

Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Pinnacle at the top

Tryna show you how I ball baby  
I be driving foreign cars baby  
Bring you shopping at the mall baby  
I'm just tryna show you off baby  
Wanna shoot you to the stars baby  
Wanna shoot you to the stars baby  
You are baby  
iPhone making money moves  
You know I'm tryna make a mil baby  
I don't need to pop a silly front  
She wanna tell you how I feel baby  
Let me know you keep it real baby  
When I slide you hold the steel baby  
You already know they deal baby  
Please don't ever fight the feel baby yeah, yeah

I'm taking her home cause she seem that she don't [?] when I'm flexin  
I'm running it up for me and you, don't ask me no questions  
A lot of niggas try to hate on me but I'm just running up a bag  
Three Jane don't miss a nigga riding up in a Jag  
I cannot trust your word I know what you niggas is for  
You ain't gotta roll a lease I don't got a minute at all  
Smoking that moon and she said he's gon send her tomorrow  
Cousin was yesterday, fuck her today then I'm gon fuck ehr lil sister tomorr  
ow

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She be showing me her real colors, yes sometimes I gotta let it go  
And sometimes I gotta let her know, change the bag with me baby  
She finessing on these bitches got me feeling like I'm a make a pass on the  
daily  
Get the dome put them peas in [?] we going half on a baby  
Introduce you to real niggas you can detect that these niggas is lame  
And she know that I'm balling she see the gold Cartier on the frame  
Rolls Royce without the brain thousand dollar bottle mane  
Bet you know how it came  
Bitch I do it all for the fortune I don't do it for the fame

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