

Grr  
Grr

Ayy, snakes, searchin', lurkin' (Uh)  
Creep up from behind, you better ask, is it worth it?  
Pull up with some 30s, he won't see his thirties  
Chick-Fil-A styrofoam cup full of dirty (Okay)  
Ayy, snakes, searchin', lurkin'  
'Fore you cross the line, better ask, is it worth it?  
Got some shooters out in Brooklyn, shake you up like Kyrie Irving  
They gon' pull it from the line every time, they ain't nervous  
And one thing is for certain  
My gaucho, he gon' ride, and I'm thankful for his service  
Yeah, he cried when he saw that backend, told him that he earned it  
She said, "Let's go get a bag," she ain't talking 'bout no Birkin  
So you can't hit our line unless it's money, then it's urgent

For BCB, man, it's always green  
Satan tryna tempt me, but I won't eat from the tree  
Boy, if I catch you lackin', I'ma press you with this heat  
Yeah, walked inside the jewelry store and we went on a spree  
Ayy, how many of y'all seen half a mil' before you twenty-three?  
How many of y'all hit the bank, heard, "Welcome back, sir, please, take a seat"?  
They already know how I like my tea, double-bagged, hot, and green  
Hundred-cent color my jeans, I got Wrangler on my briefs  
Sauce 'em up like some Tabasco, put some pep up in his step  
Somewhere in his mansion tower, we about to get him wet  
I'm a young Stanley Kubrick, I need quiet on the set  
We about to shoot a movie, it don't need no VFX

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