

Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah

Cop a flight to Saint Tropez  
I'ma blow that lil rack every day  
Used to say that I'm broke now I'ma rub that lil rack in they face  
Whole gang shootin' like Klay  
Got a band now, yeah, ok  
That nigga cappin' you know that you fake  
I bring the heat like D Wade  
Now they want to hop on my wave  
They bite me like a lil snake  
Red beam on the Glock finna raid, ye  
Turn that hoe to my slave  
Chanel I don't rock no Bape, yeah  
Don't make me call up them ape's  
She stuck on me like some tape  
Riding 'round in that Wraith  
Nigga, what you got to say?  
Fuck is a four I pour the eighth  
She want to fuck with me it's too late, woah, yeah  
Tell the bank teller ándale  
Pull the b-rolls out in Chase  
Take a band out just to pay, yeah  
I'm off the lean my speech delayed  
Crunch a nigga, Frito-Lay  
Quit the Juul that shit was gay  
Five-star well-done steak  
clip bigger than the ape  
In a Trackhawk, yeah, it's gone  
Don't know why she keep callin' my phone  
Prolly because my money so damn long  
She want to suck me up, baby, c'mon  
Let's go to Beni's eat filet mignon, yeah  
I'm finna slide up in the Glowzone  
That didn't slide he in the ozone  
Money control my life like a fuckin' drone  
Yeah, she down she too prone  
Balenci puffer got me too warm  
Watch my rollie turn into a storm  
We got clips bigger longer than a arm  
Hoe gon peel the boy like a orange  
Hop in that yeern, it's foreign, woah  
Yeezy Boost I don't rock Jordan  
I'm eating the crab legs in Florence  
Ain't 'bout the money then I'm ignoring, yeah  
20 pointers I'm scoring, woah  
That piston gon sing it's lil chorus, yeah  
Crush the Oxy and snort it  
Soon as she love me I'ma abort it, woah  
New Louis bag 'cause I ran out of storage, yeah  
Got too many sons I'ma send 'em to the fucking orphanage