

Show off

Problem

Bankroll, real money never fall
Diamond line
Yeah you ain't know?
I bought 10 gold chains
Yeah, I'm a show off
I'm a show off
I got my weight up
I got my weight up
I'm a show off
You got your weight up
Now you gonna show off

I ain't got nothing left to prove
Money flow sturdier than a cruise
Ooh, eight hundred a foot walk in my shoe
Crack bitches while hatin' niggas copy my moves
Barkin louder than my weed my G, I still ain't enthused
Crackin' shows
Pretty tall with their back exposed
Pack a trip
Pack some clothes

You're tryin' to get there
You ain't tryin' to sit there
Baby it's my time
Hustling, watching every step
Like it's a nail on the floor
Let it wrip
Let it snitch
Ain't tellin' no more

It was 3 am
I thought his ass was going home
I got the car from Chris
He said his little brother is gone
It's probably better that the fucking got him

Please help me
I'm trying to find another way
I'm on the high way in search for better days
Flying South-West
Say you wanna get away
Take it how it is
A couple of more sips

I'm just a little nigga
With a big ass drink
Married to the game
And if you're trying to get your momma
You don't know right
You can't see the diamonds in the ice
Raise your hand in the club if you're the man
If you ain't talkin' money, baby
Let them know what's the plan

I be great
It's bad luck, baby in the fall back
I pull up to the ground
I pull up my crown
I don't even care
And it's back to the
I'm just an East Side nigga
Being fly as they can be
365 I'll be on the ground
I'll be blowin' their minds