

Yeah (d.a. got that dope)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I hit these Jimmy Choo shoes
Man, this shit bad when I snooze
I count up racks and the blues (I do)
I do not fuck with you dudes
Marni on me and it costing about a band and a K
Marni on me and it costing about a band and a K

Hop on the beat and I spit 'cause I don't no pen or no paper, that's on God
I just walked in the club with a hundred thousand and the bitches say, "Oh, God"

We playing with real guns, no COD
I said I want a grip, sending narcotics
It's safe that I start, so it's top-notching
Chop' make him dance like hopscotching
I do not want that gun, that's a hot Glocky
The live itch from this za's like a high topic
Old me would listen to this shit on my iPod
I was too young, I ain't even had an iCloud
Took mama's phone, so I put the songs on SoundCloud
Three years later, look at me, yeah, I'm up now
Four years later, look at me, I got a bust down
Bro used to trap in the mornings 'til the sun down
You really think we is gang? You is some clowns
Pull up with K's, we gon' empty out some rounds
If you come outside, all you hear is gun sounds
Knew you was talking that shit, don't act dumbfound
DAB's like dope, he'll move pounds
I'm Black Panther, lil' nigga, these my hounds
Pack said he don't got no gas, then I frown
That's lights out

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Mm-mm, mm, mm-mm, mm)
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