Yeah (Yeah, ayy), I was in the trap, 2011
Havin' codeine dreams with a Smith & Wesson
They wanna OD me, they not on my level, one
I need more than one bitch, think I need two
Three bad hoes in the lobby waitin' for
I don't do no half checks, I get paid in full
Hit 'em with the MAC, had 'em dancin' like the folks
Yeah, I got the trap, won't catch me without the pole
Oh, you talk 'bout broke niggas? We don't rock with those
.762, buddy, ain't no stoppin' those
Undercover Ksubi's, yeah, yeah, I'm coppin' those

Knock your block down like some damn dominoes
Lyin' on my name, yeah, that bitch gon' get exposed
Don't wan' take the Bentley, I hop in the Rolls
My bitch she rock Fenty, your bitch rock Michael Kors
Walk in Gucci, what it cost, cost? (What it cost? What it cost?)
Walk in Louis, what it cost, cost? (What it cost? What it cost?)
Walk in Prada, what it cost, cost? (What it cost? What it cost?)

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Yeah, I'm coppin' those Yeah