

1 Scale

Young Dolph

(Let the band play)
Yeah

All I need is one scale, a couple bales, came in this shit by myself
Dolph, why you fuck his girl? Uh, shit, 'cause I'm a player
Quarterback, no NFL (Ayy), drippy in Chanel (Drippy)
Playin' hide and go seek in the mansion with my lil' girl (Aria)
Elevator was too crowded, so I took the stairs (Woo)
The whole industry was hatin', so now I give 'em hell (Ha)
Business man, I invest a whole million in the mail (Yeah)
Yeah (Yeah), yeah (Yeah), yeah (Yeah), yeah
I-I-I treat bitches like some shoes, I cop 'em by the pairs (It's Dolph)
She like when I grab her neck and pull her by her hair (It's Dolph)
In my city, I'm more important than the fuckin' mayor (It's Dolph)
Ten years straight, I set the prices on the kush, I swear (It's Dolph)
I got your bitch lookin' for Flippa (Where he at?)
I let her ride like a bicycle (Ah)
I pulled out and bust on her dimples (Ah)
Quarter milli' for this Richard (Mille)
I had to run up them digits (Run it up)
Niggas know that I'm the sickest (For real)
Bitches know that I'm the littest
Whip my dick out and piss on your feelings (For real)
I heard that lil' nigga from Memphis (Okay)
I heard he used to trap in Fendi (Okay)
I heard he went to jail in a Bentley (Okay)
Straps with me in New York City (Uh)
Lil' black nigga with all this fuckin' paper on me, man
What the fuck they mean, man?
I can't go out like that (Uh), huh, hold up

Bangin' L's, swangin' scales (What?)
Shakin', got residue in my nails (What?)
Started gettin' real money, we bustin' bales
Everybody on the floor know the smell, uh
Dropped out of high school
Had to start bringin' my Glock, couldn't show and tell, uh (Pussy)
Big bro got life in the feds
Can't talk on the phone, but he know his will
Walked out the trap with a big ol' bag
'Til I pop in the house, I was on the sale (Swerve)
We was sinnin' on Sunday, that bitch in my hand
But I'm sinnin' in my head, know I'm gon' prevail, uh
If I call her house phone, tell her bring that bitch out cocked, then my mam
a will (Come on)
I was eighteen, my OG seen me hop out the Benz or a Bonneville (Bah)
I bought a mansion, pop in that bitch fresh off a shootout, I'm hot as hell
Shh, you gon' do some time, niggas probably tell
Fuck it, this lifestyle, know I probably will
I'm in New York with my nigga Dolph, he rockin' wop, but his neck on Gabbana
still (Uh)
I'm rockin' Christian Dior with a bag full of blues, all black but it's Prad
a still (Swerve)
I'm in the 'RaQ, Benihana, don't eat at Hamada
See opp, he get probably killed (Swerve)
Told lil' bro come out with me in Bally
Get out the 'RaQ, he might come near, catch a body still (Shh)

I'll pull up on your home in a Lam' smokin' out a sack
Arch her back, disappear, artifact (Skrirt)
I ain't comin' with shit but my pipe and a box of mags
Twenty on me, that's my starter pack
Gettin' too much money, we ain't tryna make arch-rivals
You know we spark ride (Bah)
I was outside and that's the reason we won battles
Nigga, we weren't part-time
Got a youngin, he only send straight at you (Seen 'em)
You ain't never heard that snake rap? (Go get 'em)
On a nigga head, then we just can't catch you
Spin twice, mad as fuck, we went straight past you
Ever tried to kill a nigga just 'cause you had to?
Leanin' up in the clubhouse like Rascal (Huh?)
Everybody rich as fuck, ain't nothin' past due
I could go grab a M from my mama pad too
Let me see what you gon' do, we could team-tag two
Oh, you ain't with the shit, have somebody blast you
Kel-Tec on my lap, if God bless you, I tag you
Have you fillin' the bag with your fast food (Pussy)