Yeah, yeah, yeah...

I know my wrist be dancin' crazy
Been on some fly shit lately
Used to be so damn patient
But now it's fuck you, pay me
Can't let these motherfuckers phase me
Never let that money change me
Ain't the way my mama raised me
Don't mean to brag but can you blame me?

200k and VVS, yellow diamonds They wanna run up but they won't ever find me Sit right next to the F&N, motherfuck the government Sit down and I'm plottin' 100 bands on my body Fuck with them boys, catch a body Lil mama just want my pocket 'Rari take off like a rocket Hol' up, you too close I don't know, I don't know ya' Had to run it, run it up How I roll, how I roll, ya' It's like after you pop off They all act like they know ya' And Young Post be like potluck And they all love to blow ya', yeah

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200, swerving, dippin', dodge on the highway You may contain me but you won't ever stop me On the way to my residence Try message your boo again, she pullin' up prolly Yeah, sturdy inside of that Bentley Yeah, come take a tatt on my Bentley Yeah, people actin' too friendly man They tryna get dividends, this shit is a problem Yeah, you just be talkin' shit but ain't ever met me Bet you know, fucked your bitch and now you resent me I know them people but they don't represent me Them wastemen, we gonna make 'em all pay They will never stop the plan 80 jumpin' off my hand Rollin', rollin', rollin' Bust it open Holy moly

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