

100K

PHresher

Hundred thousand dollars on the way up
I'm just stacking my cake up
Tell my bitch don't wait up
These lil niggas gotta wait up
I had to get my weight up
Now a nigga way way way up
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I had to get my cake up
This rap shit gotta be a lay up
This the type of shit you can't make up
Play me back then now they gotta pay up
Gotta stay sharp like a shaver
Go and see my girl for the taper
Hatin' real, gotta stay prayed up
Me and my niggas gon' stay up
Goyard bag when I wake up
My bitch don't wear Marc Jacob
Married to the money, no break up
All my hoes gotta rake up
You can't fuck my bitch, if you wanted to
Don't get set up, get that ass wet up
Be cool nigga, I'm warning you
These bloody shoes, no Cardi
Bodak Yellow my Rari
I'm a Playboy, no Carti
Bad Boy like Mike Lowry
Old ass game, that's Atari
Deebo'ed your spot, I ain't sorry
Wildcats, I'm Calapari
I got the, I got the wave, Shamari

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I'm just stacking my paper, yeah
Give good brain off the wake up, yeah
That bitch ugly, need makeup, yeah
Wait up, yeah, cake up, I
They study my swag, couldn't bartend, had to switch up my bag
Talk to me nice bitch, why is you mad?
That nigga you want sis, he on my ass
Don't need to brag, but I am bad
My time is now, your time is later
You ain't seen Dream? bitch you a hater, hah hah
Wanted princess and PHresher, yeah
Tryna sleep on us, we next up, yeah
You a itty bitty bitch, just press up, yeah
Bank got money, I can flex flex flex up, yeah
I'm a hot dog bitch, just catch up, yeah

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You know I'ma flex, get my weight up
Running to a check like wait up
Hop on that jet, go way up
She foreign, look the best no makeup
But I hit it, got nothing to say to her
I need like one hundred K when I'm waking up
I kick her out the Maybach, we ain't layin' up
You know I get to the racks like I'm layin' up
That's a fact, go run up the check
All the bags I'm tryna collect
Stop the lies, who you tryna impress?
I'm stackin' it up and I'm spending the racks
Nowadays money be sold by the strap
Rubber bands on me, I'm spending your rent
Look at my pockets, they grow and they stretch
I only wanted that ho for the neck
You ain't got no dough, just put it to rest
Wrist on the snow and that ice on my neck
When she give me throat, she be making a mess
Them days I was broke, I still made it the best, hey
Better keep your eyes on the paper
She get in the ride, do the favors
Smoking, getting high, different flavors
I ain't wasting time, see you later

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