

Yeah

Can you please mothafuckin' rise  
For the national mothafuckin' trap star anthem  
Let's go

Cause bitch I'm amazing', look what I'm blazin'  
Eyes so low, yea I look like an Asian  
Forever clubbin', forever thuggin'  
Haters run they mouth, they ain't talkin' bout nothin'  
(2x)

Cause Bitch I'm amazin'  
Closed door armour, lookin' like it's miller times  
Sixty Seven diamond chain, who he think he Busta Rhymes  
Bitch I bust a lot of rhymes, could of done a lot of time  
And I ain't never snorted shit, put it all up on the line  
Got a lot up on my mind, got a lot up on my plate  
Got to feed my hood, So I'm up and down the interstate  
The streets need a nigga, so I'm in and out that vocal booth  
Hoes love a nigga, cause I'm in and out they yellow coupe  
But nuttin but banana split, say that I'm her favourite  
If you can take a lot of dick, I can talk a lot of shit  
Go on baby swag it up, show them haters who your with  
Bring you want that gangsta shit, who you niggas fuckin' with

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Cause Bitch I'm amazin'  
First I sold two mill, then I sold another one  
Told them if you pay for three, that I will front another one  
Told them if they give me this, then I'll record another one  
But if you can not give me that, ain't no sense in callin' back  
Fuck you think they sell me for, fuck you think they find me at  
Damn right American, I'm gonna need a bigger hat  
Close your eyes imagine this, gonna need a bigger safe  
I got bills up in that bitch, that bitch stacked up since 98  
Let 'em talk, let 'em hate, watch them lick the navigate  
If you touch 'em, wipe 'em off  
Bring a brush, then take em off  
I can make an avalanche and I ain't talkin Chevy trucks  
Call me Georgia lottery cause I'll be talkin mega bucks

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Cause Bitch I'm amazin'  
Must of spent ten grand to make they coupe stand taller  
First round draft pick, yea I'm mother fuckin balla  
Just right your number down, baby girl I might call ya  
If she give it to me now, she won't live to see tomorrow  
And if she playin' with it, she won't make it thru the night  
Before the song with kanye, I had my money right

Used to call me vice grips, yea I get my money tight  
Now it's time to re up, then I make my money white  
You can catch me at my jewel, yea I like my money bright  
You can find me at the lot, yea I like my money fast  
Two hundred on the gas, two hundred on the dash  
Yea I'm spendin' all money, now I'm livin' in the past

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