

Touch that project screen door, leave the Porsche, hope I can't die today
Pistols in the car, take 'em on a chase, thank God, we got away
Lil' bro killed a nigga the city love, he don't come outside today
They shoot his momma house up every night, right now, he wide awake
On the road to riches, they took off on me, I thought the ride would wait
He sent his location, I know he hatin' from a mile away
Brudda had a baby 'fore he got jammed, I got a child to raise
Be patient, can't wait 'til they free him even though he gained a lot of weight
She flew out to get a BBL since she got new mileage
Say she only count the niggas she fucked after her new body
If you smashed before the ass was big, then you ain't really hit
Ho', quit playin', you got the big head, you ain't get your pussy did
Win big, you could bet on me
Every Glock I buy, I put a dick in it like a ebony
Soon as a opp die, he in a gram like a pelican
We fucked, give me space, I save her contact as a alien
Niggas act like trapper of the year when they win a settlement
He gon' sell it cheap to get the streets, he got his number lit
I done seen an idiot get hit with a few dummy bricks
Antidote won't send it to me first, so I'm shop at Cumberland
I'm a grown-up, still riding with the punishment
Ridin' with a switch, slid it by the belt
Sosa got the bags, got rich off of deps
Van Cleef accessories, same price as Cartiers
Denim jeans Kapital, went a size up
Sister shot my brother, we had to make a victim up
Check the obituary, they ridin' with a picture of 'em
He on his third strike, I pray his lawyer got a pitcher arm
So he can get 'em out, pay the cost, no matter what the bond
My dawg a nigga, he sell white girl like Ariana Grande
They was sleeping on you, that shit contagious, seen everybody yawn
They don't even know the niggas standing next to 'em, they just hangin
Know you on they ass, got opps cliquing up with strangers
Pour lean, twenty ounces a rack, you knock my cup over
Floor Demon, got me spilling soda in the cupholder
Come here, bae, help me count this cake, put you in a uprise
From Ohio State, just a half a ticket, shit left her buck-eyed
Feds be on your page, 'bout to tell on you, that's you and yo' guys
Think you Ja Morant, you go postin' pistols up in yo' lives
I'm from Alabama, I'm the biggest shit from us and Roll Tide
Forty ticket in the Goyard, we gon' check out soon as sun down
Only time you see my bed is at the DoubleTree
Mix it with the Wham, Guava in the leaf
I don't care how far you stretch, know my number out of reach
Ty wear XL [?]
All these millions mine like QC
This ain't Baby money, I ain't signed to P
Off of the liquor, we take her out her seat