

I just went up on the list, yeah
Bitch, I went doubled my wrist (Time)
Lil' buddy smokin' on piss (Don't lie)
I'm fuckin' my money, blow a kiss (Don't lie)
I ain't have Percs all day, I, I gotta get 'em
I know they took my wave, I gotta, I gotta split 'em
Why would I tell you to get in this GLE Tonka then swerve? Yeah
Why would I tell you to move these packs for me? No, don't lie
Why would I tell you to move these stacks for me? You know why
Why would I tell you to move these packs for me? No, don't lie

I just get high, then I rev it out
We take this shit to your mommy house
I just get high, I don't map it out
Bitch, I took the plane on a different route
Pull up to the city, we knock out the show, we tellin' these pussies to move around
I just got off the phone with Eliantte, told me check him, and then it's a e ighty ball
No, you can't fuck with the mob (Okay, okay)
No, you can't fuck with the god
Seen your broke ass in your hometown, seen your ass workin' a job
I hit the bank with any amount, I'm knowin' they pullin' it out (Ooh, yeah)
I'm tellin' you this shit ain't fine as it gets (Yeah)
I'm tellin' you this shit ain't fine, this shit ain't (Yeah)
I'm tellin' you don't waste my time, I tell it again (Yeah)
Yeah, I'm tellin' you I'm parked outside, it's harder to get (Brr)
Got a G63 on the coupe (Brr)
Got a Glock 23, the swoop (Brr)
He get jumped out, yeah, no rule (Brr)
It's a back order, baby, get loot (Brr)
Got twizz army, bitch, we got troops (Brr)
Feel like Toys "R" Us with coupes (Brr)
Got some Hi-Tech, red sittin' in my juice (Brr)
Super boy syrup, 'bout to get it, get loose (Brr)

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I had to bag back too, yeah, what's in the backpack, boo? Yeah
Chanel, Number (N)ine on the group, yeah
Pull up, I'm takin' the loot
Bitch, I'm on the Percs, I been nodding off
I can't feel nothin', I can't feel at all
You gotta tell me somethin' if you tell it all
You a snitch, yeah, you will tell the law
Everything around me flawless, yeah
Every diamond on me flawless
I'm rich, I don't need dollars, yeah

All my guys really ballers
They bitin' the swag lingo like piranhas
Who said the demon really is a monster?
You is not real, you is an imposter
That pussy play dead like that bitch a possum (Yeah)
I don't feel nothin' at all, I just been vibed out
Yeah, we don't fucks with law, yeah, we gon' slide out, yeah (Skrtrt)
You a broke boy, don't get involved, you can't ride around (Yeah)
Most of y'all really be bitches, I can't fuck with y'all

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