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Why these bitches be outta' pocket, Yeah  
I just got some money, watch me flip it, Yeah  
Shout out all my niggas trained to go, Yeah

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I need that stainless steel, and the Goyard  
When she saw my bank account, she like, "Oh Lord"  
Even yo momma play my shit up on the aux cord  
I can't trust a soul, no telling what you doin' behind doors!  
Finessing for the loot, finessing for the cheese  
I just popped a fucking Xan, Now I'm off the leash  
Bitch it's Lil Summrs, not no Yung Gleesh (This ain't no Yung G leesh)  
Sippin' the Wockhardt, ain't no damn tea  
Nuttin' on her face, good for acne  
Runnin' through them bands like a track-meet  
Please don't play with Boof Pack, cause' he pack the heat  
I been balling out, like Miami Heat  
These ain't J's, these some Vans up on my feet  
I don't walk around without the fucking heat (The fucking heat)  
Like Lil Kodak man, I stay with the piece (With the piece)  
Draco on my side, It'll take him out his peace (Out his peace)  
And I'm a master, so I got a master piece (Aye, yeah)  
Got a bad Latino bitch, she stay up on the east (Aye, yeah)  
I'm money hungry, bitch I'm ready to feast (To feast)  
Ion' want them ones and fives, I want them 50's

All them Honchos, Need the nachos  
Smoking the good wood, them avocados  
Speeding in that lane, Murciélago  
Wrap them bricks up, El Chapo  
My bro hold a Glock, we the Glock bros  
But you know, I'm not no fucking cop, though  
If he selling cookie, then you know imma cop those  
I don't want her if she ain't no ride or die hoe (Yeah)