

If you don't know by now man  
we don't fuck around  
They taking shots but  
we ain't ducking down  
Ain't no marathon but  
we run the town  
All I wanna do is make my mama proud

You think I'm popping'  
I ain't even get it started yet  
Rest in Paradise to the dearly departed yes  
Your girl want this Asian boy  
I'm just being honest blessed  
I'm thinking bout my moves  
till I lay my head to rest  
When I go look in the mirror  
All that I'm seeing is fresh  
Ain't no DJ Khaled here  
But they still know we the best  
I'm only seen speaking the truth  
With a lion tatted all on my chest  
Feeling so stressed  
Your chick obsessed  
With me so you trying to flex  
Givenchy button up  
I took it to the dryer  
I'll cut these chickies off man  
I'mma get the pliers  
Couple bottle Ace's on my rider  
We took it this far but man  
we gon' take it hlghe  
Thank God thank God  
the world is feeling me  
Draped all draped all up  
in these silky sheets  
Fake love fake love you  
just ain't real to me  
The third strike my life  
this shit a trilogy

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We hella filthy yeah getting litty yeah  
We hella filthy yeah getting litty yeah  
We hella filthy yeah getting litty yeah  
We hella filthy yeah getting litty yeah

Ay ㅁㅁㅁㅁㅁ ㅁㅁㅁㅁ  
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Ay ㅁㅁㅁㅁㅁㅁㅁ ㅁㅁㅁㅁㅁㅁㅁ

oooooooooooo oooo  
we don't fuck around  
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oooooooooooooooo  
oooooooooooooooo  
ooooooo  
Young Masiwei ooooo  
You are broke ass ooooo

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oooooooooooooooofunny  
oooooo ooooo  
ooKorea ooo ooooo  
oooooooooooooooo  
oooooooooooooooo  
Higher motherfuck brothers  
oooooooo  
oooooooooooo  
oooounderground  
oooooo I'm Chinese Ferg  
ooooowork ooodollar  
I don't speak loud ooooopower  
PUMA FILA on my feet  
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oooooooooooo  
oooooooooooo

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Lil mama wanna ride cause my style flyer  
In the kitchen whippin' up like Mrs. Doubtfire  
Tryna get more bands than a south buyer  
Then I shakin' from the feds like Alzheimers  
Get a little litty off the sapphire  
Pop a lil' molly go livewire  
Turnt all night young vampire  
Tryna smack everything like Quagmire  
Freaky freaky got the flex  
Ate my Wheaties I don't stress  
No heebie jeebies level up  
Adida-didas get the check  
Sign releases flip it flip it see  
increases whip the jet  
Need them visas head to head Serena Venus  
Sharapova in the pot  
I ain't trickin' on no thot  
I just stoke 'em on the yacht  
Then I smash out on a sea doo  
Low key gutter but I'm GQ Panamera  
Paint job see through  
Slide up on you tote that emu  
Big ol' birdie might delete you oops  
I ain't got nothin' to lose snitches  
When I die post some juice bitches

Bury me in a box with two bitches  
Hearse pull up 22 inches  
Everywhere I go keep 2 ninjas  
Wit me cause it be all goon business  
All I wanna do get new riches  
Make mama proud and my two sistas

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