

All of these young niggas killin' each other
They tryna just gain clout
How you gon' lie, just say that I said that
The fuck is you talkin' about?
I had the dick inside of her mouth and I still had the chopper out
I put the bitch inside of a Range, the way she suckin' my cock
I take a hundred racks right out of the bank
And put it on your tater tots
I got the crop Chanel bag, I'm 'bout to go fuck up the block
Hop in the Porsche then hopped out the Jag'
And jack it like Jack in the Box
I put Chanel, the lil' bitty bags all over all of the dots

Maybach came with the torch and the hatchback
RayVac, spray his ass back nigga, blat, blat
My bitches got credentials and green eyes like a black cat
Your bitch is almost fat, better stop playin' 'fore you get whacked
Money got me shittin' like a laxative, no comparin', I ran up the racks
All of my bitches are bougie and bad, my money was long as his 'lac
I told the bitch that wasn't my kid, I need a paternity
Pull up to your block and takin' your cookie, call me Bernie

Got the red interior, red shoes and red Jeep
Got a bad bitch, don't play the radio, Greg Street

Dead meat, know you're just a dead breed
Red meat, eat it like a deadbeat (deadbeat)
I pop a wheelie, I fuck on a bitch like I'm Banshee (brrrt)
Bought a Rolls Royce and then I was smokin' on whammy
I put the bitch on her back and I beat it like Hercules (hah)
How the fuck you let these rat niggas go get them some cheese? (Hah)
I had to send the car comin', I took off and ran with the keys
I put some diamonds on her toe, yeah they dancin', Chris Breezy
I go to Finland and I got a tall breezy comin' from Greece
I don't believe her, I think she Belize or she from Middle East

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