

John Doe

Summrs

Margiela on my feet
I wish you would try me
I keep that tool by me
I keep that tool by me
I had to earn them bands
I keep that cheese on me
I keep that green on me
Don't give a fuck about a bitch I need them Franklins
Don't fuck with Washington, you shop at Berlington
You can catch me in a beamer or a fucking Benz
Can't see these niggas, pussy niggas through my Gucci lens
I'm having commas, counting racks, I'm counting dividends
Don't fuck with subtraction, just fuck with addition
If you need a g just catch me by the citgo
I'm toting on the pole, boy you is a hoe
How you ain't know? I keep a fucking pole
I keep a 4-0, for the John Doe
I pour the 4 I'm moving slow, where the time go
I'm tryna live in LA hills in a condo
That means I gotta grind
Can't waste no fucking time
I'm on my fucking grind
My diamonds fucking shine
I don't give a fuck about her aye
I don't give a fuck about her
I need them blue bucks
I need them new bucks
I'm all about my money
I need them hunchos
I need the nachos
I'm vibing in the booth
I'm smoking on some boof
I'm sipping on the goop
I'm riding in my city
I subtract the roof
I subtract the roof
Speeding in that coupe
That's a two door
Only two can fit
Fuck a four door
I got like four hoes
Ice around my neck
Look like a snow globe
Look like a snow globe
I fucking glo
Keep a damn pole
Pouring fucking fours
Smoking on the dro
I gotta get the dough
I gotta get the dough
I gotta get the dough