

Yeah, yeah
I had to get the dough up (I had to get the dough up)
I had to get the dough up (I had to get the dough up)
Now everybody blowin' up my phone, yeah
They like, "Bro, when you coming home?"
Never (Yeah)

Yeah, I gotta get this money, gotta be something (Gotta be something)
Yeah, yeah, shawty hit my line when she need something (Whoa, whoa, whoa, when she need something)
She know I'm good for it
Yeah, you know I'm good for it, baby
Know I'm good for it, babe
You know I'm good for it
Damn, damn my mama blowin' up my phone
Like, "What the fuck is goin' on? You never calling me no more"
Yeah, yeah, I wish I had a fuckin' clone
Wish I had a fuckin' clone
We would be fuckin' on

Just me, myself and I, dolo
Solodolo
Solodolo
Me, myself and I, solodolo
I had to get the dough, fuck it
Had to get the dough, fuck it

I had to get the dough up
I had to get the dough up
I had to get the dough up
Yeah, had to get myself together
Yeah, just smoking on this pressure, yeah
Yeah, yeah
I had to get the dough up
I had to get the dough up
Now everybody blowin' up my phone, yeah
They like, "Bro, when you coming home?"
Never

Either you in or out
Gotta get this money now
I'm on that paper route
Yeah, I'm on that paper route (Woo)
Damn, opening the door for me
Then close the other door for me
Like, why the fuck you ignoring me?
Like, I don't fuck with you no more, no more
No more, no more, yeah
No, no more, yeah
You been talkin' 'bout me on the low, on the low
Heard you talkin' 'bout me on the low
On the West Coast, yeah

Just me, myself and I, dolo
Solodolo
Solodolo
Me, myself and I, solodolo

I had to get the dough, fuck it
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