

# Self-Made

Bryson Tiller

Woo, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You already know  
Young Tiller  
Let's go

Gucci on my belt, bought a necklace for myself  
Bought Giseppe for myself, spent them blessings on myself  
Donatello, that's a killer, I smoke purple out the shelf  
She want Birkin, she want, Gucci purse, she want Chanel, got it

I spend that 'cause I earned it for myself  
Got my shawty out the way and now I'm splurging on myself  
You should worry 'bout yourself, I've been working on myself  
I've been balling like I'm Curry, need a jersey for myself (I need a jersey for myself)  
What's next? I'm nervous for myself  
If I changed, I became a better version of myself  
Bought a chain, bought two more, yeah, I deserve that for myself  
And my neighbors look at me like, "How he purchase that himself?"

'Cause I'm a seven figure, self-made nigga  
Blow the money, get it back the next day nigga (made it back, yeah)  
Wow, what the check say, nigga?  
I'm getting paid, nigga, need a chef and maid, nigga

And a Gucci on my belt, bought a necklace for myself  
Bought Giseppe for myself, spent them blessings on myself  
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Must've heard a hundred niggas say they made me (I made that nigga!)  
So, which one you niggas made me?  
Don't know who you talking to, not me, oh no, you can't be  
They wan' be my fam, but my crew is sucker-lame free (Lame free)  
I just want a yacht and a jet-ski  
Pull up on your block, Icy Hot, Wayne Gretzkey (I pull up, pull up)  
Fucking con artist, boy, you sketchy  
Pretty but she messy, only wanna sex me

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Count that mula with my thumb  
502, that's where I'm from  
Used to stay on Hazelwood  
You see trouble then you run (Run)  
Word to Joker Noble, we don't do this shit for fun  
100 million, then I'm done  
Poochie laid out in the sun  
Like I want

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Yeah, yeah, Gucci on my belt  
Yeah, she want Gucci on her belt  
Gucci on her purse  
Gucci on that  
Yeah