

Neimans

Plies

I don't like to tongue wrestle, I just hop out with the pole
Y'all was sittin' in Sunday school, I was scrapping it out he bowl
Still represent the struggle, so I ain't taking out my golds
I don't did a lot of thangs, but I ain't never cuffed a hoe
How he still you favorite rapper all them lies he done told
How you still make her your lady all them dick she done road
He ain't gone bust a grape or let nothing die because he ain't with the smok
e

Hate to see me eating out her 'cus he just really broke
Please don't let this rich shit fool you, get me wrong then I'm pissin you
Ask me why I don't answer my phone because I don't get no service in the tre
nches

I just counted 700 bands, damn near got me dizzy
When I'm in the DMV pull up on you like I'm Glizzy
Yeah, the streets chose me, I ain't pay for a buzz
For you show a nigga the game, check his paperwork first
You ain't silent, you ain't thorough, you can't never get a verse
You ain't bae, you ain't wifey, you can't never get a purse

If you lookin' for me I'm probably up at the counter up in Neiman
If you make my toes curl, ima let you ball in Neiman
I ain't never slippin', dog, got the pole tucked in Neiman
Yes, sir, no, sir that's how they talk to me in Neiman

Ten rooms, six bathrooms, guess I'm kinda living
Dolce Gabbana from head to toe, guess I'm kind of dripping
I can't rock out with no ceiling fans 'cus I got vaulted ceilings
You can't never break my heart, baby, because I ain't got no feelings
Put my hand over my heart and pledge allegiance to the bag
If I got to die bout something it be my family and the cash
Keep my money in my hand because my wad is too big
Stuck my thumb in her butt because my rod was too big

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Riddin' round with all this cash in my car be feelin' like I'm traffickin'
Ask me was her Becky good, I told her it was immaculate
Ask me as her box fire, told her I'll be back again
Ain't nobody hatin' on you, guess what, you ain't poppin' then
I fell asleep counting c-notes, I woke up getting deep throat
I'm the only nigga that give the streets hope
Playin' with the numbers get you Debo'd
11 cars totals, 3 cribs I ain't cappin', bruh
Lil bitch called me back to back, I swear that shit be tappin', bruh
Last watch was plain Jane, I just put some stones in it
I ain't miss no money, all my showers they got phones in'em
My baby I the Bahamas, so I'm on my way to Nassau
Told me she just like speed, so I just bought a fats car
The bag got me feeling like I'm Bron, Bron
I'm just up in Neiman go dumb, dumb