

Now we living good
Had a couple hits
Still find me in the hood
Rolling with a couple chicks
Everyday I go to work
Because ain't nobody owe me
People wonder what it's like there
They saying "Hey, can you show me? '"
I tell them at the top it's lonely
I tell them at the top it's lonely

At the top it's lonely as f*ck, Problem, Diamond Lane
Yeah, what, hell yeah it is, shit
But I'd rather be lonely than broke
I'm bubbling like fish, boy
Heavy if I care about a bitch
Shit, It's all about my squad
Diamond Lane, my gang, working hoes like jobs
You remember '010 when the boy got robbed
Tell her I'm in a strip club, I throw it up like live
Bitch catch it, hoe get naked, fast
There's money in my future, everything else, pass
Like yeah, yeah so behind me
Girls got me so gone you can't even find me
Practice origami, I work that paper
Hoe I'm out the eighties, so hit my pager
If you trying to f*ck with a nigga like me
Especially if your p*ssy sweeter than iced tea

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Overtime, I go to work
You know the grind, I own the first
Always shy, the shorties' thirst
How she know the rhyme, you would think she wrote the verse
True shit, true fit
You don't hear me dirty nigga, get a Q-tip
I'm all hood, all about
Your new bitch (What?)
Getting wood in the mouth, toothpick
I do this, you clueless
I ain't the one that you should wanna fool with
I'm a fool, bitch, with a full clip
That'll make a fool click and do a full flip
Right, still heavy in the heights
Henny on ice, semi on tight
I got a nigga that'll set them on sight
And yeah, I used to get it off white

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Ain't nothing just chillin'
Sitting on top of the money I'm gettin'
Leaning in the coupe sitting sideways
In the road to the riches in my highway
Getting money from London and New Orleans
Underground legend, I'm none of these new 'all this'
[*phone rings*]
That's your girl, nigga
I hit her once and cut her off like a bad signal
YMCMB Gudda
Add another Gudda now you gotta pay me double man
Give me 50 feet because I'm a hand full of trouble
I'm just trying to double up my paper, on the double
Eastside, boy we in this bitch
Got a toilet bowl flow, man I been that shit
Nina on me, iced in that clip
Because on the streets or the beat, I can send that heat

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In the building it's K-K-Killa
Fifty dutches rolled up, off vanilla
Hand the weed like a chinchilla, fly, no propellers
Wine, in the cellar, Ciroc, the sun fellas
House cards, for years I done did it fam
Need money lessons? Get a kid
Papi dropped off a hunnit, [?]
Cook it up picture perfect, Instagrams
And the work is out, my mistress and my girlfriend arguing, told them work i
t out
You could battle on your knees, twerk it out
Or you could battle on your knees, slurp it out
In the winter they could chill on my right arm
Get a G eventually, snake skin, python
Fists in the air, right arm
Come enjoy some ice nights and right arms

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