

(Woah, yeah)  
I was outside thuggin' with the mob (Yeah)  
Team no lack, yeah, we got new mops (Boom, boom, boom, boom)  
Bitch pulled up, "Is you fuckin' or not?", yeah  
I got a fast-ass ride, yeah  
X and the Jeep truck flyin', yeah  
You don't got no street cred' (Nah), no  
I was just duckin' from the Feds, yeah  
I don't care what he said, huh  
That ho full of tren', huh  
Ten racks on my teeth, yeah  
I'm tryna hit some heads, yeah  
I got blues on, lit (Yeah, yeah)  
I got blues on fit, yeah  
I got a cool five, lit, yeah  
You can't do that, bih', woah

I'm in the trenches, huh  
I got my slime in the mix, huh  
Count up the fucked up checks, uh-huh  
Told the ho, "I don't care what you do"  
Countin' up a hunnid thou' in this room  
Bitch can't fake it for none  
Bitch can't kick it for none, yeah  
Run 'round, all-black gun  
Brand-new, brand-new VETEMENTS, yeah  
And I got money on the bed now, uh-huh  
Pourin' up, pfft, put the red down, yeah  
Told slime to catch up, I'm next now  
And my slime finna crash out, yeah  
Bitch actin' up, pull the bands out, ayy  
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5.56, go through that truck

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