

# ROTY

ThouxanBanFauni

Money and power these bitches, money and power the same  
I'm pouring Wock' in my cup, my feelings go down the drain  
I never had an identity crisis, you niggas can't say the same  
Tokyo Drift in the coupe with no lights, Tokyo Drift in the rain  
Fully automatic, I'm upping my fire  
Might let a hundred shots off in the sky  
Never give passes, we don't let shit fly  
You niggas on thin ice but won't shit slide  
Stood ten toes, I ain't never switch sides  
I bust down a script, I need more than six lines  
I bust off the rip, I'ma let sticks glide  
I'm clutching for life, I don't never misfire

I'm in Atlanta but we get our glizzies, and dicks, and sticks all from the C  
hi'

SRT Hellcat, I done fucked that bitch up, it still got nine lives  
no, she don't skateboard, I just love hoes on they grind  
oh, she ain't link for it, I just told her take her time  
Roadrunning, jugging, finessing all day, I'ma be late for the stage  
Jump in that water, you better have teeth, 'cause most these niggas get ate  
Stuck in my ways, I was locked up down in Right Street gambling spades  
Finna put some Fendi frames on my face 'cause y'all be throwing shade

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Niggas still broke 'cause they really misguided  
Niggas still broke and they cannot disguise it  
I'm in first class and I'm high like a pilot  
We adding up, we not doing no minus  
We in the front and them niggas behind us  
You got a problem, well nigga, come find us  
They throwing shade 'cause they cannot outshine us  
Nah, nah, they cannot outshine us  
Niggas gon' fade away just like a lineup  
I had to make a way, I made my mind up  
If you want smoke, boy, I turn to a firetruck  
Boy, you a joke, and I think your disguise up  
Eyes on the money, you know that my eyes, yeah, yeah  
If it's 'bout money, you know I'ma rise up  
If it's 'bout money

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I be looking for smoke, I ain't even mask up when we hit that boy, come find  
us

Landscaper, these niggas just weeds, that chopper mow 'em, grind 'em  
Uncut Gems, feel like Adam Sandler with these diamonds  
Keep more sticks, more money, more problems, nigga be shining  
Kicking the doors with Bravo and Pronto, shit went left, niggas got took  
Even if my niggas still get booked, I still put money up on they books  
.223, AR-15, put a scope on the bitch, like how it look  
First lick, forty-six hundred in my pocket, I was a rookie