

Yeah, I got bands to run up
All these bands to run up
I got bands to run up
All these digets Imma run up

Digets [x15]

I got the money like chase
I got a bitch in the states
I've never send her away
All of you niggas are lame
I do not fuck with a square
I blow the gas in the air
Freaky bitch curlin' my hair
Hit it and drip out the bank
I got a site for the blog
Pull up a check then I floss
All of you niggas are lost
I gotta steal for your heart
Everything on high tech
Turn it up and run my set
I spend a cheque on my friends
I do not need to make sense

Fuck life

I don't know who to trust
I've been feeling pain since I fell out of love
You be asking questions like I give a fuck
Selfish to the core I never open up
Fuck life
I don't know who to trust
I've been feeling pain since I fell out of love
You be asking questions like I give a fuck
Selfish to the core I never open up

Keep it one hundred

I just fuck her
I don't love her
Never trust her
Never cuff her
Talk about me, say nothing
Yeah I'm all about my fifties
Stacking money to the ceiling
I hit paper on the facetime
Yeah we talk about the business
Getting paid up that's the mission
Niggas hating on my vision
You gon' die a pussy bitch
I turn a sentence to a weapon
You don't know me
I'm aggressive
I put ice all on my necklace
Either one around me who's fucked up so I may as well be reckless

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All these digets Imma run up

Digets [x15]

Pull up with the squad, yeah
We play, got no time, yeah
We be on the block, yeah
I don't think you heard, aye
None of you niggas can confront me, yeah
I'm on a level past what you see, yeah
None of you niggas can confront me, yeah
I will never stop, aye
Pull up with the squad, yeah
We play, got no time, yeah
We be on the block, yeah
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