

CONNIE, are you fucking kidding me?

Hold on Uno, bitch middle fingers up!
Hold on Uno, bitch middle fingers up! (I said, helicopter, swing yo' shirt)
Bitch middle fingers up! (Helicopter, nigga, aye)
Hold on Uno, hold on Uno, yeah, shoot, shoot (Helicopter, swing yo' shirt)
Bitch middle fingers up! (Helicopter, swing)

Mister Stunna shades, silly!
Stupid, zooted, baked, silly!
Off that cookie cake, silly! (Work your wrist)
[?], silly! (Work your wrist)
Nigga, swing yo' shirt, silly! (Work your wrist)
Nigga, move that work, silly! (Work your wrist)
Nigga said they was mud, silly! (Work your wrist)
Time to do some dirt, silly!

Okay, step one, wake up in the morning and go get some money (silly)
Step two, find you a lil' bitch who always keep a gun (silly)
Step three, take your lil' ten and flip it to a hunnid (silly)
Mmm, mmm, hue, hue

Bad bitch, she got work in the morning (hue)
She gon' spend the night, she tell me she horny (hue)
I may walk down Dover Street and buy all the Margiela (hue)
Aye, I ain't like these hoes, but they want me (hue)
I can't fuck with her if she don't want me (shoot)

Hold up, imma leave the Maybach running
Don't touch my car, I'm warning you
Fuck it, imma get right to the money
Got a hoe drunk off forty-two
And I got drip for sale, you can make an appointment at two (Let's go)
Imma send her right to hell, hope you don't think I'm coming too
She know very fucking well it's demon time when we rendezvous
And I got on Puma, she a cougar, she might bounce on you
I'm a rich young player pulling up to the function

Shoot, shoot, shoot (shoot it)
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot
He might run into (?) and tell
Tryna send me to jail, I'm like who?
I got Rick and Flair, hop out like a parachute
Shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot (ugh)

Ayee, silly!
Stupid, zooted, baked, silly!
Off that cookie cake, silly! (Work your wrist)
[?], silly! (Work your wrist)
Nigga, swing yo' shirt, silly! (Work your wrist)
Nigga, move that work, silly! (Work your wrist)
Nigga said they was mud, silly! (Work your wrist)
Time to do some dirt, silly!

Ugh
I'm ridin' with the Glock
Double cup in my lap, got a line of the Wock'

Free my slayers that done grind on the block
This shine never stop
Bruh, this shine never stop

Forgiato, yeah, we always chrome on the car
I'm standin' in the field, but I'm just holdin' the rock
I'm on slayer business, I don't give a fuck about the law
Oh yeah, I count that money, oh yeah, oh yeah

Step one, wake up in the morning and go get some money
Step two, find you a lil' bitch who always keep a gun
Step three, take your lil' ten and flip it to a hunnid
Mmm, mmm, hue, hue