

Said the money don't change but my act do
Talk shit Imma have to go and smack you
Same whip but I swerve to the left side
Slow it down but I'm still about a catch you
Don't know about that, count out my change in the back
Rolling but tires be flat
Pump up the gas, not on that break
Right hand be steering, the left hand be holding the cash
Milkshakes, I've been getting money looking like Bill Gates
All this fake love, tell me where the real hate
Bitch I popped off look at where I'm at now
Same place but I'm looking kinda splat now
He be looking kinda fresh though
World Tour from LA to Modesto
Drunk shit we be sippin' on Modelos
Iced out, yeah you know that my neck froze

Aah aah
Where I'm at now?
Aah aah
Where I'm at now?
Same place
But I'm looking kinda Splat now

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Huh, walking in straight through the pat-down
Going in raw on your bitch, no smackdown agh
I'm the main course, you're the hashbrowns
I can't go back to fourth with you ass clowns, uh
Told Traq, It is what it is
Keep the toy on us, let the kids be a kid
If the boy act tough, he get hit with the fist
We don't show no love you a bitch, you a bitch, ugh
And my money ain't on you
If you ain't rich put the blame on you
Oh that's your bitch, why she ain't want you
Cheesy motherfucker and I hate fondue

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