

(And this beat from Cash, not from YouTube)

40 pointers sittin' inside my partner bezzel
Do this shit for motivation, it ain't nothin' better
I can see the demons lurkin', I been facing several
They can't touch the kid, it's crazy and I know they hate it
Murakami pillowcases, hoe ain't nothin' basic
I pop half a Xan, call that tunnel vision
I don't know you niggas, I can't [?] kick it
If I ain't rap I swear to god I wouldn't have no Instagram
All that clout get no attention but them dollars can
Checks comin', checks, checks, hit that money dance
Checks talkin', checks, checks, keep em' comin' in

Fetti, cash, hunnids', fifties, checkin' bags, rubber band the
twenties
Takin' trips, we ain't in cities, road runnin' for that paper w
e gon' go and get it
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Take a trip up out the country for a different vibe
In that candy color Urus, color clementine
How you find that? We connected nigga, nevermind
Had my momma stand on top this paper now she 7'5
Roll a blunt of Metro, get to workin' now I'm energized
I put dick up in her on two Percy's now she mesmerized
And these niggas pussy, when they see me they get petrified
Keep this shit a hunnid', I'll forever keep it gangster, we ain
't tellin' lies

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