Hundred thousand miles on the jet I fucked that bitch then I left Hop out the Lamb' at the VIP Aim at your head and your chest I know my gang flick the wrist Life is a game, play the chess I did that shit on the next Now I just walk with the best I'm so high, open my eyes Baby fine, make that mine Grown bitch give me [?] Bought the whip and took a ride

Riding around, exercise

Me and my bitch do [?]

Watch my wrist then watch my ride

[?] my shit goddamn, I'm sorry

Too many clothes, I don't need a dryer

They stuck to the web like Spider

Boy chicken then put him in the fryer

If she get to the money I like her

It's a [?] like a hiker

Louboutin on the [?]

Do not touch it, this more than designer

I'ma fly out this bitch from the projects

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