

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 (He
r 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 l
ike 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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