

Mike G, you can't do this to 'em man

'Mem-'member I was broke, selling shoes on some dumb shit
Now I get the racks you boys still on that bum shit
I moved in the crib made a millie off some fun shit
Bitch you a worker, I'm a boss, you know I run shit

I get more than 5K always on the back end
You been down a couple years, pussy boy you slackin'
[?] with the plant, when I walk that crackin'
Pussy boy you watchin', you know I got them racks in
I act like I want her then leave her on read
Lil shorty got Bape I really want the head
How you bite the hand that feed you
Boy I made sure you was set
I played your father's role, pussy
Now for that to me you dead
My neck shinin' thirty dollars on my necklace
Told my momma I'm gon make it she ain't gotta do no stressin'
Every time that Lil Frosty in that booth he get reckless
And I'm fuckin' on a groupie ass thot she from Texas

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Shhh, CJ pull up and get hectic
Used to drive around in Hondas bitch I used to wreck shit
You know I'm gettin' money now cus all my cars electric
She ask why I don't text back told that bitch I'm dyslexic
All my [?] you can't play me, old ass bitch you wanna date me
I made a half a mill, now she wanna have my baby
Am I gonna drop a tape, shit, fuck it I'm like maybe
And I'm snappin' on this beat, I'm treat this just like Dababy

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