Mo' life, mo' weed
I see you lookin' at me but I'm out'cho league
I could tell how you move but you not my speed
Not sayin' less about you, it's more about me
So-

Little nigga backpack Fuck, where that ass at? Bitch, where that cash at? Bitch, where that cash at?

'Cause if you ain't on that, you really gettin' laughed at I'm on a fast track, and I'm not really tryna flash back To my crazy days, yeah, I had some crazy ways It was a crazy phase, but, nigga, I got crazy pay Woo, got a few crazy fades
Though I'm still with the shit, each day it fades
So much shit done changed, shit, mostly me
Drugs had me makin' decisions emotionally
Allowin' mother fuckers to get too close to me
But now, a nigga like-

Little nigga backpack Fuck, where that ass at? Bitch, where that cash at? Bitch, where that cash at?

Forever on that and I ain't buyin' how y'all look Paper and ink don't make you a book, nigga Bro, little nigga backpack

My mind different
I'm listenin' more, talkin' less
Ain't focused on L's, I'm talkin' best
I'm talkin' wins, I'm speakin' wins into existence
Thank God for his persistence
Huh
But I was lettin' him down, nowFuck where that ass at?
'Cause, baby girl, we past that
You ain't mine, so why would I even ask that?
I'm on a fast track, you still tryna flash back
You reminiscin' about ass smacks in public
Tellin' me to stop, knowin' that you love it
I liked it too
But a nigga like to hustle more than I'm likin' you

Little nigga backpack Fuck, where that ass at? Bitch, where that cash at? Bitch, where that cash at?

Forever on that and I ain't buyin' how y'all look Paper and ink don't make you a book, nigga

But it might go over your head
You need money stacked to sit tall as my leg

Changed my hidin' spot, it was under my bed

Now right there is that thang that'll blow off your head

And I pray to God I never have to use it, on moms

Me or you, and I get to choose, Allfather

And I ain't say that shit to be tough or rah-rah

I'm just tryna make sure my kids have a father

So respect my G

And if you buyin' goods from me, please respect my fee

I done earned every mother fuckin' right

Hold on Uh So to whoever wanna clash, nigga-

Little nigga backpack
Fuck, where that ass at?
For real
Bitch, where that cash at?
Bitch, where that cash at?
What