(Cash Money AP)
(Hitmaka)

Oh, she walking like a lick when she wobble it Think I love that bitch when she really poppin' it Oh, I'm walking with a stick like I'm moppin' it Two toned on the tick, ain't no toppin' it

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Caught up in crazy girls with my side chick Playing so stupid like that's not my bitch Two tone on my wrist look like I'm so rich Your pockets so dry look like a cactus She got a ass-ass-ass spending my last, wait I need the cash-cash, take it out the ATM Call my Business manager, she need to change my pin Gave it to a little baddie, now she going ham

Aye, wet pack on me
Racks get lonely
Niggas wanna see my baguettes, they know they glow
Brand new Lambo
Pink Flamingo
Hop inside that bitch, I hit the floor and then I'm gone
Wait

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Like I'm mopping it

She be wet and she be sticky, and she be topping it

Bitch we really do this fly shit, so I'm popping it

I gave baby girl free game, that's a scholarship

If I whip the dick out right now, is you driving it?

Aye all they life niggas throwing shade

Bust down my Cartier frames

Oh my God, I'm ashamed

Ay, I make a pretty bitch tatt my name

Her friends like, "Oh my God, you're insane"

(You're insane, bitch)

It go vroom vroom in a Lambo (In a Lambo)

I do my two step, my diamonds dance though (My diamonds dance hoe)

Baby how you in the club with some shell toes?

Upgrade you to some Prada pumps, hello

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