Huh Gudda Tay on every beat, nigga Gudda, Gudda, Gudda, Gudda, yeah They tried to hold me down, like I'm Meek, I'm chasin' milli' (Cash) Pull up to the spot, we got P's, nigga, just like Diddy We gon' ride on they ass like it's Philly Send hundred shots, we gon' make them boys feel it Still in the pot in the kitchen Used to be hot, mama whipped me with switches Now I pull in the hood in a Bentley Hah, hoes on my dick so I'm droppin' the top One in the head, it stay cocked (Cocked) Know a hater gon' hate but I'm never gon' flop You think that's your ho, boy, stop (Boy, stop), huh I had that ho at the spot She fuckin' the gang, we send her to the bus stop, huh Cash run too long, nigga got racks on racks, this shit don't stop Got carats inside 'em, my watch don't tick, it jump like a bunny hop We gon' spin an opp's block with the stick Every night, nigga, shit ain't gon' never stop I'm feelin' like Pac Death around the corner, I'm goin' hard 'til my heart stop I know that they plottin', they watchin' Wanna take my spot, wanna get what I got Whether they like it or not, I'ma be at the top With them bands, bitch, sippin' a four of Wock' (Mud) And before I die, I'ma leave my son with like twenty M's in the stash spot (M's, cash) We runnin' through millies New watch Richard Mille Rockin' Adidas, Raf Simon Bitch I feel like Meek Milly (Mill, hah) They tried to hold me down, like I'm Meek, I'm chasin' milli' (Cash) Pull up to the spot, we got P's, nigga, just like Diddy We gon' ride on they ass like it's Philly Send hundred shots, we gon' make them boys feel it Still in the pot in the kitchen Used to be hot, mama whipped me with switches Now I pull in the hood in a Bentley Hah, hoes on my dick so I'm droppin' the top One in the head, it stay cocked (Cocked) Know a hater gon' hate but I'm never gon' flop You think that's your ho, boy, stop (Boy, stop), huh I had that ho at the spot She fuckin' the gang, we send her to the bus stop, huh Cash run too long, nigga got racks on racks, this shit don't stop Think this your ho? Boy, stop She cannot hop in this whip, she gotta go to the bus stop Double G, got bumblebees all on my low-tops These VVS diamonds be hittin' on my tank-top So many racks, what I can't cop? Gotta run this shit up 'til my heart stop

Bustdown on my wrist like a raindrop

Rolls Royce, no, this not a Range
I just got me a big old bag
I just hopped in the foreign with the big old dash
Stack it up, I got big old cash
Still gon' hate on the side, they big old mad
Bad bitch with a big old ass
Put that bitch on the curb like some big old trash
All these carats, they really gon' dance
Big rocks, water, splash

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Gudda Tay on every beat, nigga