

Look, I swear Paris will be prayed for (Prayed for)  
 Unreleased Off-White to the ankles (Ankles)  
 Ayy, I'm in them places that you can't go (That you can't go)  
 Don C, Nigo, in the same row (The same row)  
 Ayy, I swear Paris will be prayed for  
 I need Casablanca by the caseload (Caseload)  
 Silks with the oranges and the mangoes (Mangoes)  
 I'm a model now, baby, got the face for it (Face for it)  
 Ayy, I swear Paris will be prayed for

Ayo, I'm rockin' old Nashes, on the runway in my coke fashion  
 Anybody move, we toe-  
 taggin' (Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom)  
 My 327s was blessings, leather Vuitton vests-es  
 Keep a loaded firearm in Mercedes armrests, Lord stressin' (Skrt)  
 22 with greys, 25, left in a cage  
 I told him hold your head, it's worse in a grave  
 I threw coke in the pot, watched it bloom residue and consume  
 He started wavin', had a lighter and dope spoon  
 A nigga'll try to kill you for your recipe  
 My shooter nasal drip flowin' heavily, duckin' my third felony (Ah)  
 Take his shine, two for five, me and mines  
 Runnin' from suit and ties, you say you the flyest then who am I?  
 Balenciaga with the heel, lemonade a popular drink still  
 VLONE jean jacket rockin', so be real (Ah)  
 Over pots, I'm too exquisite  
 On the dancefloor tryna finger fuck on every visit  
 Some niggas'll never risk it, hoppin' in BMs  
 I'm proud of my position (Skrt), they never had a pot to piss in  
 Body parts on Cavalli dishes  
 On Mulholland in the drop Porsche wildin', my loafers crocodile  
 Stylin', I be havin' greater visions (Ah), you can tell by the way I whip it  
 You gettin' money, then the haters with it  
 It ain't dry, I told 'em wait a minute (Ah)  
 Praise both for the way I did it

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I'm from the era of hard knocks and quiet storms (Shh)  
 Rap songs about crack rocks and firearms (Brr, bah, brrah, bah, bah)  
 In the stash spot on some Money Mitch shit (Woo)  
 Adjust the AC, conceal the biscuit (Yeah)  
 It's your life, you can choose to risk it if you wanna  
 These niggas don't want smoke, they want some marijuana (Yeah)  
 I used to get kicked out of class just for my aroma  
 I went to school high, forgot to pick up my diploma (I was high)  
 That's way back when we used to cypher Arizonas (Uh huh)  
 Now I'm in that Maybach, I'm with Puff and Hova (Facts, woo, woo)  
 We bendar' corners in the six-deuce

Talk about last night's ten thousand dollar bottles of Patron, sip it like i  
t's juice, homie  
How can I lose? The shit these niggas'll do to be in my shoes  
I'm done playin' by rules  
Learned from OGs, I'm retirin' the jewels  
Everything is plain jane, different day, the same thing  
I mean, it's usual  
Everything that's new to you be the type of shit I'm used to  
I could give a fuck about the haters, shit, I'm used to 'em  
If it's fuck me, then know the feelings is mutual (Bitch)

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If you feelin' good  
Everybody say yeah, yeah (Oh, oh, yeah)  
Yeah, yeah (Feelin' good)  
Yeah, yeah (I'm on my Gunn shit)

Bitch, I'm all that, all that, Kenan, Kel (Kel, uh)  
When I walk in, niggas ring the, ring the bells (Bells)  
Roses at my feet, niggas kneel, bitches yell  
Glitter on my neck match the glitter on my fingernails  
Niggas always got something to say, well fuck 'em  
Same guys was mighty 'til they got to duckin' (Phew, phew, phew, phew)  
We got the pucks and we chuckin', they playin' chicken and cluckin' (Cluck,  
cluck, cluck)  
I'm Colonel Sanders to you motherfuckers  
Niggas trash and we dumpin' (Uh), I been rappin' and fuckin' (Yup)  
He 6'5", I'm a munchkin, and we speed to the disco (Dance)  
This car came with a driver, I'm in the back playin' "Frontin'"  
I ain't cryin', the wind is flyin', stop makin' assumptions  
I ain't lyin' or nothin', yes, I'm is, I'm so happy  
I turn nothin' to somethin', my skin glowin', my hair nappy (Yeah, yeah)  
My health good, my mama good, my niggas too  
And they only wanna have good times like Josh Safdie  
We eat good, long way from Maccas burgers  
Long way from that Metro bus taxi service  
Long way, loco gangs tried to taxiderm' it (Where you from, nigga?)  
We would run until our motherfuckin' backs was burnin', uh  
But anyway, the shorts short and the socks high  
And the emeralds shinin', them GQs and them pot pies (Bling)  
And I spy with my private eye that you tried  
You cannot pull this look off, nigga, you not I

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