

I'm balling now, yeah just like Kobe  
You callin now, yea bitch you know me  
You falling off, and I'm taking all yo hoes bitch  
I'm showing off, what the fuck I gotta lie for

What the fuck I got to lie for  
I ain't never had shit  
Zilch zero nothing  
Now that a nigga got something  
Yea bitch I'm stunting  
Look at all this moneys  
Hundreds and these fiftys  
Eating at the Whitney  
Now yo bitch wanna come with me  
Cause we bout to go to the mall  
Tonight we popping bottles  
My baby momma a hoodrat  
But now I got me a model  
And she wanna swallow drink it all up  
Straight to the neck from the bottle, bitch cause she don't need a cup  
And we bout to go make it rain thunder fucking storm  
Kush nuggets to the brain pop fucking corn  
Shapow bitch wow been had hundreds  
Naw nigga I'm just lying my nigga I be fronting  
Got that income tax swag, that income tax swag  
That bad dame in my lap I just cop her a bag  
Got that income tax swag, that income tax swag  
That bad dame in my lap I just cop her a bag

I'm a blow it all now muthafuck a later  
Bout to a mink  
And sum diamond encrusted gators  
Car with a TV in it, maid and a butler too  
So what nigga this rented right gone have to do  
I'm a take it all with me when I'm gone bitch it's gone to  
Who cares when the kids get grown  
They better figure out what they gone do  
Cause right now nigga I got it  
Nigga What about you  
Broke ass niggas worth nothing  
I can buy ya'll in twos  
Cause a long time ago  
My nigga was just like you  
But we ain't talking bout the past  
It's about right now my dude  
Cause normally I be broke  
But right now I got cash  
Nah, nigga I'm lyin, you know that I be frontin  
Got that income tax swag, that income tax swag  
That bad dame in my lap I just cop her a bag  
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