

Kickin' kickin' up dust in my Polo boots (x4)
Everyday that I go, we all about the load (x3)
Kickin' kickin' up dust in my Polo boots (x4)

Polo to the jewels, rose gold the jewels
Still get my hands dirty, gotta keep me some Purell
It's a cold world, but the streets is more cruel
I'm just tryin' to do well, jet life swell
Nine eleven cartel, money's on
Came a long way from slidin' skeezers, smokin' reefer
And the honeycombs
Since then, lost friends off envy and hate
Niggas mad because they sell mixed and I sell weight
Coming clean, niggas still be in the trap
Should leave that garbage alone and come and get you a bag
Stompin' through joints still lookin' fresh
Zippers in the front, laces in the back

If I die today, remember me like Ralph Lauren
In a denim supplied jacket in bucket lookin' Harlem
On skully mode, lookin' rugged, Ronny Carfenaugh
Rugby flow, I'm the king, I ain't just talkin'
I'm about it, just caught a lick
Blew my profit on a closet, there's garbage in the store
I ain't seen nothin' I ain't buy yet
Damn shame, walk through the mansion get champaign, true story
I got a little power so I don't pay at the counter
They know when I'm around the store reek of the sour
And just imagine, the pack will get even louder
Don't wonder where I got it, just know that I's slingin', I was