Yeah

All these racks, in my pockets

Told that pussy nigga stop it (Yeah)

If I like it, I'ma cop it

Louis V, on my body

I got your bitch, on the molly

Shaking ass, she hella sloppy

Laughing to the bank, while I'm on the phone with my accountant

I don't like to talk much (Shh), yeah so I don't say nothing Remember I was broke, now I'm rich, it ain't really nothing They wanna see me dead, yeah, but they ain't stopping nothing I'm aiming for the head, yeah, no not at the stomach Yeah, yeah yeah, how these niggas coming I got bitches shaking ass, yeah, and I'm throwing hundreds And I'm off a Xan, yeah, I can feel it in my stomach Racks on me now, yeah, I had nothing, I came up from nothing You can feel my energy, I don't got to say nothing You ain't getting nothing from me You ain't do nothing for me You ain't taking nothing from me Swear these niggas hella funny And if I pull it out bitch, then I'm bussin' They don't want smoke bitch, you know how I'm coming

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