

## Provë Sum

Yeat

Yeah, I called up Eliantte, said I need the baguettes in the Cuban  
Yeah, you talk a whole lot about making that money, boy, you need to  
prove it

All of my clothes come from Italy, all of my bitches be missing me  
Yeah, went and got paid, made a new wave, the rest all history  
That lil ass band you made, it ain't shit to me  
Me and that bitch done had an epiphany  
Why the fuck that bitch sniffing on Tiffany?  
I boot off the X 'cause it give me abilities  
I know he broke, no, it's no tricking me  
Lil' shawty gon' pull up and get straight to that licking me  
Five hundred for the Chrome Hearts tee, tucked about ten for the jeans  
Yeah, I fell in love with the bean, I feel the best and it's no in between

Yeah, bitch gon make her tweak, I made a [?] every week  
Hop out the Maybach, just had a seat massaging me  
When I wake up, I'ma take a Perc' before I brush my teeth  
But they all diamond now, yeah, so I guess I'm flossing creeks  
My diamonds wet, they crying  
Them diamonds is silent, not hitting for shit, nobody seeing them shine  
I just wake up and get high, I don't even think about trying  
My money stand tall, it's so high, why would I think about signing?  
Y'all follow the leader, the Simon, Wock' by the liter, for life  
I popped a boot up, I live in the clouds, yeah, I'm in the sky  
I heard they put you on life support, your money was so weak  
Yeah, I bought the Maybach to get top in it and put the seat down  
Yeah, all of my money so up, it's Rick on my feet now  
When the bitch pull up, it's WWE, finna beat down, yeah  
No Steve Austin, not no OT, ho, Draco hit him, OVO  
Diamonds, that bitch from the throat, from the neck up, yeah, 'cause  
that bitch throat the goat  
I'm finna keep popping my shit, yeah, y'all kids just can't get in  
We on the side but we win, no East-side, [?]  
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