

What you know 'bout champagne every night
Bad bitches everywhere, Barry White
Hit the things, I could bury white
Countin' up a million dollars every night
Hit the mall blow a four way
Kinda hard when you're sleeping on Dolce
Wake up drinkin Rose
Killin' that white bitch, OJ

Smokin that exotic, ridin' that foreign
Million dollar round trippin', I ain't talkin' bout touring
Yeah, countin' money til ya boring
Man fuck that shit (Jizzle where you goin')
Flat screens on the wall, nigga Imax
Michael Turners on deck, nigga half backs
Dirty white bitch, yeah that Kat Stacks
We don't sleep round here, we take cat naps
Wesley Snipes motherfucka this the money train
Swear the work came faster than the money came
Sometimes the money be faster than the cars is
If the feds ain't watching then them broads is
Could end any day and you know better
Now you watch the frito lay, yeah you know cheddar
Double bags at the spot, luggage in the place
Louie V on deck, luggage on my waist

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I woke up sayin' I ain't drinking no more
Same night in the spot drinkin' Coco
Loso, bad bitch think she know so
Got a man cuffin' nigga think he popo
She tryna go below the belt, thinkin' low blow
I'm thinking oh yeah, he thinkin' oh no
I'm on my high horse nigga, thinking Polo
Got the nine on me so I think I'm Romo
Uh, I'm about that life nigga
Bring you in the game, let you meet my wife nigga
Married to this shit, asking am I getting cheddar now
They say I do, like a motherfucking wedding vow
That AirTran, we flying for cheap
And you niggas sleepin' on me, hope you die in your sleep
OJ, yeah probably don't get it
I'm the best that ever did it and got away with it

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You could tell he gettin' money and every nigga with 'em
The gloves don't fit him so they gotta acquit him
Ain't nobody seen it, but everybody heard it
The whole town hatin', they waitin' on a verdict
Tell 'em niggas pop off, I'm waitin on a drop off
And I ain't leaving the block 'til I knock the whole box off
Yeah taking care of the whole fam
Bought the Porsche gave the M to my old man
More money more problems, more grams
More real estate, more land
At fight night I be ringside
I let them things fly, just put 1.5 under my king size
I look at the world through a king's eyes
I was born to spit bars and sling pies
I ain't wealthy yet but I'm quite rich
I just gotta keep killin' that white bitch

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(2x)