

It's been a minute let me get with it, as I roll up  
Niggas been waiting on trade like whats the hold up  
My only mission in life was to blow up  
They ask what I throw up, you know what I rep and I'm one of the best  
Supervillian in the building I'm clearly a threat  
Been doing this here for a minute considered a vet  
A lot of niggas want me to fail cause they know that I'm next  
That's damn near impossible this game ain't got rid of me yet  
I fell of and I crawled and regaining my steps  
This time around I'mma give all till im gaspin for breath  
I stay silent on a lotta shit quiet is kept  
But I dont know too many niggas with silent success  
So I write it all down to get it off my chest  
The weed we break it all down to get off the stress  
Niggas hate, fuck 'em, cause they know that we the best  
It ain't my fault I do this shit breakin a sweat

I'm just laid back chilling posted, living like a villian mostly  
High off this purple shit, no lie I'm flyin I'm so roasted  
Money, bitches, Testarossas, Veuve-Clicquot, few mimosas  
Bring them thru my ups and downs life is like a roller coaster

The more I smoke the smaller the doobie get  
They takin shots at the jets on some John Woo movie shit  
All blanks I'm unscaved untouched on my way to the bank, what the fuck?  
For tryna play Spitta you shall forever remain  
Without a name, lames know what I claim  
Upset they all throw up my set from the sunroof of my car  
Seats butter baguettes  
Bitches cumbling nuggets I'm feeling lovely and blessed  
Tribeca at Bubby's I'm enjoying a lemon press not that Minute Maid crap  
They squeeze these lemons they selves  
The hearts of women melt when Trilla lyrics are felt  
Olympic swimming in bitches Micheal slash leon phelps  
High bread weed money tree slang for dummies  
Get it crackin like lobsters ice vodka and the bong's bubblin'

Me with a record deal yea they said I couldn't get it  
My homie Ferris told me you couldn't hustle for a living but  
That Richard Porter money had a nigga driven  
And word to my nigga Stan I was bugging for a minute but  
Look how the tables turned, they still spinning  
The homie flew me from Kenner to N-Y city yea  
My uncle told me let the sky be your limit  
I was cool with a kid in the kitchen who was a chemist yea  
And far as bread, mama told me make plenty  
So it's money in my bank account and money in my denims yea  
In high school them girls used to blow me kisses  
But it's money over bitches, Roddy all about his Benjies  
Shout out to Spitta, they wear us out like Fendi  
Let's hit the Chi where the weather much windy but  
But me I'm from the dirty, the dingy, the south  
Where everywhere we at we smoke it out