

Yeah
1017

On fire, check the scoreboard
I just walked up in the trap with my chessboard
Just spent a hunned on the car, this ain't no damn Ford
Might catch me whipping up straight drop, I got the damn board
I ain't gotta hit no licks, that's what my partners for
Treat the streets extra light, just a lot of guns, boy
Put fifty in the toy, old school make a lot of noise
My wrist so icy, boy, coming home, I took your hoe
Just got some brand new blow, I walk in like original
I got options, Scoob went and brought me a lot of Fendi clothes
I threw sixes on the Bentley, got expensive toes
Hit the dope with Fentanyl, the junkies at your door

Hit my phone, my partner told me it was a go
And she got a lil' coke on her nip' and on her nose
You ain't drop that 2016, that shit is getting old
And I pull up in a high-speed, that's Aventador
Partner jugg it out, he said he wanted ten of the ho
And you know these bitches on my skin, yeah, like some lotion
And we call 'em bitches but you know we talkin' bout the loads
And he asked me, "Was I high?", shit, yeah, I'm smoking dope
Yeah, I don't know folks, stick right to the code
If you know me then you know I'ma let it blow
Told that boy, "Send your ho over like this was red rover"
And I pull up in the Range Rover with the cream cola

Mister Cut the Stove on Once It Out the Store
Amiri my clothes, got it for the low like Shawty Lo
Popping out the door with some fire, somebody on the floor
Bagging up the blow, I'm hiring, you can't wash no clothes
I don't even want you 'round me if you fucking told
Feds watching our porch, Fendi jacket, I spent racks on clothes
Remix in my hat because I'm stacking, far from kicking doors
Fourteen karat gold, diamonds in it, I just stole the show

I said, "I think there's a killer on the loose, somebody close the door"
Balenciagas, they cost twelve hunned, I need twelve more
Damn, that's your hoe? Well, I should let you know that she's a go
She gon' fuck around and get slammed like a Jericho
Damn, twelve kicked the door, niggas sleep, drugs exposed
Damn, ain't nobody move, if you do, please move slow
Damn, everybody just went down, and yeah, man, somebody told
Now everybody out on bail, like sharpie it got them wrote
Yeah, yeah, M-O-B still the M-O-T-T-O
Yeah, yeah, hoes on me everywhere I fucking go
And you know I flood the scene
Diamonds on my whole regime
Yeah, yeah, and I gotta strike 'em, I can't spare a thing (Dig)