

Route 64

Sainté

Yeah

I done made sixty-five K in a year, I ain't happy yet
Tried to say my rappin' is trash, they ain't scrap me yet
Drip myself in Prada, now I'm takin' fashion overseas
LV for the assets, now they notice me
Baby, this a crazy life
I'ma buy a jet if they pay me right
Tell 'em how you're feelin', they're gon' hate your right
Make enough to date you, right?
Do too much and maybe they're gon' take your life
Bossy if you pay 'em nice
Know my foot is crazy, I can't pay the price (Yeah)

You're in trouble now (Huh)
You won't ride, or nah? (Huh)
You gon' chef or not?
Here for what?
Hit and yeah (Huh)
I might hit her, yeah
Take a picture, yeah
Picture what? Pictures us

Okay, it's ten supermodels in my face but I'm livin' great
Eatin' meals red room and steak but I'm livin' great
Tst, right, ayy, yeah
Ayy, yeah

Took a trip to Paris just to see the place, show my face
City full of love, never see no hate, feel no ways
Pour myself a drink and watch my currency, lucky me
[?] my people put their trust in me, love in me
Send the love right back, I done made my hater show me love
Won't you look at that?
Got myself a check and sent my parents like a couple racks
Took my bro to London, saw the London Eye, summer night
'Bout to show your lady I can love her right, [?]
[?] I might take the risk, 'cause, yeah, she kinda bae
I might take the risk, 'cause, yeah, she kinda, ah

Take a picture, yeah
Picture what? Pictures us
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