Bëttr Off

Yeat

Yeah (Ooh)
(Runnin' up bands, this shit gettin' dumb, yeah)
(Back of the Benz, I was like, "Hell, yeah," yeah)
(Counting up money, this shit so fun, yeah)
(Fully loaded, 'bout to load up my gun, yeah)

When you live like this, this shit so fun (Honeybun)
When you count that bread, this shit get dough (Honeybun, up on the-)
Up on the sofa, catchin' dome (Woo)
I bought the Tonk', I bought the truck (Skrrt)
Stop callin' my phone, just leave me alone, yeah, damn it (Yeah)
I'm not from this zone, I'm not from my home, I'm not from this planet (Yeah, yeah)
I'm high on life, my Glock talk to me, it told me, "Go blam it" (Bop, bop)
Yeah, fuck what you sayin', you a lil' bitch, go talk to your mommy (Mommy)
I don't got time for the fuss, ridin' 'round, I be collectin' them bucks
I'm 'bout to, skrrt, no fucks, I'm 'bout to swerve and back on the trucks, yeah
I don't give a fuck that's a plus, whole lot of money on me, got 'em bucks
All double Givenchy, addicted to bust (The bust)
Uh, I'm 'bout to bet there's a bus (Oh, yeah)
I'm 'bout to hop out the Range, I don't give a fuck where they layin'
I be collectin' my chains, Rolls-Royce got the umbrella for rain (Skrrt)
Bitch, it's a wonderful day, dippin' and dappin', don't make no mistakes
Cook his ass up like a grill, like a steak
I don't give a fuck what you say, you can't stay (No, no, no)

I didn't deserve it, I didn't deserve it, I didn't deserve (Yeah)
Any time that I want, bitch, I'm leavin' this earth, yeah, ah
They told me, "Get back," bitch, there's still bills for the birds (Brr)
And fuck what you think, 'cause you wish for the worst (Dah)
No, don't you did it, I'm pushin' my limits, ah (Pushin' my limits)
I'm squeezin' that bitch just like squeezin' some lemons (Yeah)
Ah, fuck what you said, bitch, I'm pushin' them limits, yeah (Ooh)
Back in the day I was ridin' that Civic, I'm pushin' the limits, no gymnast, yeah (Ooh)
Pull up, I'm in that lil' Urus, I'm swervin' and dappin', that bitch in my business (Oh, yeah)
Bought a new Patek, it sit on my wrist, and it glisten, them motherfucker listen to me
'Cause I'm talkin' a lot, and I'm walkin' a lot, got a lot of money on me, parkin' the lot (Woah)
I got them woods, got them bitches in the back, got the bricks in the back, get them racks in the bag (Ack)
I got a Glock and it sit on my lap, 'bout to shoot, go "doo-doo-doo-doo" and they dead
I already said it a million times, but I'm 'bout to go back and just say it again (Yeah)
Bitch, it's fuck what you said, and it's fuck what you read, I don't give no fucks, bitch, you better off dead (Yeah)
Lizards all slimy like this, bitch, I leave 'em on read

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