

(Yeah)  
I'ma be at the goal right with you (Ha)  
Spot, we can get up with you (Ah)  
Now I tell that ho to shut up, listen (Brree)  
Now she suck my dick like she got lisp  
Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah  
Hold up, had to make that bag (Ha)  
Hold up, I'm in my bag  
Had to make a pitstop to that cash (Yeah)  
These niggas playin' with me right now  
How you running and you comin' in last?  
Yeah, let that chopper go blast  
Leave that nigga up in the past (We love you, Tecca)

Leave that nigga up in the grass  
Chopper make him dance  
They like "You grew up too fast"  
No, I had to get off my ass  
Run that pack, like dash  
Smoking on good exotic gas  
Glock give the boy a rash  
Promise you don't wanna clash  
Big balling, feel like Nash  
When they hit me, I'm like "Yeah"  
I'm hit on a ho like, yeah  
Make her say Yeah (Yeah), yeah  
All-black Mercedes, yeah  
Lil' bro, you can't be serious (No)  
These lil' niggas delirious  
Hop in that whip and then kill a queer  
I didn't mean to hurt you, tears  
Yeah, ha-ha-ha  
Tell that ho "Bye-bye"  
Fuck her then kick her out my house (Yeah)  
These fake ass niggas tryna reach out  
Lil' Faygo had to stop that simpin' and pimp it out (Brree-rree)  
Took the top off (Skrtrt), I'm sending top back  
Yes, I see that nigga flexin', tell that nigga stop that (Woah, woah)  
These lil' niggas, they simps  
'Cause if I don't get killed by a pussy-  
ass nigga, it ain't worth the kill  
She said "Faygo, you too real"  
And I'ma be at the goal right with you (Ha)  
Yeah, I'ma get up with you  
Have a nigga up that lil' stick with you, yeah  
Ain't no family, ain't no picture  
Yeah, knock a nigga out the picture  
Tell me who the fuck gon' miss you?  
Nigga, please don't cry, I don't keep tissues (Yeah)