

Mm-mm-mm, mm-mm-mm
(Hit-Boy)
Mm-mm-mm, mm-mm-mm

Natural born hustler, nigga, stuntin' is my strong suit
Flexin' with a hundred cash, look at what these songs do
Gangster and a baller, baby, I do what I want to
I be with some steppers, I don't care 'bout what you gon' do
Wet shit like the Warriors, all my niggas gon' shoot
He gon' have to take a loss, some my niggas gone too
I know a bad bitch and I'm who she belong to
I just picked a Cuban up from Wafi, bitch, these stones new

Dolce & Gabbanas on my feet and these my favorite pair
Got a lot to lose, still can't be scared to take it there
I was in them slums, shit get dreadful like some Haitian hair
I come from that zoo, it's just cobras, pigs, and apes in there
1300 block, bitch, I caught my last cases there
Ain't no second chances in this shit, so we can't play it fair
Foenem line shit like a barber, Glock knock off his facial hair
Caught him lackin' in his whip, they tryna find his face in there
Lil Hop Out, he stay on go, bitch, all he know is green light
Let off shots with accuracy, showed 'em what that beam like
Posted by that liquor store, was sellin' what the fiends like
Used to wake up in low income, now I live a dream life

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Bury me like a pharaoh with this money and my gold too
Keep a shooter in there, try to rob me, this the wrong tune
I hit Johnny Dang and mixed the diamonds with the gold tooth
The FN sing a song like it's the leader of a soul group
Don't come 'round here like we friends, you know I don't know you
You know I got demons, allow me to show you
Lately, I been on the road (Yeah), show after show
I know I'm makin' all the opps mad back home
Been a while since I had to dial from a trap phone
See you later, alligator, quite a while, crocodile, we gone
Pray to God that my money stay long
Also prayin' for good aim for when the devil try to go

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