

Yo Pi'erre, you wanna come out here?

I don't know 'bout you niggas, but I need
Bitches, money, drugs
Come around me, what you see?
Bitches, money, drugs
Someone pinch me, am I dreaming?
Bitches, money, drugs
We shop at Saks, burnt-off Nieman's
Bitches, money, drugs
Bitches
Bitches, money, drugs
Money
Bitches, money, drugs
Drugs
Bitches, money, drugs
Bitches, money, drugs

Grew up on pussy, money, weed, told her, "Come and put that pussy on me"
We smokin' exotic. It cost a whole lotta, we don't do nothin' OG
The marble floors heated, she like how I beat it, never kickin' cold feet
I keep me a pistol, "Why?", they schemin', they hatin' on me for no reason
She wanna do lunch, I told her, "All I do is hunch"
Not regular Runtz. It's hitting this chest like a punch
Ain't investing in doors, rather invest in some guns
I'm gripping her hair, that shit hang low like Rapunzel

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Bitches, money, drugs, she show me all the love
Weed, oxy, and codeine, I can call the plug
No you do not know me, bitch I'm grown as fuck
They said we cannot smoke inside, but we still roll some up
Police done pulled up on the side of me, gotta sober up
You know I dropped something inside of it, by the soda sus
I wanna fuck her and her friend, I got the shoulder shrug
I got a 3.5 from the projects, cost me 40 bucks

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