

Ooh-wee  
(JRag on the beat)  
Ooh-wee

I be with street niggas  
I'm used to choppin' shells on the beat, nigga (Shit)  
I don't repeat, nigga  
I spend another hundred every week, nigga  
I'm with the grease, nigga  
I got detergent on me as we speak, nigga  
Sauce on my feet, nigga  
I be in Bathing Ape like it's cheap, nigga  
Sancho delete niggas  
I get a nigga murdered for the free, nigga  
I'ma defeat niggas  
I'm with the killin' grannies, I'm a G, nigga  
All them delete niggas  
I served you magic, lift him off feet, nigga  
How you deplete niggas?  
Spent a whole quarter million on some beef, nigga  
I'm with the demonstration  
I'm tryna see my opps get decapitated  
Rappers be fabricating  
Shit hit the sky, man, y'all stop procrastinating (Ooh-wee)

Chopsticks came with a dick on it  
Million-dollar play and a nigga put a bitch on it (Ooh)  
And a bitch run it back like Devin Hester  
My pockets on swole like Brock Lesnar  
I'll kick a nigga ass like Shane Lechler  
I don't give a fuck 'bout your vendetta  
I'm the type, get the bitch, make her do better  
You the type, get the bitch, then you lose cheddar  
I'm the type make the ho trip any weather  
You the type take the ho out to eat at Cheddar's  
I ain't got time for a dinner date  
I'ma drip on a bitch in Bathing Ape  
Once a nigga trip, I'ma put him on display  
Rollin' through your hood, I get it brackin' in the broad day  
Yellow stones in my ear, lemonade  
Keep a cutter on my side, not a switchblade  
Y'all niggas slimes, bitch-made  
TSF business, lil' nigga, we been paid  
I'm wreckin' bitches for riches, no time for a renegade, on sauce

These niggas got problems, we scoot up with cutters  
I been drippin', I be leavin' a puddle  
Alexander McQueen, I be clean like a bubble  
At the trap spot, it's just me and my buddies  
Nigga play with the sauce, I scoot up with TECs  
I just seen a slime nigga wearin' a dress  
I'm out of town, nigga, where is the meds?  
I'm strapped up, got a MAC tucked  
Nigga play with this shit, he gon' end up dead  
The opps seen us at the store and they fled  
Old scary-ass niggas don't want no playin'  
I'm ridin' with Glocks, FNs, and choppers

I'm mixin' the Off-White with Versace  
I know it sound brazy, but nigga, I'm drippin'  
Pull up to the trap if you need a prescription  
These niggas are rats, these niggas police  
These niggas are sad, these niggas are weak  
I drip and I splash every time that I walk  
I drip and I splash every time that I talk  
We sittin' on leather, you touch one feather  
No question, we splash up and knockin' you off  
Real trap nigga, I got bricks in my wall  
And I got a whole army of shooters on call (Blah)