

On the road to riches and diamond rings
Real rappers do real things
"Money Over Bitches" is the song I sing
DND so my phone don't ring
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All this California smoke, it's hard to see through the mist
I got bros on works that I don't need to assist
Guess I'm still the same P who used to sleep in my whip
But how the fuck can I be white when I don't even exist?
That's a ghost in the Wraith, two words, "Open the safe"
That's food on the table, I mean coke on the plate
If I was dumb then I'd probably buy a house in my hood
True, I go about like I fucking own the estate
Same kid that used to throw stones at your house
Now I buy AP's and throw stones in the face
And I walk about strapped up, stoned out my face so don't act up
I was gonna say suttin 'bout my forty-five
But I'm chilling with your bitch, sipping '42
And when I step in the place, I don't need a fuss
I got one-two shooters, gonna walk me through
Four thousand square feet in the motherland
Just so you understand, I'll put you under sand
I started off broke, now what's a hundred grand?
Two verses, I was just in the can getting room searches
Now it's penthouse room service
He's a gangster in his raps, why's he move nervous?
Probably 'cause I'm with them kids who's known to do earnest
And I'm running to the money like it's too urgent

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Eleven houses but this 'Rari ain't got no roof
Chilling, eating calamari, came from cold soup
All these rappers are my sons but I got no yutes
Baby, he ain't making money, that's the old coupe
She's tryna eat the meat, this girl a carnivore
Before I get home, I press the button, heat the marble floor
Gotta make the gaff toasty when you throat me babe
Just make sure when you're coming in, you close the gates
Call the album "Close to Home" because I miss the bits
And now I put M's in the house, I feel like Richie Rich
Three white and a brown, I call it Little Mix

Money over girls but if she nice, I still might tip the bitch
Yeah, straight from Moston Lane
They do more than box your face for a box of 'caine
They said if I went pop, they're gonna pop your chain
Multi-platinum, all this water, fill your block with rain
Look, all them pussies talking ending my life
Them same pussies ain't gonna see a M in their life
And that's what makes me sleep tight at the end of the night
But I ain't selfish, I keep blessing my hood
So when I die, at least I know I done as best as I could
And if I lost it all tomorrow, I ain't stressing, I'm good
Like fuck the Maybach truck, I guess I'm stepping on foot, and I'm

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