

Ayy, this is a trademark production

I rock the Fendi, love the Dior  
Draped in Margiela, Mason galore  
Balmain the sweater, Tom of the Ford  
Fell in love with it, I pour up some more  
Can't love these bitches, they fucking on everyone  
I know she gon' give that pussy to anyone  
I need that pressure, a pound at the minimum  
Shawty gon' choke on that dick like it's cinnamon  
All of the ice, bite like piranhas  
Hop in that G-Wagen, look like a Tonka  
I catch a nigga, I swear he a goner  
You catch me dripping in Dolce Gabbana  
Flying the private, ride G5  
None of 'em mine, keep 'em in line  
Passin' these hoes, put in rotation  
We only go, never vacation

Touch in your city, we rockin' the stage  
Purchasin' diamonds then get 'em appraised  
I hit some obstacles, just was a phase  
Two bitches stay with me, Pinky and Brain  
Free all my niggas who stuck in that cage  
I'ma do just what I said like a prophecy  
They niggas envy, these boys just some mockeries  
Pickin' up vibes, take your ho on an odyssey  
I swear to God, know my mama, she proud of me  
Fuck all these niggas and bitches who doubted me  
Japanese drip, ho, I'm rocking the (N)ine  
Thinking he slick, he get hit with the 9  
I hit the finger-roll, clutch  
Grew up with niggas ain't going for nothin'  
This bitch, she freaky, she fucking for some  
Eat on that dick, put your hair in a bun

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