

He ain't no real one clearly, certified stones clearly
Big checks keep on clearin', loud, we hard of hearin'
Pounds just keep appearin', then start disappearin'
(Trauma Tone)

She love my appearance, I got loads on clearance
They gon' drive a distance, just to come and get 'em

CDL drive-by, unload 'em on Palace
Every day a nigga make 80K average
Growin these veggies, I'm servin' this salad
All of my bitches got faces and wagons
Certified stones, shine and blingy
Clientele callin', my phone keep ringin'
Gang shit, nigga free Blitz and Demon
Street nigga still take a brick for a feature

Pour a whole ten in that Pino's bottle
I can pay a lil' bitch rent off, often
I be havin' bags that is rental for travelin'
I can make ends at casinos, gamblin'
He ain't no real, he can look at my stats for intelligent trap
nigga
If you can't get captured, all my bitches
Rather run weed, all my nigga steppin' indeed
Fuckin' with the planty, I see him on my team
Ice-cox shot at a GLE
Hallucinating off this DMT
Do not play, nigga, DNP
Catchin' these jugs at GLC
Everybody eat, I feed my team

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