

Big Balenciaga, I- I can't run down in these shoes
I count hella commas, you get whacked for looking rude
I got two brand new straps, in a coupe, it's all black
Twin- Twin hoppin' out with no mask
My shooter gon' let that shit blow
I'm clutching at the Citgo
Off the lean but I'm still sick, oh
O-Off them percs, this my shit
And I still poured up a six
And I pull- and I pulled up in a six
J-Just pulled up with your bitch
Thick model ho from a different state, had to fly her in
Bitch I'm- bitch I'm on the highway, state to state, swerving with them gram
s
I'ma kick the door back in
My slime- my slime want a lil' backend
I been p- I been pourin' up red, not gin
Fell- fell in love, double cup in my hand
Your ho gon' fuck for the bands
My pants came from Japan
When you hit, ain't no coming back in
I was broke, had to run a backend
With the drac, I don't miss loose ends
Mark a hat off, dividends
Got a hundred shots in my clip
Ride around with ten times ten

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