

I'm on my ignant shit
I'm on my ignant shit
Fuck you nigga, I'm on my ignant shit
I'm on my ignant shit
I'm on my ignant shit
Fuck that bitch, I'm on that ignant shit
I'm on my ignant shit

They say I'm an ignant nigga
I say I'm important
All my cars imported
Keep playing, you get exported
I mean you gone get extorted
Fuck around with them gangsters
Bitch like no he didn't
Yeah ho, I'm talking ignant
In Dade county at the office
My bitch selling molly, I might take one
On my way down to little Haiti
My little shaking booty bitch will take one

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I'm at [?] port, no bags
I'mma buy some luggage later
Wallet full of credit cards but I got more cash
Then a hundred million haters
I don't even like the club
But I just go out to put it in they face
I don't even like his girl
But I took the ho out to put it in her face
Show out, put it in they face
I got ignant cash
Threw so much dough out, it damn near at their waist
Man I got an ignant stash

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