No stupid
Don't think too much, you gon' lose it
Just lose yourself in the music
Get off your ass and move that thang, girl
All my girls are my main girl
'Round the world in them planes
'Til they chains too strap to do range
'Til they see how you walk and your strange look

These niggas won't hold me back
These hoes won't hold me back

Oh my God, I'm the bigshot now Prima Donna had them like "wow!" Hitchcock in my modern day Where the fuck is my VMA? Where the fuck is my Grammy? Supermodels wearin' no panties Supercar, not drivin' no Camry Freshman [?] but no rallies

These niggas won't hold me back
These hoes won't hold me back

My girlfriend looks like she's from Gilmore Dance on my dick like we from Fillmore This my ghetto story, crescendo Coupe with them same windows, limos Wrong label had me in limbo Too much info, we're rich and prismo Prolly loco, black as the Congo Pay me pronto, wearin' snow camo

I'm on a new level
I am too cultured and too ghetto
If you knew better you'd do better
But then you would know by the word of my penis
Please do not treat me like I'm not a genius
I'm runnin' on empty, the new River Phoenix
I'm out in Bristol, bro from the ends got a pistol
The bro from the ends gonna get you

These niggas won't hold me back These niggas won't hold me back These niggas won't hold me back These niggas won't hold me back
These hoes won't hold me back

[Kilo Kish:]
I was 'pose to meet you
Don't tell my girls or I'll creep through
I never see you
Can't figure what I did to leave you
Everything's see-through
Your official smile to see you
They can see you
Wish that I could see too