

Balenciagas, ain't no throwaways
Yeah, we winning in 7, no Golden State
Yeah, I had quit the lean, throw my four away
Yeah I had quit the lean, throw the four away

I be rocking that Gucci, no Northface
And your girl wanna come into my place
I remember trapping off of MySpace
And I feel like Fetty, man, its my way

Nigga, tell me what the fuck the issue
.223's going straight though your tissue
Text you everyday, I say that I miss you
Feel like I'm Goonie, I don't do Jiu-Jitsu
Diamonds and pearls, tell me what you want
Got a lot of bands, yeah, I love to flaunt
Can't get your moms, then I'm getting your Aunt
Yeah, these niggas hating, boy, all of the taunt
Pulling in that ghost, I pull in that Beam
This Cartier so I can't even see the hoe
Broke bitch, man, I can't ever feed a hoe
I be singing on the beat, call that Figaro
Run it up, now she say I'm somebody
Two years ago you said I was "nobody"
And now I got all these hoes on my body
She saying, "Oh my God", like I was [?]

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