

Conductor, we have a problem

Last party was lit, wasn't it?
Little shorty from East London
Said my dog was a bit thuggy
Stay fresh and I get dougie
Keys to the game, that's what you get from me
Keys to a new whip, that's a gift from me
Work out in Balenciaga like it's bummy
The way I been eating I should probably big stomach
I probably gon' need some more liquor 'cause this dip's comin'
I probably take my time with her but this chick rushin'
Can he do it all again? That's the big questions
Niggas ain't really your friends, that's the life lesson
Gotta keep my foot on their neck, that's the right pressure
I ain't really impressed by their impressions

Everybody's on the plane, we ain't leavin' yet
Don't know why you say my name, we ain't even there
Came up with my own strain, now we billionaires
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Put one in the air, rockin' with the Taylor's
I bulletproofed the Maybach
We ride 'round like the mayor
That KK what I roll
Ten black Chucks with like twenty-five hoes
All a nigga know

Overseas, I can fly you out to Rome
[?], baby, bust that shit down
I'm a G, don't call me "Unc," call me "Big dog"
[?] stripper, I make it rain, I make it hurricane
[?] these niggas copy everything
She suck it sloppy, this lil bitch got a bird brain
I'm tryna [?] she tell me...

"We ain't leavin' yet"
Everybody's on the plane when you leavin', yeah
Don't know why you say my name, we ain't even there
Came up with my own strain, now we billionaires
Came up with my own strain, now we billionaires