

Yeah, put your motherfucking...
And smoke some motherfucking...
And get high as a bitch

Sometimes my friends be like my feelings, they come and go
Somebody spare some fucks for me to give cause I'm running low
Somebody put some fire to that bitch, yeah I wanna smoke
I'm tryna hit a lick, hit this ro, and then get a quote
You know what we coming for
Long money in short days
I break shit, they gon' pay me
Won't chill in their space, they can't cage me
I'm back to the point like playing safety
If you in the way, you just playing with safety
Ayy you should play your shit safer dog
Calculate your steps and really get what you saying off
I'm talking about some six figure plays and you ain't involved
I'm talking bout standin' in that deep water caught under the pressure you c
an't
The bubble guppy what the truth is
And you ain't budging when we running through them streets through kid
Misopportunist quit acting stupid
At the cup missing the game
Winning like Patrick Ewing, you blew it
I'm running through my path blasting through it
Fuck all the babble, let's get back to music
No other answer cause I have to do it
So when I creep up with my niggas five deep [?]
With the gas still running slow
You know what we coming for...

Money, cars, and clothes
Fine things I suppose
[?]
It's all that I know
Some niggas [?]
Some niggas [?] go hard [?]

My niggas keep on saying they ain't heard from me
Cause I'm busy getting skrilla, I deserve to be
Man my pockets was in a state of emergency
Watch me work in [?] I show urgency
So prolific exposing you bitches
We the game sewed in stitches
You ain't equipped and can't be coexisting
I'm making shit rattle like a broken engine
And watch them dollars multiply amongst my long division
Shit if I could have a dollar for every nigga who dirted my name
I'd probably quit rap and move somewhere deserted today
I prolly go on vacation for a permanent stay
But this work you finna get is all that's certain today
I get respect in abundance and my cash in advance
Keep that pattern in the rhythm, I done mastered this dance
So when we run down, spilling hella gas on your plans
Flicking lighters to the flame, glow
You know what we came for, bitch
(Bitch, bitch)