

This is what you need, need (Ayy)  
I came with plenty racks  
This is what you need  
Wear my heart (Heart), on my sleeve (Hey)  
Sit me down, baby, tell me what it is  
Cross my heart, the door ajar unless it's Bentley  
Say you wanna turn my back, don't go knock on my dawg door (Yeah, yeah)  
I'm makin' love to shawty, oh (Yeah)  
Hey sis, spend it up  
Okay, you beat your cases and you don't have to sell the can now (Sell the can now)  
And her fuckin' ring look like the Grand Slam (Woah)  
Oh, I'ma have to take a Bentley jet to transit (Woah)  
Eat us some lobsters, just the bros, I left the hoes out  
Lost thirty million this year and that's with the shows out (Woah)  
I told 'em put the rest of it up, we got to hold out  
Got a few opp bitches tryna figure out where my show spot  
Them racists, pockets full of big faces  
Get you paid quick, walk up on 'em and just face it (Bah)  
Open cases, guess they thought I was somethin' to play with (Woah)  
Watch me falsetto out in Vegas with your lady (Woo)  
Tryna rob, your chances are slimmer than Shady (Yeah)  
She got her hair long with the Maisons on, no basic (Oh yeah, yeah)  
Got me thinkin' everybody 'round me cheatin' (Yeah)  
These niggas basic, they need to face it  
I'ma turn off the light  
Girl, tell me, is you breathin'?  
Tell me if you caught a fever  
Strictly fuckin' up every season (Oh)  
I took her out, seein' it changed me  
I took a loss, you know the pain, babe  
You a hard-headed nigga, yeah, fuck all that though  
No back and forth with them opp or them nothin'-ass hoes  
No back and forth with them opp or your ratchet ass, ho  
I hope you plan on growin' up with your ratchet ass, yeah

Ah-la-la, la-la-la  
Ooh, ooh, na-na  
I don't wanna give you no crown  
Ooh, oh, messy with heartaches  
My heart gone