

Hey
Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh
Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh
Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh
Ahh, ahh, ahh, ahh

I just wanna wake up to the suns and Saint Laurent
Hundred thousand dollars on the fronts, hella blunts
I just wanna wake up on Qatar, on a yacht
Or in the Rolls that's rented, windows tinted
We got a big spendin', big spendin'
I'ma get back on my feet, give me a minute
I'ma feel this in my thighs, like evenin' it
Young summer, young summer, give me a minute

Sun down, wind chimes
Break it down, one line, a line
Can't no see me, no flex, be kind
Dollars never show up on CP time

I just wanna wake up on CP time
Wake up to that nigga, leave he behind
Get a presidential suite, leave with they women
In the Rolls that's rented, windows tinted

Sun down, wind chimes
Break it down, one line, a line
Can't no see me, no flex, be kind
Dollars never show up on CP time

What do you have? Well count me
No, I didn't say a thing, uh-uh
I didn't say nothing