

Shake'n bake  
Nigga ain't doin' nothing, just sittin' here and swaggin  
It's easy though  
It's easy to not give a fuck

Fresh outta first class  
Fresh outta herb nap  
My outfit straight outta fur  
So fresh to death  
My car from overseas  
The steering wheel on the other side  
I'm givin' it  
All I got is smokin' what's left  
So much money on weed  
So much smoke in my chest  
I take the lessons I learned  
And put 'em all in my flesh  
Tatted, got a strong weed habit  
Going hard, could have sworn you niggas had it  
Buying champaign with the [?]tabins  
We order more drinks, bring the cabs in  
Rip up jeans, call it fashion  
A lot of cash and a lot of gras  
You niggas broke, you ain't gotta pass  
Chanel bags and I'm proud of tags  
Spendin' stash, you ain't gotta stack  
Young and rich, don't know how to act  
As the wheels keep spinnin' and my joint keep burning  
And my team keep winnin'

Roll up, whats the hold up  
Roll up, whats the hold up

Thinking 'bout some shit, that rap taught me  
Sittin' in a whip, that rap bought me  
Look at all the things, that I'm affording  
My nigga mean I'm ballin' like a sports team  
You doin' some shit, you think is flossin'  
I was doing that back, when I was fourteen  
Gettin' it, buying the most, flippin' it  
Sixteen, time to pay rent in this bitch  
I wasn't even thinking of making millions  
I was just thinking smokin' and chillin'  
And trying to pay the bills  
Try get my mom out of this building  
And I got my mom out of this building  
I never took a hand out  
Matter fact I put my hand in  
Now everything you see is planned by me  
Boss of my own shit, Taylor Gang Ent  
Nothing but that cali strong  
Gettin' blown by the pound, bitch TNT

Roll up, whats the hold up  
Roll up, whats the hold up