

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, okay  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, (what up Rozay)

This is Rolex music  
Sittin' in the back of that 62, just me and my boo  
Radio Killer music  
We always with the baddest hoes, fuck the status quo  
You can't see me, you can't see me  
Give a fuck what you think, blowing bottles of that drink  
You can't see me, you can't see me  
Shawty we shut it down, down, down, you can't see me

Red Ferrari, me and my cutie pie  
Blowing money fast, Westside shawty til I die  
Back to the haters, wind in my face  
Louis Vuitton shades, Levis jeans  
And I feel like Master P cause my cards ain't got limit  
Pull a black Visa - buy a black Jesus  
My nigga Chris say he can't imagine what this is  
Can't wait til you get home, nigga look how we living  
Waking up, breaking up with the baddest bitches  
I heard my cousin told his mother "that nigga gettin' it"  
So this one goes out to them haters, fuck you and your blank stare  
Arm out the window, smiley face, Rollie in the air

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You already know what it is when you see me  
Radio Killa straight out of the C P T  
Compton if you didn't know, westside til I die  
Hair down my back, Gucci Print on the bag  
Cali swagger, Rollie on my arm  
See I been to hell and back, and I put that on my mom  
And now I'm in the building with the hottest nigga doing it  
Got to get that money baby, that's why I'm pursuing it  
It's a celebration when them gold presidential links  
Are wrapped around your wrist, yeah, shawty is the shit  
So this song's for them haters, fuck you and your blank stare  
Smiley face, Rollie way up in the motherfucking air

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know it

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah you know it  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know it  
Compton in this bitch  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know it  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know it  
Yeah, yeah, yeah,  
ATL up in this bitch, yeah