

I done put 20 inside the Civic  
I pull up on you and pop at your kid  
I pull out your rocket and pop at your wig  
I hopped out the Coupe and I'm fresh as a bitch  
Since I was a youngin', I been gettin' dough  
I came right back in and I turn up the show  
I want 'em Xans, they get me off  
I put the V neck on my team, yeah

I dig everythin that you sayin'  
I dig everythin' that you doin', too  
I dig the way that you look at me  
You dig the way that I look at you  
I just wanna grab on your butt, but  
The seat in the Benz, the Chanel Clutch  
The FN give him a haircut  
I roll up a seven of John Dutch  
That big booty bounce on the dick and it broke  
I don't gotta act like a gangsta and she know  
My Backwood look like a pole  
My Backwood look like a pole  
I see 'em clouds of the smoke  
I'mma blow clouds of the smoke  
Pardon me, pardon my soul  
I crack a smile for them folks  
Niggas they eatin' in broad day  
In that hoe mouth like a Colgate  
Keepin' that cold case, God, please give me that cold case  
I don't want new friends, forgive me for all of my sins  
I don't wanna think about losin', all I wanna do is win win  
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Without the radio, it's 20 a show and that's fasho  
I need that bacon, bitch, we buyin' dope, that's how it go  
Like a Migos, rep that Freebandz  
That 44., I could cook the dope with no stove  
Pot on the floor  
Pull up in that coupe shit, they like damn, where the roof went?  
In the streets, they call me Jay Z, cause bitch, I got the blueprint  
No nigga, I don't want no old hunnids, you know I want 'em blue strips  
And I can't fuck you old hoes, I'm ballin' with my new bitch  
Yeah  
You dig that? 200,000 worth of chain and that's a fact  
Got my name in this rap game by sellin' crack  
Rest in peace to OG Double D, you did that, slime!

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Shoot out the Coupe  
Shoot out the roof  
Pull up and smash on her  
We don't got to put a bag on her  
I took your hoe, ya dig?  
I told a hoe to sit  
Had big bells, midgets  
Now you can say I got millions  
Swam with the sharks, water  
You be law and order  
I be gettin' money every mornin': Tom Joyner  
I heard you gettin' money, but you payin' em niggas extortin' ya  
You pay for your fame and fortune  
You pay for your fame and fortune  
I am the plug, cordless  
Pull up with blazers, Portland  
I pay the neighbors to pick up the dope on they porches  
I came from nickel, I came from nickels  
My niggas don't know you, we don't fuck with you  
Ive been in the system, I've been in a pickle  
You dig me like shovels, I gotta fuck with ya

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Hop in the private  
This is a Lambo, not a hybrid  
My wrist is a faucet  
Feed 'em perkies, I'm the doctor  
Draco, 100 round choppa  
She got her eyes on me like binoculars  
Count up this money, it's marvelous  
Stall the bitch, I don't call the bitch  
You better dig what I'm sayin'  
I'mma kill you and your mans  
Beat down the block like an amp  
Goin' up like a skateboard on a ramp  
Go buy a rollie and bust it  
Talkin' that tough shit  
But you know you not gon' bust shit  
Look at my fashion  
This is a Gucci rug, B  
I'm trappin' and rappin'  
Still got 'em babies in custody  
My diamonds be dancin'  
Live in a mansion  
My life is lovely  
And I am loyalty  
Knock your ass off  
Pay the lawyer fee  
Shit can get ugly

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