

Ferrari cost six-hundred thousand, stop playin' with me  
Hundreds with the blue faces, feelin' Nipsey  
Louis V briefcases, gettin' tipsy  
Keep it with me, it's a murder if a nigga tempt me  
The streets talkin', you niggas know what it do  
With some money, I could never imagine you  
I be ducked off, I ain't got nothin' to prove  
I'm in Malibu, what a nigga boo

I start a lot of shit, 'cause I'm a shit talker  
Found out I fucked his bitch, 'cause he a stalker  
She drink cum, like it's water  
Bad bitch, ass fatter than Ms. Parker  
Maybach's back to back when I'm pullin' up  
Paranoid as fuck, get it fully tucked  
Actin' like he don't bleed, oh, you tough?  
Like stuntman's can't die doin' stunts  
Trunk in the front, it's a foreign  
After the sex, the bitch borin'  
Run up a check, I'm goin' tourin'  
In my mansion, I got marble floorin'  
F-A spot and not your average coupe  
I drop the top and throw up the "Whoop"  
Big dog, I'm the Blood Snoop  
Message to the opps, "Nigga, fuck you"

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The streets talkin', you niggas know what it do (Niggas know what's up)  
With some money, I could never imagine you (Broke-ass niggas)  
I be ducked off, I ain't got nothin' to prove (At all)  
I'm in Malibu, what a nigga boo (Let's get it)

Don't come to me 'bout no lil' shit, I get M's, nigga (Don't do that)  
Ice water on me, lonely as Slim, nigga (Where your nigga?)  
You in your feelings 'bout a bitch, you a bitch-nigga (You a ho)  
I'm from that city where we hustle 'til we rich, nigga  
I ain't talkin' seatbelts when I say we ridin' strapped  
Lil' bro ain't no producer, but can hit you with them packs  
Treat my niggas like my brothers, have my front, I got your back  
Best prices in quality, fuck with us or go get taxed  
We don't want no smoke, we just want more money  
I call the whip YG, 'cause it was four-hundred (4Hunnid)  
Ayy, let them niggas have the net, man, they ain't know nothin'  
We control the city, we touch down, it be like homecoming  
Blue hundreds, but it's blood money, call him Rich Red  
Step on niggas heads, all that politician' shit dead  
One day in your city, do a show, then break your bitch bed  
Was full of mouth, got his ass popped, now he full of meds

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(I'm in Malibu, what a nigga boo)

Ayy, five summers straight, flipped ten foreigners  
I'm still in Bel Air, totin' big guns  
Hoppin' on flights, like I'm on the run  
Strip clubs every night, 'cause that shit fun  
See me blowin' through the light, bust a sharp right  
Two-door, matte-black, like The Dark Knight  
I pull up, gat sprayin', I ain't Batman  
Yellow diamonds, give me head, Ms. Pac-Man (Ayy)  
Trap, send the bucks when the pack land  
Spent enough, now she wanna fuck for the bands  
White friend wanna fuck me with her black friend  
And these hoes can't believe what's the backend  
Get the back in, got 'em clappin' in the stands  
I just pray to God, I don't gotta clap again  
Posted on the 'Gram, now I gotta wrap the Benz  
Couple more years, I won't have to rap again

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