

Yeah  
Young Jefe, holmes  
La música de Harry Fraud

We got automatics, no, we don't need a manual  
I like to rock animals with Eric Emanuel  
Always late for dinner, she take too long at the vanity  
This the life of a sinner, I use too much profanity  
Fuck these haters, I can never get with 'em  
I'ma keep stuntin' on these bitch ass niggas  
Tryna hit me with that R.I.C.O., say it's too many killers  
They think I got the cheat code, I make too many millions

Thought that I was big 'til she looked in my eyes  
Somebody said it's pride, with these niggas, gotta lie  
I'm way out in the wide, just with a vibe  
Got a thick girl choppin' weed, yeah, just like a tide  
I knew that you was fake, though, you shouldn't have played, though  
It always be your day one, one day, betray you  
Tell 'em I take cash only, bitch, I got caseloads  
My bitch, she get nasty for me, I gotta nail ho  
Plain jane cost a bag, but I don't like to brag  
I only bought the Skydweller to make a nigga mad  
Damn, they turned the back on me, made that choice too fast  
I'm ballin' like an athlete, now they lookin' sad

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Shawty, she a diva, told me her secrets  
They used to call me Quisey when I was leakin'  
I tapped a lil' chica, she Puerto Rican  
Saks Fifth and Neimans, yeah, that my weakness  
Put up five mil' for my son  
I'm tryna put up five mil' for my mom  
Big house on the hill what I want  
So when 12 come I can drop the F-bomb  
And tell your ex come, she can bring her best friend  
If I loan you money, gotta pay me extra  
When my niggas ride, they don't even dress up  
We don't even let you slide in the fuckin' Tesla, oh

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