

Balenciaga with my Guapi on (My Guapi on, on, yeah)  
I say I pour mud in my Styrofoam (Inside my Styrofoam, oh, oh)  
I been tryna say a prayer for grandma to come home (Oh, oh, oh)  
Guess I'm living in an imaginary place  
I say, I guess I'm livin' like a villain up inside his last days  
Can't buy my grave spot by grandma, then put me on side Lil' Dave

We done been so long with each other, built a home with each other, how the fuck do we get you?  
Hold on, you done seen me down and I bubble, I'm a motherfuckin' hustler, you already know I been here  
I been tryna hide it from my child, this shit ain't right here  
I'm just stayin' right here  
I just make sure that my cup stay muddy  
I got that Essie on, I know you jockin' me  
I got black Prada on and some Givenchy jeans  
I spray that Draco 'round, bitch, you better not play with me  
I'm dangerous  
I know that you ain't easy to be tamed  
I just cuffed my cup, like, fuck that love, oh, oh

I just cut her off, don't need that girl, oh, no, no more  
Pressed her on my wall, then gave her cheese like an NFT  
She wan' be my cameraman, fly out to come sit with me  
Big Maybach, bitch, let me breathe

I'm feelin' special, I might fly her out to LA, yeah  
I got my weapon, it turn violent if you test me, yeah  
Can't tell Mrs. Natalie that I left a coroner of niggas dead  
Mm-hm-mm  
I can't lose myself, I can't lose my groove, oh  
I hit my knees, I need some help, these niggas wan' put me on the new  
s  
This my testimony, oh, I been tired of runnin'  
They ain't give me nothin', hand out like I owe them somethin'  
Oh, God, I'll break 'fore I starve  
Oh, God, die for all my loved ones

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