

I'm so dope I can make the track stop  
Carry on rapping cah I've got this rapping on lock  
Imma rep the same team, I swear down I won't swap  
And I'm tryna get P's, I swear down I won't stop  
I be on my grind, niggas telling me I'm hot  
I be telling man I couldn't give a fuck about a cop  
I be sipping on Ciroc, looking like a lot  
You must have thought that I forgot, I just catch back the drop  
I'm going in and I ain't stopping till somebody stop me  
The only way I'll ever stop is if I win the lottery  
I had a dream the other night a nigga tried to pop me  
I roly-poly'd on the floor and hit him up like Pac  
I used to dream about fast cars  
I'm talking way back then when a nigga had a bus pass  
Now I'm in a plush car looking like a rap star  
I only smoke trees, I don't party like a rockstar  
They've got me rolling with a mask like a doctor  
Little sardines tryna talk to a lobster  
Little small fries tryna gwarn like a mobster  
Until I get mad and start to move like a monster  
Used to get mad and start to move like a boxer  
Way back then when I had the red Astra  
Now my car seats the same colour as pasta  
This ain't just a song, this the life of a trap star  
I used to grind in the night on a pedal bike  
I've been shotting from a yute man, ask Money Mike  
Ask Jazzie how I came up from a half O  
I was on my block selling food like Nando's  
Then I started fucking with the white, oh gosh  
I was up in GP making money cashed off  
I'm talking way back before I'd even heard of Rick Ross  
I was killing clientele, you can even ask Tosh  
Talking way back when a nigga used to catch bus  
I was never downstairs, at the top it's just us  
I was never inside, Mama used to just cuss  
I had a lot of fist fights, never had my head buss  
And I'll never do a works with a man I don't trust  
And I've never been soft, try know I'm on stuff  
And you'll never see me rolling with a gun I won't buss  
I ain't tryna die young, I'm just tryna live fast