

You know, know  
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This the feeling when I get when I cop the Mercedes and I wanna splurge on my lady  
Hundred racks and I got it all cash and I came out the trap and they look at me crazy  
I'm dripping like I'm finna go to the Met  
I hit it and she stole my gallery sweats  
In the Maybach, she giving me neck  
Get out the car, she looking a mess (Mess)  
Look at me, I am the catch  
I ask a bitch if she said yes (Yes)  
We twenty deep on the island, missing my blood, my dog, my flesh (Flesh)  
Working my one, just vibing, never let the next man know what's next (No)  
Backend come to my nest, lil' bad bitch wanna be a part of my flex (Flex)

And she know how to handle when stars in the building  
And she fuck with the galaxy, stars in the ceiling  
When I was broke, I was looking like millions  
That's the feeling you get when you pull up and kill 'em

Came from the bando, baby, now I'm backstage  
Rehearsing, pregame, baby, call it foreplay  
And you better put that shit on 'cause we 'bout to show your face  
I let you ride my wave but you gotta love my campaign  
Popping what she take  
Hope this night be great  
Tell 'em it's okay  
We won't wear no shades  
I wanna see everything, baby, yes, I do wanna see everything  
Hit that shit one time now she fan on my dick like a fanpage  
She take notes, she don't cry, everything she do is fire  
Hair so long down to her thigh  
Heard she grouped out, that's a lie

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When you killing 'em  
Oh, when you killing 'em  
Oh, when you killing 'em  
Oh, when you killing 'em  
Oh, when you killing 'em  
Oh, when you killing 'em  
Oh, when you killing 'em  
Love on me, love on me  
Love on me, love on me, baby  
Love on me, love on me  
Love on me, love on me, baby