

Yeah, you know
(Murder on the beat so it's not nice)

Got hunnid, fifty, no stressin'
Bend it over, yoga stretchin'
Supersoka, change clothes
Different city, same hoes
Bust a move, she got more, yeah
You know, titties tuggin' on my jewels, yeah
You know, Stacey Dash, shawty clueless
Hands down, head clappin' where the tool is

Woo, money man on a mission
I got 'em standin' at attention
I just throw my hand like I'm fishin'
I just get that ass some ambition

I'm really hopin' I can touch it, no conditions
You say you need a shower, well I got hella ammunition
Just pop somethin' for me, while I pop another Rosé
Now she lookin' at me like, "Don't spray"
I'm just sayin', huh, you don't want the man, huh
Rollin' up a gram, huh, toast a couple grams high
It's your jam, huh, peanut butter skin, huh
Where you been all my life? Where you been? Huh
Parkin' lot pimpin' out at Follies (woah)
Thought I seen your ass lookin' thottie (woah)