

Drugs, all up in my system
I'm tryna smoke 'em tryna drink 'em, tryna hit some'
No interviews and no meet and greet, can't flick up
To you rap niggas, don't say my name when you spit somethin'
I had bitches, I had homies, but they switched up
I'm only kickin' it with your bitch to get my dick sucked
I'm on the road runnin' that dope, I got my stick tucked
Nigga you ain't know talkin' all that shit'll get your shit bus
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I got that fire on me right now, nigga I slay shit
Before I leave the house I thank God and I pray bitch
My girlfriend love my dirty drawers and I ain't shit
She said baby how you get this money? I said I take shit

We them niggas poppin' and you not, better catch up
Free Ketchup, I got up off my ass and niggas flexed up
I'm sick, don't need no check-up, I'm running checks up
I pop a perky 'fore we sex up, 'bout to fuck her neck up
I be in them foreign cars, you be in Integras
I don't trust no Insta bitches, 'cause they probably set-ups
Pop a molly, who want trippin', shoot him from the neck up
Free my niggas doin' time, man I hope they bless up
Ain't no nigga finna press us, finna rip his flesh up
Life's a movie, you an extra, but ain't with the extras
Fenix flexin', see the check bruh, we is really next up
Life's a movie, you an extra, but ain't with the extras

Steady countin' C-notes, cookin' up like C.N.O.T.E
Baby mama depththroat, catch me in the streets though
In LA, Mexico where I get the yay
I can never go broke if I sell a bag a day
Choppers spray, bullets eat a nigga like it's gay
Servin' J's, nine to five AM, that shit pays
That's your wife, she my bitch, it's okay
You still pourin' ones, I pour the trey
I'ma spend a bag and enjoy my day
Dirty stick, bad bitches where I lay
Dirty digits in my bank account, okay?
This the players club like Rappin 4 Tay
Rollin' in a five seater with four K's
And I'm sittin' sideways with your bae
Rollin' in a five seater with four K's
And I'm sittin' sideways with your bae