

Forgiato on the rims (Skrtrt), swing the corner, bust a murder
Go all day grindin' chasin' mils every day on the corner
I'm superfly just like an astronaut that came from California (Yeah, yeah)
I watched lil' homie scrape it out the pot, was studyin', sellin' [?]
Lil' shorty bad, I want her body, I don't know
She swervin' in the Maserati, drownin' in my Styrofoam
Like, is you with me for the guala? No, I ain't trust no more
So I be ridin' with that chopper every time I roll

[?] how I came through the back
I don't fuck with that heifer, she think that she bad
I done ran up some cheddar, could get some shit whacked
I could change up the weather for so many seconds
I done blew out the ghetto, I need me a plaque
Rose gold bezel, got two on the Patek
Really gon' shoot out that coupe when it's static
Ever since I met you, I don't think no one badder, yeah
Everything that I got, man, I got it off rappin'
'Fore I got on the charts, got a charge off of trappin'
Yeah, shorty gon' suck the semen, I'm a vacuum
Even though I'm the shit, I don't go on a bathroom
Know it hurt to the heart when I didn't accept few
Puttin' everyone on, but I'm talkin' except few
Even thogh that she [?] me, I bought her Chanel shoes
On the real, from the start, man, I should've been there for you

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eah)
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No, I can't never cross a fam (Woo), I can't never cross my cousin (Cross my
cousin)
I got a hundred-fifty stacks with dude out West, but that ain't nothin' (Tha
t ain't nothin')
Bet I could get a nigga whacked, that chopper, yeah, came with a button (Brr
ah, rrah)
Plus I could take a hundred stacks and hit the lottery while flushin' (Skrtrt
)
They don't know which move I'm workin', they don't which one I'm workin'
I really came from out the gutter, all my niggas 1600 (Hundred)
You know Lil Timmy my big brother, I can't wait to split the money (Split th
e munyun)
You know we split one in the gutter, all for me forever [?]
It's been some time I ain't talk to grandma, know she hate that I'm in troub
le (I'm in a trouble)
I do this shit for Uncle Biden and Pablo, won't let me fumble (Let me fumble
)
Know my youngins really 'bout it, I tell 'em chill, but they don't (But they
don't)
I really live the life of the party, I get the money, then I'm gone
And even I caught these charges, it's gon' be alright (Alright)

I'm makin' [?] modern me an M all night
I'm really goin' through a heartbreak, this me speakin' on the mic
And 'bout lil' Phat, we jump out broad day, you speak on him, it's on sight

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