

Them niggas funny, huh?
Saint Laurent, What's them niggas on? Hella large
Small circle don't do hexagons
Cookie Jar, I need that bread, I need that croissant
What you want? I'm sellin' shit, just like Uncle Toms
30 Glock, on my waist, my pants'll never sag
50 bags, catch me in my head he got a tag
38, in my pocket I better never jam
Mercedes Benz, came with sensors better never crash

He be calling up my name, but he ain't name brand
Cook up dope and shoot a nigga, with the same hand
He's just sitting on his money, post the same bandz
So I go in for my bros, I got the same dad
I heard you mad well here's a cape, go be superman
[?] lost her son and now she super sad
Feel like we bring back the dead the way we bouncin' back
My niggas grab the knife, soon as the cells are crack
And girls who used to diss, they like my boomerang
Niggas know we winnin' you could check the stacks
Louie bag, Chanel Bag, she just want a nigga that
Can buy that

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Wassi shit, wassi shit, we so wassi bitch
40 Glock, skinny nigga, but it fit my ribs
Hit em up, niggas talking like they with the shits
Bitch niggas, he get caught and now he explainin' shit
Rainy days, fishy whip, and we slide, we drift
Lil' nigga, stash his gun I got a rusty fit
Fam please don't trip, fuck around get the surgeon
Diamonds lit, piece look like a pyramid
Clip so long, clip so long, clip look like a mile
And the feds, they got my name on file
Cookin' dope, sellin' dope, where they pay the most?
In the scope, call my phone, and it's a trap phone

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