

Yeah, yeah, ayy, woah
Oh, no, hold on, yeah

I was havin' a dream
I was whippin' a Rolls Royce
And I bought everything that I want
Turned to Martin Luther King overnight
Martin Luther King overnight, ayy
I was dead broke, hustlin' off the steps
Now I rock water like I'm Michael Phelps, yeah
Black diamonds, Black History Month
Turned to Martin Luther King overnight

I was just rollin' the dice, huh
I was just tryna get by, I gambled my life, huh
I fucked around, had a kid and he had to stay fly, whew
I ain't give no fuck, I got fresh from the shit on the side
I pray to God I die in my sleep
I pray my deaf brother don't run into the police
'Cause you tellin' him to put his hands up, he can't hear
Ain't goin' for deceased
These rookie police need to get trained, even in their sleep
Fuck around, make a nigga put it to your head lice, don't it?
Come here, gon' tell you how to get that cheese, macaroni
Spent all my tour money on the ring
Told 'em, "Go 'head, get everything they fuckin' see," yeah
I grew my shit like I'm Mad Dog
I got a white and a black dog
I swear now that he's on Adderall
Look in my face, I'm on Adderall
Shawty more P than a Madden ball
Suck on that cat, I'm the baddest, dawg
This sauce, sauce, sauce, sauce
Yeah gon' pop a bean, join me
Fairfax, we shoppin' spree, on me
Hundred thousand dollars and mixin' leans, on me
You better not have to OD on me, ayy
Let's go to people town
Put somethin' in your account, bae
Now you don't need me around, yeah
She want me to play and I ain't with it
Yeah, gon' gon' ring around
Sing to her like Sean Garrett
I know my woes ready (my woes)
Tell me your card info (card info)
She don't got ego
Loosen up her backbones (her backbones)
Bendin' her hardwood floors (woah)
Pussy wonderful (wonderful)
Uh, I came from rags to riches (woah)
She don't got time to clash with bitches
She buyin' bags for bitches
I'm 'bout to spazz, just listen
I don't finish last, I win it, huh (win)
I beat that cat like Nitti, yeah
I bought a Jag with a Hemi, ayy
I throw a flag on these bitches, ayy

I wrapped up the last of these bitches
Foreign tags and American
Bring me a milli', I'll marry her, yeah

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My dream just started workin'
Come ride with me and it'll be gifts and curses
I see you... drinkin' syrup, I see you workin'
I see you...
I can see that ass from the front, it done got big on me
You can sit a cup on it and you can bid on it
Real pimp, no jabroni, I'm not gon' sit on it
Tour around the whole wo-o-orld, Bands on me
Got a whole lot of M's on me, ya dig? Hey
Whole lot of M's on me, hey
Big body Benz on me, hey
Ride Bentley trucks on E, hey
Bless you sneeze on me, hey
Lamborghini luxury (luxury)
Lamborghini merch on me (merch)
Lamborghini Merci', Merci'
Lamborghini murk-a, murk-a
Lamborghini wife with me, hey
Lamborghini price increased, hey
Ayy, 400 bitches (hey) way I live (that's the way I live, hey)
You just said free my bro (hey) now he back on in the Pen (hey)
You ain't ever cracked a seal (hey) then you got a deal
Pour that Actavis

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It wasn't like you had my back, no (no)
Homie you not have a whole spine
Didn't ever wanna admit to the fact
That your baby boy was contemplatin' dyin'
In the dream, yeah, I done seen you cryin'
Dream don't compare to what I done seen (yeah)
They tried to kill me for nothin' (lived though)
Tell her yeah she got it bussin' (brrrt)
Think about everybody else
I think once to myself, I think once to myself (not one time)
Only blamma to the left (damn) I'm up in the booth by myself
Never came for the fame, no (no)
I'm the same nigga, the same goals (same one)
Niggas hatin' for these lame hoes
Put that pussy on me, she been tamed though (pussy)

Actavis got me dreamin', Martin Luther (What you say?)
Rolls Royces and diamonds, they wet like coochie (they lucky, wow)
Boo right here sittin' with a K full of kick like Bruce Lee
And I, ah, ah, jewelry, I got a line on that jewelry
Bitch on that, ayy, ayy, Malcolm X, tryna shoot me (shoot, shoot)
Screamin' that, uh, got babies in that dually cruiser (woo)
You juugin', you blessed, at your scene, blew bankroll like usual (bankroll)
They chasin' the belt, I'm goin' so fast it look like they're in neutral (sk
rrt)
I was havin' some lean
She wanna play with that Charlie Sheen
Put that bitch on a bean (hollup)
She steady dreamin' 'bout lots of tings, she want lots of tings
Yeah I'm smokin' a bag and killed that cat like curiosity
All night I buy some rings and swear by me
Cut