

UE, UE

Bustdown UE, bustdown UE

I spin her friend, I got toolies

I got bands, I get into it

Hand movin'

I roll me up a whole pound before I test that hooker

They try to tell me slow down in the 'Rari, boy, you cutter

I got a port like [?]

Hold on baby girl, then cut on

Told baby girl, "We never gon' fall, I'm way-way up like taco"

All these VVS on my wrist, and too many muhfuckin' puddles

Hop in the Shelby, rockin' the LV, all this muhfuckin' muscle

Half bottle, weight my cup

Baby walk in, wan' fuck

Told her, "Don't touch my Wock'"

Twenty-five K every time I talk

She just wan' pop like drop

Ask her, "Wanna play with my Glock?"

Fifty mags down yo' block, we never gon' stop

I got tags, paper tags, bitch, it's a new car

I'm in the H like a muhfuckin' rocket

Go to Toronto, I feel like Siakam

When I'm in hurt, you know I'm in my pocket

Oh, you tryn' get in my pocket?

She know that my jewelry truckin'

Only beat down on my way, you can't cop it

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I took the Wock to [?]

Now she out, drop with the stars in the roof

Talk to twins like towers

Get to the money like Saudi

All of my niggas front like calamari

I'm smokin' dope, I don't gotta charge it

Hop out the double R, speed off in the 'Rari

I'm on, hello, I'm gone

She rockin' Hermes

If I give you racks, not takin' it back

I'm a young nigga that came from the trap

I got the Rick and the stick in my vest

He lucky I robbed him, 'cause I could've killed him

Ain't no sun, it ain't go, "Ball-ball-ball"

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