

Ain't this life so fun?  
Holdin' on my gun  
I want everything to shine bright like the sun  
Holdin' on my gun  
Bring it everywhere, my plus one  
I'm a villain, yeah  
Fallin' out of love with all these women  
When shit get stressful I'm grippin' on my lil' metal, yeah (My metal  
)  
Bitch'll let me fuck if I asked her, yeah (If I asked her)  
Standin' at the alter, I'm a pastor (Pastor)  
Neglect my kids and call 'em bastards, yeah  
Sick in the mind, I'm sick but I'm fine  
I'm comin' for it, I'm takin' what's mine

We don't fuck with the critics  
We don't talk that business  
Family oriented business  
Bitch wanna have my children  
We don't do all the gimmicks  
This really how I'm livin'  
Boot up, I'm throwed off the Henny  
Suit up, I'm ridin' in a Bentley  
Ask me how I'm feelin', I'm tryna get these millions  
Factory diamonds, my bezels crushed, niggas can't fuck with us  
You don't really listen when I tell you much, that's why your ass be  
stuck  
I don't really do all the fuss, step on 'em like a bug

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In a Rolls Royce Cullinan, swervin'  
She like when I close the curtains  
We sittin' behind tint, that's when she get to slurpin'  
She two-faced like the devil, she remind me of a serpent  
I'm grippin' on metal, you never know who gonbe lurkin'