

Ayo, I'm at the Intercontinental, baggin' up
Talkin' 'bout your North fly, nigga, bitch, is you dumb?
Dunnhill, apin' out and put a one on the one
Mini TEC on the lap, that's a gun on a-
Back to back Rolls with the tops off (Skrtrt)
Papi Steak schnitzel with some hot sauce (Mmm)
Vic Van Ruff on the sawed-off (Mmm)
These niggas prayin' on my downfall
Nigga, grab the blush, blow him off (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
Everybody hit him, that's the protocol (Ah)
Hotel cars, eatin' shrimp like a boss (Ah)
Nigga, rock a bus, tow a forty-carter car (Ah)
Bitch thought she coming home with me, I'm a star (I'm a star)
Little Russian model bitch, I fucked in the jaw (Ah)
Two-fifty, easy on her arm, pick an arm (Mmm)
East side nigga, I can bag Nia Long (Mmm)
Roof at the view, you see the view of Milan (Ah)
I've been pissin' Dom all week, I'm a don (Mmm)
Sean Don, yeah, yeah, spot him, Just Don (Ah)
Sippin' 99 fried rice with some prawns (Ah)
Twenty on your head, you'll be gone by the morn' (Boom, boom, boom, boom)
Only nigga in my city, back to back foreigners (Skrtrt)
Fashion Week, my white bitch suckin' and snortin' (Ah)
Me and Verdy out in Harajuku, remorseless (Ah)
Gucci trench, Gucci goggles on like I'm snorkelin' (Ah)
Heated floors in my garage for the Porsche

Whoever said money don't change you, they was lyin' (They was lying)
Wear Balmain, eating fine dining
I'm that nigga, all these niggas, they be tryin' (They be tryin')
I'm that nigga, let the MAC get to flyin'
Whoever said money don't change you, they was lyin' (They was lying)
Wear Balmain, eating fine dining
I'm that nigga, all these niggas, they be tryin' (They be tryin', huh, M-M-M)
I'm that nigga, let the MAC get to flyin' (It's the biggest, Maybach Music)

Chanel boots, Lamborghini coupes
Shooters on the leash, time to let them loose
All these accusations, snitches in the news
Still in the boobie trap, I made a stripper my masseuse
Still be shoppin' Kelly's (Huh), million while in Paris (Huh)
Mimosas for the moment, all the murders out of Mary (Woo)
Watch three hundred carats, you should never wear it (Huh)
All them niggas robbers, to be honest, they be jealous
Cars made of glass, Givenchys on the mask (Huh)
Feds know to watch me, attorneys know the task
I still live a life that you can never grasp
Heavy on the ice (Huh), Bella in the glass (M-M-M)

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Whatever you niggas wanna think, think what you wanna think, nigga

'Cause I don't fuck with you niggas, no way

Come on, homie, what happened to that?

Man, fuck you niggas

Nigga, me and my team, whoever I got

Nigga, they ain't going nowhere

Nigga, I ain't got to prove nothing to no motherfucker, nigga