

Oh, oh, oh, oh
Woah
Woah (Ayy, yo, Ian)
Woah, woah

Nigga, I ain't worried 'bout these bitches
In the Z06 with the top missing
Don't worry 'bout nothing but my business
Drank going straight to my kidneys
Bitch think she hurt my feelings
How the fuck could you when I make a killing?
Glock on me when I walk in the building
In the widebody Hemi when I'm on a mission
She getting too attached, lil' bitch, you tripping
Don't fucking worry 'bout what I'm sipping
Don't come back when I make me a million
I was down bad up in that parish, now I'm up
I remember these bitches ain't show me no love
Now all of these hoes wanna see what I'm on
Got a pretty lil' bitch and she bad to the bone
Got my heart on my sleeve, I ain't wearing no Chrome

VV's, bitch, I'm up now, I see you stuck now
She got me on repeat, her nigga don't like that, I'm finna bust her down
Told her she can get replaced by another bitch, these hoes be all around
I'm dressed up in double C, Fendi, Balenci', lil' bitch gon' wipe me down
Gotta keep that stick on you at all times, don't know who plottin' on you, you better not miss
Fell asleep on that ho, know she mad, but it ain't my fault, I was higher than a bitch
Never been no type to hate on no man, go up, lil' nigga, hope the opps get rich
Stay out the way on my grind, waited on my time, you know I'ma talk my shit
(Yeah)

Know I'ma talk my shit, yeah
Know I'ma talk my shit, yeah, huh
You know I'ma talk my shit
Know I'ma talk my shit, yeah, yeah

I don't just want sex, I'm tired of that, baby, show me that you different
Let's have sex on a plane, show you somethin' that you was always missing
Might Dior you 'cause you bad as fuck, but you far from a Christian
Ain't gotta do too much, ain't gotta say too much, lil' bitch, please just listen

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