

Blake Griffin

Yung Mal

I got pyrex on my beat so you know it cost a whole lot
Don't play with opps they drop the dot
We pull straight off we stopping cops
The spot got pounds they thought I crop
Watch him that boy talk to cops
My wrist it got a lot of rocks
My foreign it do tricks
Watch the top drop ask me what the top cost
Don't do no dates no top golf
I spent racks on one cross
I could have bought a trap house
My brother he send packs out
New condo my shit laid out
I been balling on them
I get money like I'm Blake now

I got bands in my bank account
Got young niggas ready to take you out
Wack you since you chasing clout
Racks stacks
Shit just pilin'
I don't got no stylist drip forreal like thousand island
And my diamonds they might blind you
Shooters infront got some behind me
Damn I took off perfect timing
Catch a flight I'm flying private
Catch him lacking llama
He went missing they can't find him
I'm in back of the back reclining
My prices they just keep getting higher
All these checks keep getting wired
Bich I got this shit on fire

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I get money like I'm blake now
You rocking designer from last year that shit played out
Pussy niggas put they racks up I bring the gang out
When we was young we had bang outs
Now we bring them k's out
All these rap niggas riding whips they don't own shit
50 round hanging out the clip when I'm in zone 6
It's Cleveland to East Atlanta we on that 1, 5

Pussy let his gun fire but it don't count ain't nothing die

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