

(Oh my God, Ronny)

She gon' wine for me because she know I got that fish scale
Peep the Louis, peep the Gucci, gotta peep the details
This cost fifty racks, lil' baby, no, this is not retail
I don't play no sports, lil' bitch, but I know that I cheat wel
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Hop in that Ghost
I burn your ass like some toast
Run in your house
I'm in all black like a crow

I got two shots so you know I'ma finish you
Fuck on that ho and I'm all in her genitals
VVS diamonds all over my dental
Fuckin' on twins and them bitches identical

Reach for my chain, boy, you must be rhetorical
Knock ya head off and you'll have a memorial
VVS diamonds all over my Rollie-O
These niggas know I'm imperial

Designer dye, yeah, I'm all in Balenci'
Fuck the lil' ho, I ain't doing no kissing
All fish scale, you would think I went fishing
Play with the gang, we gon' leave your ass missing

Big, big gun, shit look like Ibaka
One head shot send 'em straight to the doctor
Lion King shit, I ain't playing no soccer
FL, nigga, we ain't doing no flocking

She won't fuck with me because she know I got that fish scale
I don't need no stylist, I buy everything on resale
If he run up on me, I'ma give his ass a hot shell
Real hot shell, straight to your ass like hotmail