

(Xclusive made this) Uh, yeah
(J Thrash on the track) Q-R-N, yeah
(Ayo Bleu)
Extendo pokin' out my jeans
Pull a kick door, while my niggas JOG
Whatchu in for, baby, me or all this green?
I been rich though, since 2017

One hunnid hangin' out the bottom of that chopper
Hellcat Durango, SRT, no, not the fuckin' Charger
Mail it back, thirty Ps, I thought I said I want exotics
Shell catch, hop out on the G, like, bitch you want it
Every time it's on, we ridin' all night
If I ever catch you out in traffic, then it's on sight
Know I'm gon' rock out with my chrome, I'm talkin' broad day
Cuban links and caskets, come collect it, we gon' all die (Oh, oh, oh)

Walk in rockin' red bottoms, see 'em on my feet
You know lil shorty really with robbin' while hoppin' on that G5
Walked in Amiri, spend a couple thousand, wear that shit like Fee
Somewhere he slumped inside the project housings
We don't know how he died
I'm chrome, 225 worth of syrup in the trunk
You know we gon' let it fly, do it for who? I bet you don't
Murder on my mind all the time
I know that this might get me time, I'm a slime, hard dope

One hunnid hangin' out the bottom of that chopper
Hellcat Durango, SRT, no, not the fuckin' Charger
Mail it back, thirty Ps, I thought I said I want exotics
Shell catch, hop out on the G, like, bitch you want it
Every time it's on, we ridin' all night
If I ever catch you out in traffic, then it's on sight
Know I'm gon' rock out with my chrome, I'm talkin' broad day
Cuban links and caskets, come collect it, we gon' all die

Quando watch tonight you see 'em, bet, I'm finna call Lul Timm
Pop on sight, above the rim, bitch, I got the jewels and gems
I send 'em home, meet that bitch, don't call my phone
Gangsta, gangsta, I get down, bitch make me spank ya, move around
Gunsmoke town, I'm toolie'd down, fifteen slimes I roll around
Fifteen times, I waved around, play 'em, tryna spray shit down
Inside that chopper, seventy rounds, sixty-five, my .223
3860, you pop YB, stop this bitch, let's clear the street

One hunnid hangin' out the bottom of that chopper
Hellcat Durango, SRT, no, not the fuckin' Charger
Mail it back, thirty Ps, I thought I said I want exotics
Shell catch, hop out on the G, like, bitch you want it
Every time it's on, we ridin' all night
If I ever catch you out in traffic, then it's on sight
Know I'm gon' walk out with my chrome, I'm talkin' broad day
Cuban links and cash that's gon' collect, then we gon' all die