

Always talk about money, like it mean something you way too funny  
Hope you get it in abundance spend it like you want it  
Go and tell me how you does it  
Salute me R.I.P. Stack Bundles  
See me play now they calling for a huddle  
I don't fight I don't get into a tussle  
I don't ever gotta flex no muscle  
Adrenaline running around my tracks  
No don't tell Bones to relax  
My feet up reclining rewinding to the day that we scrapped that cab  
3 A.M, snow on the grass  
3: 06, we made them tracks  
Don't know how we made it back its a fact that all I know's a regretful past

Frostbite, cover my hands up to my face I don't feel a thing

Wait!  
Sitting in the back seat, where we going?  
I can't recognize one face anymore  
I don't know no one everything foreign  
Fuck it all somebody help me out