

(Ayo, D-Wiz is ballin')
Ayy, bae (Simo Fre just killed it)
I swear that, baby, you the baddest
That's without the plastic, your ass thick
Baby, you my everything like Drake be on the adlibs

I'ma buy you purses, I'ma buy you rings
Don't forget to close the curtains in the Bentley thing
All they know is murder on the street I claim
Kick back, pour that syrup up just to ease the pain
We get them bags comin' in on a plane, Off-White, dropped a check, uh
Brand-new paper tag on the 'Vette, it's all that
Couple hundred thousand, drop that on my neck, aw yeah
Just to show them doubters that I'm next, aw yeah

That AMG outta they price range, I'm all in the gutter
Know life a gamble like a dice game when you live in the struggle
He hittin' licks all through the night, man, tryna make his shit double
I been doin' well so goddamn long, I feel the right thing is trouble
Up with the stick, came with the light man, then killed his lil' brother
Felt like I had to make this song, man, for my niggas that hustle
He keep that metal when he ridin' even though he a Muslim
Life of the ghetto, 'bout survival, might just put some shit under

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I got too much drank in my soda, so much weight on my shoulders
Got so much pain in my folder, fuck the fame, it's gettin' closer
I just want a plain-jane Rollie with a gray Range Rover
With my main main ho, take them, the chains off when this damn game over
Had to sacrifice, so it ain't right, the savage life for my nigga
Just know I'm ridin' wrong or right like fuck that knife, keep my pistol
I ran it up in black and white like Derek Percy, you a victim
I'm fedded up, know you a mice but try to play like a killer

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