

I remember all I used to want was 6 figures
Till I stack sick up then I want 7
MGA grand hundred grand M7
Fuck know ain't giving passing how'd you intercept it
Look at me millionaire with my lil sum
Remind you to cut one hundred off a little somethin
Kid that double that now I'm on the half
Nigga stole that had to get some get back
Pop pop pop get on on that get back
God damn it heckler know it gotta get back
Had 'em make 'em respect gotta dig that
The end tone still don't matter what the kick back
I'm the don where I'm from hide your kick back
Nickle pass hole in the porch split that
Kit kat break it down let me hear it now
Switch cage now rap it's on snare

A hundred for the cargo imagine dat
Two hundred in my cargos imagine dat
Two hundred where the cargo imagine dat
G4 no cargo imagine that
No underdog on the top now, imagine dat
Miami beach for the top down, imagine dat
I ain't have a pot to piss, imagine dat
Now look at me I'm the shit, imagine dat

Ey, we used to ride through the rich neighborhood
Mama day dreaming told me we gonna do this all good
It was all a dream we threw a big things
Had faith stuck on that I never doubted that
I learned the game rented up then I outed that
Know I ride that R8 shit I outed that
Million in the safe, ride around in the house every day
I course selling aye, sing like I cake like birthday
I tried the pimp game you know that it may curb pay
Studio everyday I sell word play
Living proof you can win all you gotta do is play
Keep 'em fiending for a fist at the heap
Streets love me, I give 'em substance
You about my cream you can never milk me
Fuck big clean rack up beef your tense

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