

## Intro

Smiley

Yeah  
Fuck, man  
Gang shit  
Yeah, fuck

Start my day with a blunt  
Hit a bitch, make her jump  
Hit a blunt, hit my lungs  
Grab my shit, grab my gun  
Hit the road, check my guy  
Got some loud, yeah its purp'  
Hit the block, clear the scene  
Don't let those choppas bean  
Get a bag, I stack it  
Get a bitch, gotta mack it  
Got a car, do the race  
Seen an opp, make him shake  
Hit the gas, fuck the brake  
Break the leg, fuck the wait  
Hit the stage, do my dance  
Nine shots in my pants

OLN, that's the label  
When we chill, no cable  
Yeah, yeah I ain't tryna sign to no label  
Niggas think that it's funny  
Last week I was bummy  
Last week I had nothing  
Housey, stressin'  
BM's, textin'  
Say she tired of my bullshit  
Niggas still on that ho shit  
I cut all of the ties off  
I cut all of my bitches off  
Now I'm poppin', they annoying  
I beat them, I ain't joinin'  
Buy or bye, we them niggas  
Your bitch know we them niggas  
We name brands, make the trap hot  
At the end of the month, get a new spot  
Fuck the telly, where a crockpot?  
I'm name brand, can't trust a bitch  
I fucked her, she's celibate  
Girl sayin' I change-change-changed up  
Only thing that changed up  
Is all these girls tryna claim us  
The cops can't even tame us  
Our hood runs, you can't blame us  
Buy LV for my mainer's  
Buy LV for my main girl  
Shawty know she gotta act right

(Yo, fuck these bitches man)  
(We can't even on right, man)  
(Fuck man, and you know what it is, man)  
(Fuck, yeah)

These niggas talk like bitches  
We don't do, that's what bitches do  
We don't pull up ties, how bitches move  
Me and gang-gang have different moves  
Me and MK got the streets now  
Just gotta walk, gotta leave now  
Wish grandma can see now  
From fat boy to the guy now  
Like, I don't even have to lie now  
I don't even have to brag now  
Labels fly me all the time, babe  
I don't even have to pay now

(Trust me)  
(Huh? Yeah)  
(The intro)  
(Call me Bob, she called me Bob)