

Y'all been on that bullshit, like olé
Swear they on the move
But going the wrong way
I be with my ride or dies
It's bottom line
And we be gettin' dollar signs that's prolly why
They all on my line
All in my face
Hope I decline
Hopin' I'm fake
Won't get my body or my body
Or my soul

Home grown, so low, the enterprise
Stone cold, won't slow, or minimize
Told the globe that I'll be on in a minute
Catalog growth is overloading the critics
I'm good, know that I should
Slow my pace, but don't know if I could
Know they wanna slide with us
And and they'll ride with us
But ain't grind with us
Probably while they movin' on foot

Still a young god in my prime, got the golden touch
Too live to recline or control the rush
It's no lie
Got 'em waiting on me, and I think I know why
Take a second I'ma tell 'em

Y'all been on that bullshit, like olé
Swear they on the move
But going the wrong way
I be with my ride or dies
It's bottom line
And we be gettin' dollar signs that's prolly why
They all on my line
All in my face
Hope I decline
Hopin' I'm fake
Won't get my body or my body
Or my soul

New city, new place that I call home
Too busy, that's just the way I grow
Never post up, until I gross us
A couple hundred milli, then we cosha
Settle down, let's settle down
The shows are finally sellin' out
They gettin' loud
So we be livin' better now, we better now
I know the fam is hella proud, let's get a round, yeah yeah

Young god in my prime, got the golden touch
Too live to recline or control the rush
It's no lie
Got 'em waiting on me, and I think I know why

Take a second I'ma tell 'em

Y'all been on that bullshit, like olé
Swear they on the move, but going the wrong way
I be with my ride or dies
It's bottom line
And we be gettin' dollar signs that's prolly why
They all on my line
All in my face
Hope I decline
Hopin' I'm fake
Won't get my body or my body
Or my soul