

(Wheezy outta here)

In Bentley trucks, with semis tucked
Lil' hot 'nem turn the city up
We wildin', don't give any fucks
We block stars, they envy us
A broken child with stingy trust
This greatness can't be in a rush
Lil Capalot get plenty bucks
Girl, this ain't love, just empty lust
Just spoil her, go shop and keep her ass rubbed and her titties sucked
Benjamin after Benjamin, what that money counter keep spittin' out
And that's music to my ears and I'm dancin' with the devil
Forbes list, I'm tryna be one of the richest, I can't settle
Rockstar lifestyle, grip a heavy metal
I put my bros on my Patek, got hood angels in my bezel
Yeah, yeah, we pay foreign cars, I got several
Shinin' to the grave, tell The Undertaker, "Bust down my shovel"

I hate that summer that I lost bro-oh
They ain't cut from my cloth, no-oh
Nothing but bad bitches and boss ho-ohs
Whole gang lit, that's squad goal-ohs

Jumped off the porch when I was like thirteen
Fell in a Rolls Royce and it's slime green
I state the truancy, got time seen, yeah (Yeah)

I upgrade everything that come with my dawgs
Sometimes they love me, then hate me, they wished it all (Yeah, yeah)
They wish I was broke and didn't have none of these cars (Ah)
I'm so up, above your climate, I'm in the stars
I built this shit from the ground and I took it far
I caught that bitch at the counter, took care of her charge
She picked me up in a Uber, then we had went to eat
She sucked that dick, and I had asked, "Do she got missin' teeth?"
We had departed in the streets, and then they miss me
I told 'em, "When I come back, I'ma buy the whole street"
My homie hit the bitch, but act like he don't know a thing
That's that mob tie, that's that mob life, yeah

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