

Rolack's

Westside Gunn

Ayo

Raf Adidas joints with the sawed-off

Venus and Mars Stars

Dope in the Helmut Lang Basket

Pyer Moss Classic

Put a 7 on it, made it elastic

I'm the opposite of wack, yo

Your fiends taste my shit they ain't never coming back

Facts

Ferrari Cali-For-Ni-A

Yay got me all of this

Rocking Figaro Links, bitches say I'm marvelous

Dope couture, Velour

Might put a stove in the Bvlgari store

Need a thousand bricks or more

Back-to-Back champagne gold Ac's

Rose Gold Mac

My plug got fish like Rolacks

Rare Supreme Ups

Python straps on the pump

Praying for Yeezy 3s and Fieg Dunks

Burberry London, Kids lunchin

London Fog, Dealers wanna kill us

Okay, Never money rooted

Level with the losers

Similar to the sample; never one to lose it

Similar, no example, never one, or two it

Never, one, two, get it? Nah

All good, I come from a tall hood where the hustle high

Never one to buckle, so shawties who unbuckle mine

Buckle in the jaw, coffin from the door

And wonderers who wondered never wonder any more

And Neighbors in the halls with smugglers galore

I learned hands from them I can juggle with the Lord

Abundance is the law, as much as you can fathom

645's and Benz Wagons, imagine

Criminals who follow it, we the same crook kind

Bitches think the opposite; Stevie J, good guy

Shit'll never change, we forever find numbers

Flygod etiquette, and Westside Gunna, wassup