

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Nothing but shrimp, steak, lobster when I wake up
My bitch bad she ain't got to wear make up
And even though we got the fame, it ain't no changing us
If you hating on the gang, then you lame as fuck
She love me for the Rollie on my left hand
A.I. how I'm balling ain't no question
And I want you to know you fucking with a real nigga
Pull up molly to her mansion in the hills nigga

See I just count my cake and count my blessings
Twenty racks in my face when I'm flexin'
I went to full lengths to get the baking soda
Had to whip the brick up with my left hand
Uncle fronted the work, I had to keep that bag
VVS' on the chain, bitch get back back
You surprised by the lifestyle, it ain't new to me
I popped a Percocet but that ain't usually
She had me for the shoes and the jewelry
And now I'm in my feelings 'cause she usin' me
Why you had to do it baby? No, no, no
Gotta go and get it, double cup ain't all my fault

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I'm in and out of soul, she like ooh-ooh-ooh
Turned the Tahoe to a full blown room
I love the shawty 'cause I know she got my back
Bailed me out of jail when I had that strap
Young nigga tryna put youngin' on the map
Had to get my official on the famous black map
Some people didn't like it and some people dig that
Big homie told me, "Go" and I went and did that
I don't give a fuck, I don't care
I'm gettin' to this money, keep your opinion over there
We came from the trenches, but yeah, we still down here
I just want to run it up with my bitch down there

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