

My life is a fuckin rollercoaster, shit go up and down  
Shit, shit go up and down, shit, shit go up and down  
They tryna take the sound, they tryna take the crown  
They tryna knock me down  
Only want 100's around  
Tell me, who is you, what's your round?  
Put my foot up on the gas  
Put that shit in her mouth and she gag  
I just put some big racks in my bag  
I might put some damn racks on your momma  
Man, I promise I'm tryna be humble

Nowadays all I think about is commas  
'Cause I can't be concerned bout a bitch, nigga  
Mmm, you sayin I switched up, I ain't switch shit, just a rich nigga  
I hop on the beat and I space in and out cuz I gotta let it hit, nigg  
a  
You always gonna find a way to make it out cuz I'm all bout the sixth  
figure  
And y'all all bout that wack shit, and so I gotta tax shit  
And yeah I got a busy life, I can't be your attachment  
You know I might leave the bitch super messy, come get you a napkin  
We not doin no cappin, really making it happen

You know  
Sometimes I, I find myself slipping up sometimes, you know  
And I gotta, I gotta reel myself back in like, like come on

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Been on that shit, been on that court  
I'm counting up, I'm a lil dork  
She wanna ride, she wanna ride  
She wanna vibe, and slide  
Bitch, I'm a star  
Fly through the sky, like I'm Mike  
I can fly, I can fly, I can fly (Fly)