

You're hard in the paint, I'm on the ball hater  
You're on the block, I be getting off the wall paper  
A class, I'm in the A-Class  
I've got food for any cat that wants to break fast  
And I'm the future, I ain't tryna change past  
I've got chicks on my case, I'm a rape charge  
Cah they know both my snake and my cake large  
I'm flashing bags in West like "Do you take card?"  
I'm on a mad buzz, I got them head sprung  
And any hater on my name can get their head spun  
I've got a blonde bitch telling me I'm dead young  
But can't wait for me to get my ass up the M1  
Banging [?], sipping on some Red Rum  
And any pagan on my list is a dead one  
I've got bloggers like "Fuck you're the best Yungs"  
Now I ain't even getting air from my left lung  
I'm just tryna eat, I ain't tryna sleep  
My exclusive [?] are looking kinda neat  
Plus there's a ting that's kinda sweet that I'm tryna beat  
She don't know it yet but I know she got her eye on me  
They're tryna ride on me, but I'm breathing  
I look flawless, my swag's through the ceiling  
I ain't the type to try and act like I'm creaming  
I'm just tryna get in with the crack, I'm a G-String  
Uh, and we can take this to the wire  
Grown man ting, you can tell by the attire  
I'm burning up cous', someone take me out the fryer  
I raised these kids, how they gonna doubt fire?  
Cah Money be the team, money be the motto  
Money be the plan, I bet my money make her swallow  
I'm living for today, I don't plan to see tomorrow  
Any name that gets mentioned with a stack is getting followed  
I've got Grips in the bin on the blower  
Saying as soon as he gets off the wing he's gonna blow up  
I'm tryna get my dough up  
I'm lyrically sick and Money First is the only fucking thing I  
throw up  
Bare man I could've joined  
Screaming that I should've joined  
I be like "Don't pull a joint"  
'Cause I'm out here, swammy on deck  
And I'm expecting a sentence if I hit you with that bullet poin  
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