

Pack landed, got the door swinging, turnt the spot up
Blew the switch, fat lady singing, no opera
Ion chase hoes, all I know is chasing cold commas
Turnt her swag up, now she reciting what I taught her

Dope dealer, main figure, I'm a cold nigga
Caught him reaching for the ice and made his soul lift up
Spitting ism, talking different—he a whole pimp
I'm 50 states, 50 ways, niggas know the biz

I told her this and some of that, and one of us gotta listen
I'm super turnt, hard body—why my bitch trippin'?
They ain't feeling none of that shit, ain't put your soul in it
Gen 5 compact, keep that pole hidden

Ayy, at the bank—I'm in the vault, that's where you find me
I'm scrapping digits, money counting, price rising
I did some more and said less, I play it silent
Pocket watching like he tryna do sum', it's violent

Flip a nigga quickest—kill, he tryna catch the bounty
Send a nigga right to God and I don't think nothin' 'bout it
They don't see me unless it's paper and they know it prolly
I do a trick and flip a car like I popped a ollie

Big business, pot whipping—bro, he sold pigeons
I been hiding in plain sight, the Benz over tinted
All my paper move for me, Ion like money sittin'
It's Big P, they know the face—I'm one of the biggest pending

Boy, I'm screaming: fuck your clique
Your whole gang can get slaughtered, bitch
I'm a young mothafucka
Prolly fucked your daughter, kid

I be fucking anything, don't give a fuck who your daughter is
He be hopping hood to hood, his ass act like a foster kid
Bounce out with that blrrhh and spank his ass just like his father did
Either way, your hoe gon' fuck, don't give a fuck what you brought the bitch

Don't care what you taught the bitch, I see your hoe—I hawk the bitch
I'm her favorite rapper—if I see her, then you lost the bitch

If you got a BBL, I can't trust ya
Fuck ya and any nigga lower or above ya
Sit that ass on my face—she say I'm finna crush ya
I love ya, I promise I'ma treat ya like my mother

Rick Owens, all black and white like a panda
Fucked all the 'Raq hoes, now I'm in Atlanta
Climb through your bitch chimney—I'm Santa
Add a lil' purple to my red Tropicana