(Yo Pi'erre)
(Yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh, yuh)
(Ay, go)

Told that hoe "Put on a seatbelt we riding"

She sent the Addy we pull up & sliding

Ride in the Cat, matte black with no mileage

See me in Rick at the party arriving

I like to think of the bitch as a sidekick

Blow money, on fashion, I do not mind it

Alyx on the denim, Matt Williams designed this shit,

She asked what we was , why we gotta define it?

Fuck it all, what you flexing that petty money for? At the Red roof and we just got plenty hoes
These is black Prada boots not Giuseppe hoe
Bring in equipment, we down in the lobby
Recording for hours and move like a zombie
This rap shit for real, I swear it ain't a hobby
I've done it so long, got crazy and cocky

I graduated and went O.D.

In my city and we four deep

Hoe was fucking with the whole team

We was plotting, had a whole scheme

Got myself up out the situations

Every day was a new complication

This a game and she the type to play it

I'm the hottest ain't afraid to say it

Rolling Stones, long sleeve, with the Rick Owens shorts on the bottom yeah

Folks tryna copy me but I know I'm up, so that shit kind of com mon $\$

In LA, at my BNB, hoes on the way, that shit happen often I remember I just got some exposure Fans said my name "K-U-R-A spotted" (what the fuck)

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