

You don't wanna work 'cause you never got sticks like branch  
All of my niggas they slime and they slatt and gon' shoot if yo  
u give 'em a chance  
I sent that bitch to the week and I told her just give me some  
woods and some racks  
.223 but it's gon' PTSD like I walked in this bitch with syring  
e  
M-O-B, I never gave a fuck about a hoe, yeah  
In a penthouse out in New York, got a case of all red  
All red, high tech (Bitch)  
M-O-B, I never gave a fuck about a ho, yeah (Sheesh, woo)

Chrome heart jeans, them bitches stunt on my leg  
Fye, fye, fye, fye, nigga, fill his whole motherfuckin' head wi  
th led  
Flew the bitch in then I flew the bitch back, yeah, the bitch g  
ot to my head  
Bitch, leave me alone, I need me some space  
Cartier buss on my face (Yeah), pay for her nails and her lace  
(Yeah)  
He tried to reach for my chain and he ended up shot in the face  
Four pockets full of blue cheese, yeah-yeah  
Princess cut diamonds, my teeth, yeah-yeah  
I'm in the trap and I'm whipping the dough up  
I pour a four in my motherfuckin' soda

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