

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