

(Know we living lavish)
What that sound like? (Woo)
That bitch sound like some racks
That's what it sound like, this bitch crazy
(We missed you, Faygo)
Woah

I'm a king like Tut' (Woah)
Keep them windows shut (Bleh)
My weed loud as fuck (Woah)
My life got you up
Ice on, hockey puck (Yeah)
Psycho, I go nuts (Ah)
I got 'em showing me love (Yeah)
Nigga wasn't handing me none' (Yeah)
Young nigga used to be bummy (Yeah)
I know when [?] crumb (Blatt)
Paint on my body, I'm numb
Keep this stick on my body, you're done
Drink on your body, you'll know
I don't got love for no ho
But I got love for my dawgs
Pack it up for me as soon as I go

You know you love feeling fake, yeah
The money just stay on my brain
Why would you hop on my lane? (Woah)
You cannot fuck with the gang
How can I boost up my aim? (Brr)
Kill 'em and leave 'em for dead (Dead)
Can't get a treatment for them drugs
That shit went over your head

(Know we living lavish)
(Yeah)
(Yeah, woah)
(Ye-eah, ugh)
(Yeah, go)
Yeah
(Yeah, in your head)
(Yeah, blatt)
(One shot your head)
Woah

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(We living lav-)
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