

Ayy! CashMoneyAp
Yuh, yuh, yuh, who?
Bitch, ayy! Sauce
Flex wet in the flesh, ayy!

How is you feeling vro?
Feeling like the Four, I feel Fantastic
Which one would you be though?
Mr. Fantastic 'cause my money like elastic
Burberry trench raincoat
You smoke oregano, I'm smoking on the cat piss
I'ma be real ya' know, when I whip my dick out
She said "too big, gotta map this"
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Ayy, water that pussy like baptist
To find my sauce, need an atlas
Her pussy hungry and starving
So my dick is what I use it as the damn catnip
Rap game on faster than fast so
Be real, all these niggas I might overlap them
Never mind, I just might cap them
Just like a taser I zap them
Shock! I fuck a bitch in the dark
My diamonds shine in the dark
Weed deadass smell like a fart
I'm on go just like a cart
You police, I'll call you Paul, uh, Blart, uh
Try but you never can fuck my thot
Or milly rock on my block
Okay, Post Malone with that pistol
I see you is the issue
I know that you hard as tissues
See you giggle like Tingle
Your bitch seeking me like missile
Heat sensor on my pickle
You know that I tell no fiddles
But I rhyme right like a riddle

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Map, map, map
You the type to have eyebrow cat scratch

And I'm in the field like baseball bat
And I'm fresh off a lick like an old Tic-Tac
You done fucked up like you take a step back
Cool cat like a stray in a freezer in the back
Like you're Jay-Z no Roc-A-Fella holla back
But I'm 'bout the damn money boomerang back
Okay like lisp, is how I speak 'cause I sip
Lean like what's done on your bitch
In your mouth I fit a fist
Pistol best friends with my hip
Like T.I. bitch as a tip
I don't get head I get lip
The sauce is water I dripped
The sauce is water I, ayy

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You smoke oregano, I'm smoking on that cat piss
(You will, regret! You will, regret!)
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I think I'm done (map this, map this)
I think I'm done (map this)
I don't think I gotta say anything actually
Ayy ayy, ayy