Bitches, get money Fuck niggas, get money (ATL Jacob) Cass', what it do, nigga? Swear that engineer That boy Cassius Fuck bitches, get money Fuck bitches, get money Fuck niggas, get money Fuck niggas, get money The boot kicked in, bitch I'm yawnin' I heard they robbin', I stay strapped up with that carbon That pussy sorry, I'm not judgin', I'm just honest Fuck bitches, get money I'm just sayin', the love for cash is deeper than blood (That boy Cassius) Flippin' bud, stackin' dub, through the mud, steppin' through it I need Fiji water when it's time to do it, let's get to it I make entrees in my trap like Ruby Tuesday My doorman get the back door with the Uzi In the double R, I'm makin' porn movies Her seat like margarine butter, switcharoo the groupie Fuck bitches, get money I step on a bitch in Givenchy It's home, they Longway Winston She want a Longway ending Mr. Blue Benjamins spendin' Grab on her inches and beat it She might just get a new freezer Paint her face like Mona Lisa Pussy bad, delete her I got four-four-eight good reefer, bring me blue monefa I'm the blue Bathing Ape, call me Longway Caesar I got warrants goin' poof, paper cuts and teasers Tell your baby daddy the truth, I'm the one that please you Fuck bitches, get money Fuck bitches, get money Fuck niggas, get money Fuck niggas, get money The boot kicked in, bitch I'm yawnin' I heard they robbin', I stay strapped up with that carbon That pussy sorry, I'm not judgin', I'm just honest Fuck bitches, get money I'll sell a bitch if dream come to Ebenezer Longway team, Jimmy Dean, give you amnesia I swipe your ho, that's why I call my main a master Visa The way they worship me, they should call me Blue Jesus Two-tone Rollie, came below degrees, okay Usuain Bolt, got the need for speed Diamond dial green like the seaweed Get the pack back, rollin', I'm the plug for weed What you holdin'? Guacomole, got the dope for soda Watch me wrap this like Chipotle, I can serve it to you molded Trap on Two Island Tuesday, all my junkies get a boulder

Beef, we don't discuss, we just gon' pull up with them blowers

Went from two for five trappin', now I'm tappin' in with Forbes Now I'm FedEx to UPS to Post Office with drugs When it touch down, bust a bale, water, Michael Phelps Cuban link around my neck look like a clean brick of meth

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