

Yeah, yeah, yeah, ah, ha
Yeah, yeah, uh, hey, hey
I feed the streets
I feed the streets, yeah
I feed the streets, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

We fed the streets, I had to flood it
Patek Phillipe, I wanna bus' it
She fuck with me just 'cause I can buy that luggage
And now they recognize me when I'm out in public
Them Haitians fuck with me so they say "sak pase"
I'm in the Benz but I can't wait to cop that Wraith
I came from nothing, nigga, I cannot be fake
I was hungry now try kitchen make my plate, aye

Go get a bag, lil' nigga
Pop a couple tags, lil' nigga
Hop out that Jag, lil' nigga
Fuck around and do the dash, lil' nigga
I remember I was broke
I remember I was starving
We was selling that dope
Bagging front of them apartments

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Lil' shorty make it a theme song
She wanna fuck with my jeans on
Play with them ball like ping pong
Bust in her jaw I ain't even know
I wanna fuck with my niggas
Then take my niggas to the top of the world
All my niggas [?], when we pull up, skrrt
Light skin with a nice body looking like Nia Long
Private head with the private pussy looking like FlySavion
Rich sex, having rich sex on the [?]
Thing glowing in the mirror looking like a ice cream cone

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