

Fuck you, hey, I ain't gon' be stopped  
They told me to be great, too bad that's too late now  
When I pull up to the mall  
When I pull up to the mall  
Gucci shades on  
Thaiboy, I gon' a give false alarm  
Had to make this song, the phone call  
Baby, you can call me on the phone  
Thaiboy too damn turnt  
Fucking turnt, fucking turnt

Lotta ice in my codeine, fallin' in the ocean  
Heart can be broken, life with no focus  
I pull up in the loudest  
Pull up in the lotus  
I pull up in the loud  
Living life with no foc-  
Lottaice in my codeine (turn up, turn up, turn up, turn up)  
Fuck it, you're headed so broke  
Fuck it, you're headed so broke  
Fuck it, you haters a ghost  
Fuck it, you haters a ghost  
The bag will be rollin', be rollin', be rollin', be rollin'  
The bag will be rollin', be rollin', be rollin', be rollin'  
The bag will be rollin', be rollin', be rollin', be rollin'  
The money we get, the money we flex and we know  
The bag will be rollin', be rollin, be rollin', be rollin'

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