

You better not raise your voice at me
You know I got a pimp degree
Pluto

Draco season with the bookbag
Rat tat, got a little kick back
Hundreds on hundreds got a good batch
You ain't never ever get you bitch back
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Lamborghini doors, but I never stop
They done fucked around, got a nigga pissed off
Nice little thot got a stiff arm
Did the Heisman on the hoe got the stiff arm
Fuck up that body like Tyson or Holyfield, wo wo wo wo wo
A couple of pills and I got my soda filled, wo wo wo wo wo
Break out a sweat, I go head over heels for these mils, wo wo wo wo wo wo
She thinks she the one, but to me she ain't nothing but a thrill, whoa whoa
whoa whoa whoa
I've been drippin' like a God with her
I been dodgin' all the flies, what else?
I been fillin' up garages what else?
I gave her a French menage what else
Close your eyes eyes eyes
I'm about to slide slide slide
Wonder why why why
I stay in the sky sky sky
Pink Molly, let me dance with her
Freestylin', let me dance with her
Sky Dweller, it was sentimental
Rose gold, it was sentimental

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Fuck up my bitch by the change
Want me to jump out the stage
I wanna jump in the air
You know the love ain't fair
You killin'? then show us the proof
I already got the juice
Chain different colors like fruits
I like to hang out the roof
I got to train my bitches
I'm putting chains on my bitches
I'll pull some chain on the snitches
I'm focused, I'm back on my mission
Flex on a nigga, no apologies

Molly Off-White, done got a league
Playing hockey with the ice in the Major League
35 bitches at the St. Reg
Fall back shooter like KD
Back in the kitchen with the Curry
Pullin' up wit Xan, can't hurt me
Pineapple drink lookin' syrupy
56 nights, I was dirty
Styrofoam cups servin' patients
Heard you been talkin' bout the kid
Knowin' damn well that's a flagrant (technical)
I cancel two bitches
I got me some new bitches
Come check out how I'm living
I got me some new drippy
I got me some new drip!
She ain't got nothing to do with it
I'll give my bitch to you
If that what she mean to you

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Yeah I'm cruisin' in the deep
Im twisted up, I got geeked
Misbehaving with ya freak
Can't tell she got teeth
I was in her mouth like veneers
Stop comparing my career
Designer flooded through the crib
Business furniture for real
Bought a Fendi couch for my kids
They just want to plug a nigga wig
Charge a half a mil for the gig
Middle fingers up, fuck the pigs
Diamonds fallin' off me, let me jig
Never falling off and never quit
I retired cookin' up a brick
Certified nigga out the six
Who was wrapping dummies in the zone
I was chargin' 10 for the strong
Keep on goin' in on this song
Keep an F&N at your home
Lesson learned and we moving on
I got Firm niggas, Al Capone
Got my Chi niggas on the horn
Downtown Atlanta I was born