

(Haha)

This bitch know who I am, yeah, L-I-L O
Lil' O geeked off contraband
Double cross, we slime your mans
Fire, fill that cup again
I just fucked it up again
Spilled the lean, fucked up my pants
Brand-new coupe 'cause I recoup
Double cup still in my hand
Bitch, I'm ballin' like 24, 'cause the rock can't leave my hand
Got a rocket for your man
Rock the baby straight to bed
We got hella fuckin' lean, so they wanna kick it here

Nigga, fuck a VIP, in that back door, you get hit
I got sticks on me, don't you end up in a ditch
Chrome Heart and Balenci', what I got, can't cop that shit
Pockets fatter than a bitch, got my racks, you throw a fit
Brr, brr, you already know what time it is
I can flex my brand-new bitch
I can flex my brand-new kicks or I can flex this fast-ass whip
Double cup, I'm fat as shit
Oh, you said you got them sticks? Let's link up and do that shit
I got clothes that cost a brick, bitch, you not gon' live like this
Damn, ran off on the plug like, "You gon' have to catch me, kid"
Hood rich, but they all love us 'cause we lit
Bitch tryin' to keep up, you can't keep up with this shit

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