

Posted up with Yeezy, got the chain on my Rolls Royce
Runnin' up a mill', too easy, I ain't got no choice
Did a festival run and I damn near lost my voice
They ain't never let me in this bitch, I kicked the door
If he a rat, then I ain't never gon' trust him
I keep blue cheese, blue cheese, blue cheese, blue cheese inside the duffel
She pull up in a yellow Lamborghini, color butter
See, Roddy corporate, but I run with niggas out the gutter (hoo-hoo)

I been workin' so hard that I just missed supper (hoo-hoo)
Know some niggas that keep bricks inside of tupper (hoo-hoo)
All my diamonds hit so hard, I got a concussion (hoo-hoo)
I be fuckin' all the bitches that he cuffin' (hoo-hoo)
I was out in Miami, that's two hours from Orlando
Had to get Dubai money, I'm slidin' on the sand though
We recruited niggas out the army with the ammo
Fucked her in a penthouse suite, I better light a candle
I double-dutch Promethazine, but don't be in my business
We might fly out to your city, and yes, we brought some twins with us
My man be some damn high, he geeky geeky, brought the triple cup
Don't speak on my name, we diss and clean the nigga dissin' us

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