

# Show Haters

Pluto

(I-I-I)

Yeah

(I-I-I)

Yeah

Yeah (I-I-I'm working on dying)

Yeah (BNYX@)

Lobster and steak, pasta for later

Put this shit in their face, that's how you show haters

Bad bitches don't play (She bad), she just want her paper

Munyun, pockets sloppy when I touch down in the A

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Countin' up pape, you late (You late)

Can't chat, get out my face (My face)

Say he love this cat, yeah, he lovin' how it tastes (Huh)

Won't catch me with no buster, all my bitches been gettin' to the pape

Real money chasin' bitch, can't come around, I'm out the way

Get your racks up, y'all stacks up, fuck a broke nigga? No way (No way)

Fuck what you seein', fuck what you heard, big big P been havin' her way (Her way)

Sold out shows and sold out dates, I'm havin' my way, I cannot complain

Don't do no linkin', I'm too P, but you can catch me in your state

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Gettin' in there, finna throw racks to the wall (Racks to the wall)

Teach you how to ball (Teach you how to ball), bitch, fuck with a dog (Fuck with a dog)

She throw it back like ball (Back like ball), tote a Glock like pow (Glock like pow)

Hold up, pow (Hold up), hold up, pow (Hold up)

Balenciaga today, Rick Owens later (Ricky)

Havin' way too much of that step, I'm puttin' on too much drip (Put it on)

I put my bro on the shelf 'cause he got too many drills

I post my kid on the Fin and they ain't even let nothin' spill

Don't come if you don't pay, won't do you no favors (That's facts)

Money gon' make you rich, but money don't make you real (On God)

I was outside kickin' doors with the bros before the deal

I was trappin' that shit like Gucci and Jeezy, Gangsta Grillz

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