

I just want to ball out with the squad at the bar with the stars and the cars out  
I just want to ball out and when I walking bling got these items and the moll out  
I just want to ball out I'm like flying all the times no sleep I'm a do it for my niggas  
I just want to ball out I be flying all day all night I'm a real go get to

On the spot bat caves digital beams and scanners  
Double pots, microwaves, ride down windows and cameras  
We time swivel, stepping on that yatchy  
Your money funny like a lickle I make a thousand stacks a hour  
I'm still connected like a Rallister gotta line on that there powder  
I'm not a judge but gotta jury balling like Stephan Curry  
Get you outta here in hurry if I must  
Most of the time supposed be worried caz they jealous their bitch on me  
Caz wakey without the brush no Murrays  
Power player no bench press just burpies  
Eating pistachios cleaning my AKs smoking me weed and bumping me regain  
All work no play play I be gone till November, I'm leaving May  
The best thing I want y'all to do for me is pray  
That I make it home and get back safely one day  
I'm a for real life hussla I sit on the fucking case  
I'm a ball till I have it all, till what? Till fall on my fucking face

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Yea, no game lockout no key  
You trying smoke with no trees  
No fatigue you so weak  
Sidewalk you not street  
Sit down no feet  
Plucking on em no 3's  
Blowouts no outies  
Sit back take your bitch on the under low key  
Money up no sleep  
Head back nosebleeds  
See mid 3's OG's  
Dotty big I'm rolling  
Picture me rolling  
2Pac I'm blowing  
Keith White I'm so smooth  
Chilli palmer be cool  
Made it clear see through  
Backshots re do  
I show you rear view you better duck D2  
I'm D1 you D2 homeboy I don't see you  
Any way my team on dream all you wanna be  
Halloween Jamie Lee Curtis, Jackson came 50  
Icing on this mic all strong on this bike  
Pedal to the metal gear solid you just all hype

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No pencil or paper banker only kind a live with  
Doctor, chopper, bed surgeon if we think he feel right  
Having no money concussion leave ya head hurt  
Good community I rest in peace like a dead person  
Crib look like a mansion compared to your house  
Focus on money you focus on me like what ya all about  
She's back woods type I live in a log house  
Yea I been to your house sperming ya broads up  
Ain't even going lie she showed me a dope time  
Paper view, showtime, charged her like my phone died  
Entourage clothes line homies stay on your grind  
Could be where I was at 2 years ago with no time  
Backwards feeling it we dark silhouette  
My name nicotine and cane but nah I don't smoke cigarettes  
But I smoke niggas I'm addicted to gettin' them bitches wet  
I got a joke for ya money ya all don't get it yet

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