
Seen 'em flexing on the gram
I'm like no papa
Ya'll always talking that beef
But never gon' do nada

We ain't never heard of you
You say you from the street but no one know what street though
We bout to go gold
You say your it's all gold but why your neck turn green though
Type of shit that should be illegal
Muthafuckas ain't be talkin' bout shit
I could tell you ain't been punched in the lip
This a movie yeah my life is a flick
Push the Cullinan then switch to the coupe
Album star studded just like the roof
These are free throws, these alley oops
I'm just saying we ain't miss when we shoot
Bang! Bang!
Runnin' and runnin' your lip
Always got something to say
But never be talkin' bout shit

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