

Who you gon' call?
Who you gon' call?
Who you gon' call? (yeah)
I got the bag, popping them tags, flexing that bag (yea)
Bitch wanna ride with me and my team
Bitch wanna ride with me and my team
I got the diamonds they glancing on me
I'm in Miami, I'm on a jetskis

This shit it really get harder and harder
This shit it really get harder and harder
This shit it really get harder and harder
I got my chopper I'm ready to slaughter
I'm just a flexer you can tell
I put my bitch in new Chanel
I put my wrist up in a cell
I hop up in that ghost I'm gone

I'm in the stars, you in the stars
The stars, you in the stars
I'm in the stars, you in the stars
The stars, you in the stars
I'm in the stars, you in the stars
The stars, you in the stars
I'm in the stars, you in the- you in the- sta- stars
You in the stars

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The monster inside of my head (Head)
He telling me leave that one dead (Blah)
He wanted some shit, boy is dead (Dead)
I'm leaving your message on read (Read)
Hop in the coupe with the bitch, no top
And she giving brain hope the bitch don't stop
And my chopper sing like the Christmas rock
Ain't sipping on? I'm sipping on wok

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