

## Role Model

OG Maco

I can't say I call myself a role model  
But I just got another roll of new hundreds  
And I can't say I call myself a role model  
But I just copped another round of gold bottles  
I can't say I call myself a role model  
I can't say I call myself a role model  
I can't say I call myself a role model  
But I just copped another round of gold bottles

Role models used to be the brick man  
Now the role models got to be the hitman  
Topped the charts, making art like a young Da Vinci  
My pockets filled with money rolls and his wallet empty  
I'm talking the Benjis, but nothing formalities, only fatalities  
Working my diamonds, we murk em and send a shooter in and out  
And the Birken cost nothing when money is granted  
Junior wearing turbans, that's right beside of me  
[?] behind, and I roll up my sleeves and that Rolex behind em  
I might pull up dolo, pull up [?] down from that [?]  
Finessing my lingo, I got it, I got it, like Migo  
I need that A1, that mota, that preemo  
[?] say I'm salty, I'm stacking my pringles  
And breezy bitches asking me if I'm single  
I'm working doubles, why I'm averaging triples  
Fully loaded like my rifle a pistol  
You bitches see me in the [?] ears  
Yeah yeah, bitch!

I can't say I call myself a role model  
But I just got another roll of new hundreds  
And I can't say I call myself a role model  
But I just copped another round of gold bottles  
I can't say I call myself a role model  
I can't say I call myself a role model  
I can't say I call myself a role model  
But I just copped another round of gold bottles