

I'mma ball till I fall, till you haters come get me  
Do one for my nigga, drive the Chevy like a Bentley  
Speed limit a buck twenty, but he doing two fifty  
Top down, money up, what he screaming? Fuck with me  
Fuck with me, fuck with me (let's get this money)  
Fuck with me, fuck with me (let's get this money)  
You know I used to drive my Chevy like a Bentley  
If you talking bout your money my nigga fuck with me

Fuck with a nigga, yeah ain't shit changed  
In something half a ticket, top down, switching lanes  
Still living sucker free, you know how I feel about lames  
Had to drop a few niggas, y'all ain't feeling my pain  
I see envy in their eyes I see jealousy in their hearts  
I ain't see em when I was hiding 8 balls in the yard  
[?] chest, posted up in the trenches  
Talking with the tools, yeah the hammers and the riches  
Got the ground up, [?] when I'm in traffic  
Putting on a show, when you done nigga I'm clapping  
I mix with water with the yola, arm hammer, make [?]  
You think you're paid a lot, wait until you hear the motor

Wrap it up, delta dash, Ziploc, it's a [?]  
Got one question for you, nigga where them rubber bands at  
Niggas talking that rich shit, I'm tryna be wealthy  
Be around the spinach so that's why I'm eating healthy  
Yeah we eating good, whole foods, no rice boy  
32 millimeter, see it no ice boy  
I'm living like I'm bullet proof, Makaveli ricochet  
Life served me lemons nigga, so I made some lemonade  
All because I sold a little raw together, yeah that notebook  
Got these motherfuckers acting like they really know you  
That was 04, ain't nothing stay the same  
Tunnel vision to the money longer than a train