

Obsession

Skeme

I want the whole thing
Why would I settle for half?
My foot pressed on the gas
'Til everything done on the dash
I want the whole thing
Why would I settle for half? (yeah)
Saint Laurent to the toes
And I don't chase nothing but a muthafuckin' bag
I'm so obsessed with this cash baby
I'm so obsessed with these racks baby
Got a check on me now, that's a fact baby
I'm balling bitch, check out the stash baby
I swear I'm obsessed with this fatty mama
I fell in love with that guap, guap, guap
Pour up that oil and go get it homie
Rubber band holdin' that knot, knot, knot (hold up)

Far as y'all and your two cents
I swear to god, I give two shits
I'm Eric Wright 'bout the money stacks
Get 'em Eazy-E
But still I'm Ruthless
30 deep and we at Mastro's
40 deep and we at Ruth's Chris
Whole hood through the back door
Who the fuck 'gon tell us that we too thick
I remember when I saw my first mill
Same night, I was making new shit
I ain't saying that to brag to you neither
I'm just telling you some truth shit
It's so much lying going on nowadays
You can't even tell when it's truth, shit
And I don't want a dime from you for it
Just remember who the truth bitch
Before you take a step in my pair
Check twice, make sure the shoe fit
You play with the youngin'
Ima have them gunners swoop in
On some shoot out the roof shit
That's a promise and a threat too
Better make ya next move ya best move
Cause little quicker with them chess moves
Even kings fuck around and get tattooed

I want the whole thing
Why would I settle for half?
My foot pressed on the gas
'Til everything done on the dash
I want the whole thing
Why would I settle for half? (yeah)
Saint Laurent to the toes
And I don't chase nothing but a muthafuckin' bag
I'm so obsessed with this cash bae
I'm so obsessed with these racks bae
Got a check on me now, that's a fact baby
I'm balling bitch, check out the stash baby
I swear I'm obsessed with this fatty mama

I fell in love with that guap, guap, guap
Pour up that oil and go get it homie
Rubber band holdin' that knot, knot, knot (hold up)

'07 I was seventeen
Had them 16's that was hella mean
Wide-eyed on the I-side
Try and pull up in some shit they never seen
Flow switch from my old shit
But I could kill this tune and let the metal sing
F's up and the flag's red
But the green be over everything (what)
Now the young nigga brackin'
Count papers to the passion
It's middle fingers to the pastor
And my ex is hatin from the past tense
You get to the top from the muthafuckin' bottom
You got a reason to brag then
Paint a pretty penny for a nigga image
Eighteen hunnid for jeans that I'm saggin
If you hatin niggas, bring a bag in
They don't like you winnin, keep a mag then
Self-made, I'm a mogul baby
I could make a mill of the ass end
Pull up in the S6-trey, big boy this is not a Jag bitch
Pockets lookin like a fat bitch
Mix a nigga with the rap shit

I want the whole thing
Why would I settle for half?
My foot pressed on the gas
'Til everything done on the dash
I want the whole thing
Why would I settle for half? (yeah)
Saint Laurent to the toes
And I don't chase nothing but a muthafuckin' bag
I'm so obsessed with this cash bae
I'm so obsessed with these racks bae
Got a check on me now, that's a fact baby
I'm balling bitch, check out the stash baby
I swear I'm obsessed with this fatty mama
I fell in love with that guap, guap, guap
Pour up that oil and go get it homie
Rubber band holdin' that knot, knot, knot (hold up)