

I was a kid wearing rags  
Now, I'm the kid with the bag  
Came out a crib I was sharing with roaches 'n' rats  
'Cause I didn't have shit in the bank

Never saw triple digits  
I just get evicted  
Put a air mattress at the homie's house  
I prayed for the riches  
And I'm not religious  
I hit up a church to put food in my mouth

My house flooded, sleep freezing  
Now I'm like: Neck flooded, mouth freezing  
I was like, "Leaky pipes wrecked all my shit!"  
Now, I drip like the mahfucking pipe's leaking

Hype demon; Pull up an' their eyes bleeding  
Ice needed; Is everyone a'ight? Jesus!  
The look on their faces is like this a vacation  
I'm the destination they sight seeing

I got so much Gucky  
I got so much Lewis  
I got so much Versace  
The money made me do it  
Guess your boy got lucky  
I was broke 'n' losing  
Now, I don't need to know the brand names 'cause the money's stupid

I ain't never had a lot, man  
Now, I swear, I got it all  
Hit rodeo with the top back  
So hard, it's assault  
I ain't never had a rack, man  
Now, I wanna see it fall  
Money bigger than the backpack  
Need a duffel bag; I'm God

Life is a dream; still reign supreme  
I got the drop on the box sets  
I got the plug on the dead stock  
And I'm not talking 'bout StockX

Everything Gucci 'cause everything Gucci  
I go to my parents', I never bring groupies  
Not saying that everyone's stupid  
But I'm spending money like I'm gon' never recoup it

They hit my line now, if anyone moving  
I got the link, I got several Cubans  
Money is evil? Money is evil?  
I guarantee that the devil is looming

Pussy, get fucked while I finger this trigger  
I'm taking my spot back; an Indian giver  
My money is long, I'm not lending it ever

More Gucci, more Louis, more Fendi than ever

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Let me flex  
My whole life is so much stress  
Had a nervous fucking breakdown  
Half the time I'm still depressed

Let me (eh,) let me (ay)  
I 'on't do this every day  
But, when you're broke for thirty years  
Sometimes you wanna say "Okay!"

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