Can't wait to
(Look out Veno)
Won't be able to fuckin' tell me nothin' no more
(Veno gon' cook up, he mix the ingredients)
What I speak comes into existence
IIh

Said she wanna play, she don't want no ice, she my type I wanna play, nah, I'm not feelin' right, drink over ice Finna go insane, keepin' my head right, my head right Shooters leave his ass dead, yeah, dead right, he dead right

All I want me is a hundred mill', a hundred mill' Touch my first gold, I got a double ${\tt M}$, a double ${\tt M}$ Them pussy niggas, I don't fuck with them, it's up with them We do no leg shots, above the rim, above the rim If you take my jacket, I got it from YSL, it's YSL If my ex bitch know that it's, "Fuck them," it's, "Fuck them" (Yeah) Had to cut some niggas off, it's, "Fuck them," I don't trust them My Patek a hundred ball, hit on dim, the lights dim Tryna stack all my money, so, I'm like, "Shine Cam," yeah, "Shine Cam" That boy got shit back, leave his ass layin' My Celine pants got two buttons with no zipper I keep that money flowin' just like a river, just like a river My album, when I drop, it's no skips, it's no skips We ain't got no beef with none of them niggas, them niggas could jump off th e cliff Got rich off the real, I need ten more Ms I could feed my family now, yeah

Said she wanna play, she don't want no ice, she my type
I wanna play, nah, I'm not feelin' right, drink over ice
Finna go insane, keepin' my head right, my head right
Shooters leave his ass dead, yeah, dead right, he dead right (Brr, b-b-baow)

Nigga, put your guns up, yeah
Pull up in a Lam' truck
Bitches sluttin' us, and they fuckin' us
Goin' nuts, I don't want no love
Baby, I can't trust
See it now, rent no truck
Free Amiri jeans, super lit
Yeah, slim fit, and, lil' mama slim—thick
She want a BBL, she wanna be lit as shit
I'm on the bigger thing, ask ho, I'm lit as shit
And I'ma show that bitch
Oh, she shouldn't have left me
She left me at the wrong time, and now it's, "Fuck her"
She probably with some broke niggas lettin' 'em slut her
I'm a seven—figure nigga, baby, I can't make none of this up (Yeah)

Says she wanna play, she don't want no ice, she my type I wanna play, nah, I'm not feelin' right, drink over ice Finna go insane, keepin' my head right, my head right Shooters leave his ass dead, yeah, dead right, he dead right (Uh)