Hey, hey, hey
No, we don't play fair

I had to boss up, I had to boss on these niggas
Think I'm God struck, feeling like God to these niggas
I ran my check up, I ran my check up
No, we don't play fair, hit from the neck up
I got a mil', now these niggas want some dollar bills
Where the fuck was you niggas at when I was down tryna swallow
pills?
Now I'm up, got a house in the hills
I ran my check up, I ran my check up
No, we don't play fair, hit from the neck up

Mama asked me where you been, son, it's been a minute
Told her I been eating good and running them digits
She say you need to come home, your whole family miss you
I told her to give me three months, she say I'm tripping
I got yellow canary diamonds on me dripping
Told him that it only take one call then he missing
Shopping in LA with Zack Bia gettin' jeans
And my Lexi bae call me, say she proud of me
I'm in the VIP
Cartier lenses all on my glasses, I can't see out these
I just walked in [?] and got a BLT
I need three of these
Take my girl to Ruth's Chris, baby, not no Mickey D's

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