

Better pay your dues, better stay low--key
Bitch, don't mind me, ain't goin' back
Put it on me, put it on- (MUPP broken your heart)
I can be the one they hate, I don't got no time to be liked
Better pay your dues, better stay low-key
Bitch, don't mind- (Yuh)

Welcome to the south-side, here them cute hoes do you dirty
In my city, we don't fist bump, we dap up and get to swervin'
In that 06 Vogue, money on overload
Momma we never goin' back to poverty, fuck that
Hoes on the floor, like a Rugrat
Crawlin' at my feet, rappers been mumblin', talkin' bout nothin'
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They gotta keep stumblin' off of the Xanny
Now killin' themselves so, so, slowly
Grippin' changin' is my lanes and payment rates, I raise the stakes
I'll raise these rappers from the grave, so put some respect on my name
Time is rainin' with no label, whoever take that bread, then lay low
Why you sigh, you saw your fable
Forty-five, blow off your halo

Sometimes I can't fuck with yo' bitchin', wanna buy you a flight
Send your ass back to your daddy's house, so you can think twice
But then I switch up my emotions, rather be with you than forgotten
I cannot have this crib myself without you, I get too cautious
And now I'm back to bein' alone, thinkin' about who you fuckin' with
Never wanted to keep no feelings, not too good with apologies
I was used being a lone wolf, ride with my homies
Who hand my best to me, hands on me
Back up, puttin' your hands on me (Woo!)