

I got the streets
I got the juice
I got the weed, I got the drank, I got the coupe
I got the racks, I got the trap, I got the hoes
I got the strap, I got the hitters
Stay out my way, paper route business, hey!
I got the money (first you get the money)
I got the power (then you get the power)
We got the streets (hey, hey!)
Because they ours (uh-huh!)
I got the bag, I got the swag, I got the bag
'Bout to go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag
Go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag, hey!

What is that question you asked?
What is in my bookbag?
That's just a whole lot of cash
Or that's just a whole lot of swag
I just got back from England
I just made a mil in three months
I just smoked an ounce in three blunts
I pour lean in my grape blue punch
I never had shit so I stunt, flex
Half a million dollars worth of jewelry on while I'm havin' sex
Real street nigga playin' with paper
So I do it for the streets, fuck a hater
Yeah I threw the money on a stripper ho
But later on that night I fucked a waiter
'Bout to go spend me a bag
I'm 'bout to go spend me a bag
I'm 'bout to go fuck on your bitch
Take her overseas with me, she in first class
I'm 'bout to go spend me a bag
I'm 'bout to go spend me a bag
Boy that's a whole lot of swag
Gucci Timberlands with the matching rag

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I got the the youth, I got the Benz
Was gon' cop Bentley but then I got Maybach
That boy ain't no soldier, he act like Pat Sajak
A nigga so fresh that I smell just like Ajax
Ooh, I got the bag
I got the swag in a box filled with tags

Show off my riches 'cause I came from rags
Jacksonville shawty, my bitch drive a Jag
Nigga run up, on my soul he'll get dragged
I spend a whole lotta, Uzi scarf rap like I came from Al-Qaeda
Fuck the rap game, I do not need no writers
I know the shooters and hang with the fighters
One kilo dab, I pipe up more than Rayu
Piper viper viper, my bro keep a sniper
Pop pop at your top
Fuck around and run it up like I'm Guap
Ay, never gon' stop
Lil Boat take your worst day to the chop shop
Over there on the east block
He lives the thug life just like Pac
I live the good life, I'm the don
Young enough to be your mama's son
But some hire mama's sons
Still a nigga signing, fuck her older son
Shout out Zaya, got my neck and wrist on pawn

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I pull up smokin' out the bag
I'm 'bout to go spend a bag
I count that money real fast
I wonder if that's her real ass
I'm on the E-way doin' the dash
All this ice on me looking like glass
These bitches they love me like In the trap I perfected my craft
Told you niggas ain't really Told you niggas ain't seeing us
Lost a quarter mil re'ing up
Niggas too slow, ain't keeping up
Sipping on Actavis
Drinking me a codeine daiquiri
Showed up late but fashionably
Every week is fashion week, yeah
Need a bad bitch that set it off like Jada
I don't wanna fuck, I want you to hold my sack, I'll pay you
In Pappadeaux eating alligator
My favorite app is a calculator
Yeah, I think I might go spend me a bag today my nigga

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