

Yayyoooooooo

Ye, ye, ye, ye, yea

We goin party like 2020

I got them bricks you know whatever get money

My overseas bitch love that african blow

I got the mansion and the cars of a half a blow

The feds watchin, cause I'm selling all my crime

There tryin to hit a nigga with that nelson mandela time

I look at time from the oyster

Them bitches love them aphrodisiaks the clams and them oysters

Now my nut sacks in her mouth just like them oysters

I cook up 16's and bag of the cordless

My coat scale you could weigh a fuckin walrus

My shooters are zombies, walking corpses

Niggas wanna crucify me put me on crosses

Cause my jeweller got me in them big shiny scrosses

And 50 got me in them shiny porsches

Weed man deliver boy we smoke to wee naucious