

(P-p-Paol Trizzy maced it, bro)

Pot of gold

Hopefully I could chase the sack at the end of the road
 I'm leavin', I ain't never comin' back, that's all I know
 The question that you never seem to ask, I wanna know
 How I react with beams and MACs? Lil' woadie kick a door
 She just want some diamonds, flooded from her head to toe
 Call it perfect timin', on her left wrist, AP froze
 And over timin', clock keep chimin', I think it's my time to go
 Dollar signs and he don't mind it, cookin' over stoves
 Bag made by Marc Jacobs, totin', got my pistol in it
 AMG, I'm rollin', fully focused, need a cigarette
 I just gotta reassess, they know this million-
 dollar check (Paol Trizzy maced it, bro)
 Bae, I need to see you for this evenin', I can't get no rest
 She just want some diamonds, no, she don't want no more of me
 Baby, you the finest, I just want some loyalty
 I switched up her stylin', Balenciaga, Jordan sneaks
 I swear that all these police sirens really paranoin' me

Relocate, I switch the tone on 'em, I'm a dope boy
 They done even took my phone number on the task force
 I can't even speak on my homie, makin' no noise
 Big bankroll, can't fold, rockin' Chrome Hearts (Paol Trizzy maced it, bro)
 Oh Lord, lil' Pluto, that's my woadie, woadie, in the Goyard
 Lil' Pluto, that's my woadie, forty in the Goyard
 24K like Kobe, got a gold and cold heart
 Helicopter crash out, I remember last time
 I done really ran my racks up, now I could bring that cash out
 I feel like the bad guy, how long we gon' last now?
 I could see me all in [?], sippin' on this [?]
 Now I got the last laugh
 You gave me no chance, you threw my city in the trash can
 F-150, word around the city, we got bags, and
 I could get them birdies for the cheap, it's by the gas station (Paol Trizzy
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 I could get you murdered out the region, I'm like Mad Max

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