

Look, aye

Don't let that fuck shit get on me
Don't get that lame shit get on me
I hope these niggas don't catch me slipping now
Don't got no chain that sit on me
I move with positivity
But niggas waiting, they be tripping now
Big smoke (big smoke)
A nigga ride around with the pole
Big smoke (big smoke)
Hoping he don't have to let it blow
Anything goes
Party ain't lit, she put something in her nose
Thought she was in love, she went out and she chose
Thought I was in love, that's that molly in my shoulder
Good lord
(I'm here for a good time, not a long time)
And not that dog, why the fuck you going?

Way back when they was ignoring us
Now we pulling up, big foreign trucks, aye
Can't point out a nigga want it more than us
I might switch the fit on them like a Northern duck
Like the Rose Bowl bottom, like the Rose Bowl, I need dairy, flower
Bitch, I'm balling like the Rose Bowl, huh, running, power, yeah
Balling like the Rose Bowl, yes
Ooh, bet the bank on us, bet the bank on us

I would never work a nine-to-five, I'm a boss
I'ma double down on my own, take a loss
If for whatever reason I end up falling off
Bitch I bounce back like Mike Vick fighting dogs, ooh
Red nose pitnit, low-key drip for a big nigga, ooh
I could do anything but quit nigga
I'm a magician, turn my dogs into rich niggas
Now in the [?] pull this off, are we legit nigga, ooh
Don't worry, don't trip nigga
But he traumatized and the stick with him
He got the stick with him
And he gon' bust your bitch ass if you try it
One wrong move and it's quiet
And if I keeping it one hun', know it's love on my end
So you try all that fuck shit

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