

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, cuffin 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