

Yeah, yeah

I used to fuck up my re-up
Now, it's the jet with my feet up
I got the money and power
Now none of these niggas can see us
I'm rocking furs on furs (Furs)
I'm probably beefing with Peta
I gotta pay her to leave her
It's probably cheaper to keep her

I keep like twenty racks inside the Lamb' truck, a nigga slidin' dawg
I just put twenty racks on his head, a young nigga slidin', dawg
I get a bag, then double it (Double it)
All of that talk, it ain't adding up (Adding up)
These niggas calling a peace treaty
Bitch, I've been turning the static up

Nigga, I'm turning the savage up (Savage up)
Bentley, Rolls Royce in the fleet, ayy
I bet that cannon got reach
I still keep it under the seat
I pile the rubberbands for a living, I might keep the racks in a mink (Mink)
And I got Fiji on me, she mistake my Patek for the sink
I was in Dallas at V Live, honeycomb centers in the chain like a bee hive
He say he want the static with a nigga, seen him in the streets, he ain't tr
yna be 'bout it, ayy
Damn all the Crippin', it's serious (Serious)
Blue faces in my Amiri's (Amiri's)
We got a Sprinter of hoes coming in, I like my baby, just curious
I just ordered up a Rolls Royce truck with the Gucci interior (Interior), ay
y
When I was bending the block with the lasers out, they thought it was Christ
mas
Up the block and knock his braces out, we caught 'em slipping
We was working out that vacant house, God, forgive me (Forgive me)

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Uh, they was wondering what Meek'd do
Yellow Lamb', look like Pikachu
Back to back in them Roll Royce, jumpin' out them ghosts playing peekaboo
Eenie, meenie, miney, moe, see a bad bitch, I could peek-a-boo

Rolls Royce to the chopper, chopper to the jet, Cali', a week or two
Ayy, all of that talk, it ain't addin' up
I've just been lowerin' them ladders up
I heard they say they gon' rob me
I hope them niggas can back it up (Back it up)
Nigga, just quit all that actin' tough
See you, we turning our savage up (Savage up)
Swim in the racks, drip and drown, nigga
Fuck it, I'm floodin' the Patek up (Patek up)
Fuckin' that bitch like I'm mad at her
I never play with that pussy (Pussy)
I keep some hittas with rachets tucked
All of them killers, don't push me (Push me)
Nigga, you balling on rookie (Rookie)
This shit is hall of fame (Fame)
I got 2 K's, they jealous of each other, I'm treatin' them all the same (Same)
I got too many bitches that I'm takin' care of and they all complain (Complain)
I'm never trippin' 'bout none of these bitches 'cause I know it's all a game (Game)
I paid the cost for fame, I even seen my dawg show fangs
Just for the love of the money and chains
'Member we said that we never would change
'Member we said that we never would switch
I made the call, let 'em get hit
Way that I'm built, never could snitch
Niggas get killed, fuck 'em, we diss
Fucking with us, I took my re-up and doubled it up
Baking soda started bubbling up
They tried to throw the kid under the bus, now I'm running it up

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