

Yeah, yeah-ha  
(Oh my God, Ronny)

Yeah, hop on the jet, I'm going faster  
Hop in the 'Rari, going faster  
I get the cash a little faster  
Cartier frames, I got cash on me  
Yeah, hop off the jet, I got a bag on me  
I check my schedule and I send overseas  
I keep a new fit on me seven days a week  
Switched the 'Rari to the Lambo', keep it neat

Dripping like the sink  
Everybody wanna link  
Twenty-five pointers, make it sink (Woah)  
New Chanel choker, when I fuck her, I make her think  
Got a few foreigners parked outside of Max and I throw a bank  
All this pressure in my life got me not actin' like a saint  
They get too attached and then I gotta lay low on the scene  
I stay flee, she's on me, I got diamonds all on me  
I got shooters wanna eat so you can't just pull on me  
[?] Versace bustin' new Amiri jeans  
Walking in that boy like three  
Keep a big bankroll on me

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