

Ice on my neck, flawless baguettes  
Hop off a jet, barely get rest  
Cash through the month, I get a check  
Yves Saint Laurent on my pants and my chest  
Chanel, her dress  
Clean up her mess  
I eat her flesh, you know the rest  
Count up a hun', cop a Rolex  
Shine like the sun, you truly blessed  
Two-tone Patek  
You tell me text in the club, ball like I Ubered these jets  
VVS's on me got my Gucci shirt wet  
Put a M in my bag, I'ma get used to these racks  
I went to school where they teach you finesse  
Five hundred shells for the drip I invest  
I'm the boss man, I keep cash in the desk  
Know the coupe fast when they end with a S

Now that I'm home, back off the road  
We shut it down, say it ain't so  
With checks in the streets, shade number four  
Saint Laurent feet, put it on toes  
Take it with me, double your dose  
Covered with angels that's watching my soul  
Jet got a bed, it's bigger windows  
Said I'll be there in 10, but I got there in four  
I feel like I'm chosen, I'm covered in gold  
I left her wide open, no self control  
Took nothing but five minutes, she hopped in and drove

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Two-tone Pateks  
Fendi clipboard like I Uber the jets  
VVS's on me got my Louis shirt wet  
It's a M in my bag and get used to these racks

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La Flame on a island  
Me and Cash, Gunna hopped on a Learjet  
Got Prada's, every color  
And I got CC's you ain't seen yet  
Said I'd kick the cup and now I'm asking, "where the codeine at"?  
30 pointers and up, Eliantte  
Drippin', my whole team wet