

Up early, smokin' and plottin'
Looking at these lames being thankful I'm not them
This year couple million out the game
And you're wondering how I got them
I got it from going hard, I always stay on my job
Wanna get high you should come to my spot then
And smoke with some heavyweight niggas
Jets, Taylor Gang nigga losing's not a option
Now I'm always on the road
And everywhere I go people asking what I'm rocking
I tell em this is next year's fresh and this year's best
And some shit you niggas not in, so quit copyin'
Yeah man
You niggas got it confused, trying to do what we do
That's not the point
The point is for you to do you
It's a beautiful thing
I'm in the regal, you in a rut
Stuck, can't come up
Old, jealous niggas hatin' on us
Bitches is wishin' you'd shut the fuck up
I'm in the position, set my niggas up tough
What the fuck, just jump
Continents I promise it
I could go from bucks to billions in a minute
Made a split second decision
Executed with precision
I feel attention when I walk in the room
Old cuddly ass niggas go to hidin' they woman
Thinkin' I'mma walk up to 'em, but I don't do it
Baby girl know the big shit from the manure
I could help you shine like a jeweler
Candy paint make an old whip newer