These niggas sittin' on the bench and I'm the one that call the shots

I don't know why he wanna beef, I know it's not about no thot Chandelier up on my wrist, that's a Patek, it cost a lot Servin' yola to a fiend, got junkies in and out the spot Put a couple niggas on, them niggas left me out to rot Feds comin' through, goddamn, I gotta empty out the spot Sun out, I think it's time to take the Bentley out the lot Took a G5 overseas and I landed on a thot

Shawty black and she white, she got stripes like a ref I ain't worried 'bout no problems, I can solve 'em by myself Rapper thought he was the one, label put him on the shelf Cook her up and then I serve her on a platter like a chef Yes, I get money, yes, I get money Yes, I been knowin' what you want, I'm not no dummy She ain't even bad, what she mean, "Amiri, cuff me"? She said she a meal, shawty must be talkin' 'bout lunch meat

Yeah, we goin' live (Oh yeah)
Oh yeah, we goin' live
We pull the space coupe out, I'm finna glide (Skrrt)
Put some brand new Forgiatos on the ride (Skrrt)

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