

(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Girl, I don't pop no Xanny's, sippin' drank in the back of the Phantom

Alright, don't put me on camera, mixin' Tris' with the Wock' like my candle

My Benz got panoramic, take you to hot spots, Atlanta

I'm off of them shrooms, I'm so fuckin' geeked

I might fall in love with a dancer, yeah, I might fall in love with a dancer

Yeah, I might fall in love with a dancer, but I might fall in love with a dancer

I keep me a stick like I'm playin' hockey

You almost treat me better than Roxy

I don't want none of these niggas around me

You don't want none of these bitches around you

You impress me, bitch, I might fuck around and sign you

I get that cheese, that cheedar, lasagna

Maybach seats, yeah, you can recline 'em

Put you in double C, your personal stylist

The Glock under the seat, the cops right behind us

We finna flee, no other option

He wanna be me, he tryna copy

His bitch keep on lookin', I'm drippin' in Prada

I get them streams, might fly to Nirvana

She wanna have sex, but that ain't my problem

She don't wanna listen, I'm fuckin' her mama

Kick to the curb, I don't deal with the drama

Brenda, I miss you, everyday I'm sippin' a litter

Yeah, yeah, It's killin' my kidneys and I know that shit 'cause I'm tryna be with you

Yeah, yeah, I stick to the code and since you been gone, your grand baby richer

Yeah, yeah, gotta check on your sister

I miss my aunt, Genny, I heard she got sicker

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