

60,000 dollar Ducati, belt by Gucci
ChaseTheMoney, ChaseTheMoney
My bitch in Pucci, I still rock Coogi

I rock designer this and that, you would too
My bitch thick, I fuck her from the back and you would too
These [?], they vintage, two racks, throw a bitch two racks
Got the Glock, do that, I was gettin' top
I'm not no durag, tryna ride my fuckin' wave
But you not no brush, I got 26s, they Vellanos, brushed
And I poured up some Hi-Tech in the fuckin' Crush
My bitch thick, you look at that, you gon' have a crush
She not lookin' back, not gon' even blush
Nigga, I erase you for six racks, you gon' be dust
Nigga, we got plenty dirty sticks, it won't be us
My bitch badder than my ten year old, and he cuss
I pull up on you in a new old-school with no rust
I pull up on a nigga with his boo, you know us
Give her back and make a bitch uncomfortable, you know cuffs
His and hers Hermes, this her must
2000 at Ron of Japan just for us
It's a Backwood of exotic in my hand, smell like must
And these kicks I got on, I got them from France, not from US
Straight A, Flipmode, Busta bust
I'm in the two door, don't think I ever caught the bus
Nigga, you too old to try run up on one of us
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Smoke exotic weed, sound like it's mockin' me
Rock designer jeans, they not marked down

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