

Beware

SSGKobe

Yeaaaaaaahh

They told me beware of this shit, but I never ever wanna listen

Nah I do not feel 'em, and I never fit in, but I got a million

And I know they never thought it would go like that

I got 'em pissed off, now it's oh so sad

You lost all my trust, you ain't gettin' it back

Said I'm missing out, now you missing the racks

Like why in the fuck would you get into that

I seen what you 'bout, and it's all all bad

I got 20 bitches they all real bad

On a yacht in Miami they got real ass

And now I'm in the studio sipping on ak

And I got a boujee hoe sit on my lap

Like you cannot fool me bro, fuck all the cap

I used to be hellas broke, shit make me laugh

You know what we doin'

I'm counting' money, flowin

Y'all niggas is sum bitches

I dunk on you like

Yeah, she love when we get high

It's in my body, geekin' I'm flyin'

Closing' my eyes, pray that God take my time

Chillin', I see where that counting' as mine

That boy scared, know he lacking

Counting cheddar, yeah the cabbage

Leave you missin', like what happened

223 send you to hospital

Yuh, thumbing thousands

Wit a thousand

I've been cashin

I've been spendin' with a passion

Baby, we ain't callin

Anything for you

I get it cause you about it

I get it cause you about

I get it cause you about it

It seems like you only think that matters

None of these hoes matter

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Call my money, I love them digits

I'm in the room with a whole lot of women

Paper come first, I know how to spend

Countin' it up, yeah I get to the millions

Blowing that back out, she be screamin'

Throwin' my racks up like I'm dreamin'

Lovin' the way that I'm muhfuckin' feelin'

She said that "I love you", CTRL, ALT, DELETED

I can't even trust this bitch

Matter fact I don't even love this bitch

She be knowing that I'm focused on the money gettin' rich

That's Rule number one, I don't trust no bitch

But rule number two, sayin' I still hit

Number three, sayin' "do she got friends"
Hit 'em up, then I'm slidin' in the Benz
Pick 'em up, then I'm sliding to the crib
Number four, I'm gonna do this shit again
I don't trust a soul
My body's cold
I hate these girls
I love these hoes
I spent like fifty
My neck on froze
I told her beware
This what I'm on
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