

(Yo Luca, where you at?)  
I think it's too late  
They be getting high, I be livin' high  
Bullets fly to the wind, hit it to your top  
But you don't listen to people who get high to

They be getting high, I've been living high  
I see my life flash in the corner of my eye  
When you- When you wake up, got to boot up with me, got to match my high  
Rock Chanel, yeah, Chane'-ne' with the Chrome Heart on my eye  
Yeah, y'all gon' rock Marc Jacobs, I'm gon' rock Margelly  
Got a stomach ache, I rub the hunnids on my belly  
If you do me wrong, don't matter who you is, bitch, I'll turn to Melly  
Couple months ago, was shipping Za' then shit got sticky, shit got smelly  
Yeah, canary yellow diamonds, pissed on 'em like R. Kelly  
This whole lifestyle ain't cheap, I wanna know who told you that  
I be dead like a mummy, I still won't go for that

I bought the Trackhawk, just to see two hundred on the dash  
Did a lot of wrong inside my life but I don't have no regrets  
I leveled up, I bought the Cayenne and bought the jet  
I don't give no fucks 'bout what you talking 'bout, I'm not impressed  
And you still live at your mommy's house, I'd be depressed  
You can't do shit on your own, like I got to tell you to get dressed  
You could choose to live like me and die or live like all the rest  
I risked my life a million times for no accomplishments  
I just wake up then get high, then get to popping shit  
You ain't risk nothing at all, you don't deserve to ball  
You don't deserve pointers in the watch, you deserve to trip and fall  
I can end the things that let you watch the world with one call  
Couple exes, couple haters, know they waiting on me to fall  
I'll take every last season, if I don't got legs, then I'ma crawl  
Indepent than you and richer than all of y'all  
And my bizzy deserve the world waiting on you to call  
I just ripped off all my chains, I had to take it off  
I don't got to say shit, I'd rather not say at all  
That lil' bullshit y'all be fakin', you got say it all  
This shit got you mad but you try to play it off  
I'd rather lose every time than not play at all  
Didn't I tell you exactly how it was gon' happen, it paid off  
Do you want a bad bitch or long money? That's the trade off

Bullets fly to the wind, now its time to see  
I be dealin' with my life like you should see  
When I hit her from the side, she be like "Yeah that's it"  
I rather die than be alive, but I see at all  
(Yo, Luca) I think it's too late  
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