

# No Really

Summrs

Chasin' the money

You would not get in that car with me, don't want apology  
Bitch, I'm a prodigy, said "Bitch, don't lie to me"  
Stuffin' my Prada jeans, mama is proud of me  
Niggas wanna copy me, and there ain't no stoppin' me, yeah  
At your head with this bitch like a fitted  
I'm clutchin' a fifty, or it be a switchy  
It's never a smitty  
Don't show me no pity, bitch, show me your titties  
When I'm in the city, rockin' Number (N)ine Mickey, I mix with Givenc  
hy  
Callin' me papi when I be up in it  
My brothers they prayin' with they flag on 'em before they go spin it  
Shit can get serious (Yeah)  
This bitch said I'm broke, like bitch is you serious  
Lil' bitch you delirious  
I'm lucifer child, when I look in the mirror  
I'm off of this red, I got on my Baguettes  
Last year, I went and bought a Patek  
This year, I went and bought a Piguet  
I'm off the of fuckin' Monnet Cognac  
This bitch neck game worth my sex (Yeah)  
I got a out back  
And I'm locked in with the Mexicans, cartel niggas will cut off your  
neck  
And I'm thinkin' 'bout tradin' in the S560 for a fuckin' 'Vette  
You tried to play wit' me last year, now your friend fuckin' me, that  
's what you get (Uh)  
I just brought a Maybach on your pussy ass  
I got them snakes in my grass, had to cut them off now I'm on they as  
s (Yeah, yeah)  
And I'm drivin' that car fast, I just spilled drank on my desk  
Now this bitch a fuckin' red Maybach (Yeah, yeah)  
Yeah, I fuck with your pretty ass, I ain't mean to do you like that  
I was in the field back doin' bad (Yeah, yeah)  
And I know I did that bad, baby, yeah, I know I got that cash  
I'm finna take your ass to Saks (Yeah, yeah)  
I'm a big dog, give me that cat, I'll put thirty racks in you bae  
Show you I fuck with you like that (Yeah, yeah)  
Friendly niggas tryna catch me down bad I'ma put that .45 on your ass  
And we gon' do it just like that (Yeah, yeah)  
Know my diamonds in my mouth make that fuckin' pussy wet  
And you know this shit ain't no stress (Yeah, yeah)  
This shit pure, it's all fuckin' facts, like some cocaine or some cra  
ck, lil' bitch I told you I'm really that

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