

Ayo, ayo, ayo
Ayo, Buscemis with the cages
Camo Valentino off the runway on the corner serving work like a
baker
Fiends fallin' out the sky for it
My pack's ten a piece
Shot his baby mom's house he thought shit was sweet
Whole team rocking Hender Schemes and McQueen
My nigga got a fresh 15 at McKean
Bodies dropping on the regular, my town ain't shit
Get money, get killed, niggas scared to get rich
Look like somebody wrote all over the Raf Simmon drips
White bitch out the Six, suckin' dicks speakin' French
That's life for me
I got too many shooters that'll come take a fuck nigga whole li
fe for free
These not Timbs little nigga, these Balmain
Please get it right for me
Ayo, they got the Flygod hangin' off the cross, rockin' Hugo Bo
ss
TECs with air holes yo, he had to cool them off
Style on Forbes, I'm talkin' XXL
Told pussy I need a skirt, I sent 10 in the mail
Break it down, we all bag, weigh the eights with a hand scale
Grams sell like clockwork, the shootin' was Mach's work
Make sure he knock first, we dealin' for Fox worth
Hopped out the GL Benz, OVO tens
Wang windbreaker with no wind
Fresh out that cell, I got a brick and a MAC
Maybach back-to-back, wrist need to relax
Been whippin' all night fingers swelling like crack
Yo, what's your name, hun? My name West, what's your digits?
In '98 I wore two Cubans up in Clinton, now I'm a legend
Let me talk fly for a second
I had you lookin' tall in Guiseppes...