

Countin' all this pape', I ain't never think I lost
Ridin' inerstates, thinkin' about my way to boss up
If a nigga say he want the smoke, we got the sparkers
I ain't gotta pay 'em, they gon' do it just because

We started off robbers, now we certified ballers
I be on my ball hog shit
Had to go the humble route, they thought I lost it
Never make a U-turn on me, double what it's costin'
Runnin' with some Cs, I know some B hats, like Boston
Had to get some tough skin, you'll never make it with soft skin
Eyes on my wrist, lied to the judge, I can't lie to my bitch, ayy
Got a taste of money and I run it up ever since
Runnin' with the congress, we know all the dead presidents
All I know is Roddy take the lead and they gon' follow
All I know is if you cross, you get a hollow, woah, woah

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Know he got a frost wrist, uh
Climbin' out the holes, but I do this shit so effortless
Hustle just to live
Spented fifty bands on the whole squad, shoppin' at Phipps
And they know I got 'em, but they better never have loose lips
All this water on me, lookin' like a motherfuckin' cruise ship
Got Glizzy's on Glizzy's, never go nowhere without the hip, ayy
Got ten million out the oven, like a chocolate chip
Got QPs 'cause real P's never cop a zip
My whip a spaceship, I'm so comfortable in my cockpit

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