

Get too much money, I ain't even try to take no advice
I got some baguettes, you know I'm buried in the ice
I'm in an igloo and my bitch live in a glacier
Came from the bottom, now I'm countin' up this paper (ayy)
I get my racks and I shut up
I get-get racks, get cheddar
I'm pressure, she pressure
Got a ticket in my dresser
Bitch, I came straight up out the pressure
Nipsey Hussle, blue rag on my necklace
We mobbin' in the Tesla
I'm a certified Eliante investor
I promise I'm goin' in like the privates
I'm boardin' in lot of out-of-town bitches, we know they coordinates
I was broke, now I'm twenty-two and I made the Forbes again
I been all about some racks, fuck a bitch, get some racks
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Ayy, you know a nigga been livin' life
I been gettin' factory diamonds, tryna get the Jigga ice
We been on a different time
I damn near don't wear Margiela, I got Louis V Vanilla
I got my bitch that came from the trap pushin' porch pedal
V-12 engines got me kickin' a horse better
You like the local bitches, I like the imported better
I hang with killers, none of my nigga don't know no better
Shorty, what? You want your rent paid?
And your bust down Rollie with a big face
Wanna meet Rihanna, get some Fenty
Can you climb up on my presidente?
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