

I got the streets  
I got the juice  
I got the weed, I got the drank, I got the coupe  
I got the racks, I got the trap, I got the hoes  
I got the strap, I got the hitters  
Stay out my way, paper route business, hey!  
I got the money (first you get the money)  
I got the power (then you get the power)  
We got the streets (hey, hey!)  
Because they ours (uh-huh!)  
I got the bag, I got the swag, I got the bag  
'Bout to go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag  
Go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag, hey!

What is that question you asked?  
What is in my bookbag?  
That's just a whole lot of cash  
Or that's just a whole lot of swag  
I just got back from England  
I just made a mil in three months  
I just smoked an ounce in three blunts  
I pour lean in my grape blue punch  
I never had shit so I stunt, flex  
Half a million dollars worth of jewelry on while I'm havin' sex  
Real street nigga playin' with paper  
So I do it for the streets, fuck a hater  
Yeah I threw the money on a stripper ho  
But later on that night I fucked a waiter  
'Bout to go spend me a bag  
I'm 'bout to go spend me a bag  
I'm 'bout to go fuck on your bitch  
Take her overseas with me, she in first class  
I'm 'bout to go spend me a bag  
I'm 'bout to go spend me a bag  
Boy that's a whole lot of swag  
Gucci Timberlands with the matching rag

I got the streets  
I got the juice  
I got the weed, I got the drank, I got the coupe  
I got the racks, I got the trap, I got the hoes  
I got the strap, I got the hitters  
Stay out my way, paper route business, hey!  
I got the money (first you get the money)  
I got the power (then you get the power)  
We got the streets (hey, hey!)  
Because they ours (uh-huh!)  
I got the bag, I got the swag, I got the bag  
'Bout to go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag  
Go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag, hey!

I got the the youth, I got the Benz  
Was gon' cop Bentley but then I got Maybach  
That boy ain't no soldier, he act like Pat Sajak  
A nigga so fresh that I smell just like Ajax  
Ooh, I got the bag  
I got the swag in a box filled with tags

Show off my riches 'cause I came from rags  
Jacksonville shawty, my bitch drive a Jag  
Nigga run up, on my soul he'll get dragged  
I spend a whole lotta, Uzi scarf rap like I came from Al-Qaeda  
Fuck the rap game, I do not need no writers  
I know the shooters and hang with the fighters  
One kilo dab, I pipe up more than Rayu  
Piper viper viper, my bro keep a sniper  
Pop pop at your top  
Fuck around and run it up like I'm Guap  
Ay, never gon' stop  
Lil Boat take your worst day to the chop shop  
Over there on the east block  
He lives the thug life just like Pac  
I live the good life, I'm the don  
Young enough to be your mama's son  
But some hire mama's sons  
Still a nigga signing, fuck her older son  
Shout out Zaya, got my neck and wrist on pawn

I got the streets  
I got the juice  
I got the weed, I got the drank, I got the coupe  
I got the racks, I got the trap, I got the hoes  
I got the strap, I got the hitters  
Stay out my way, paper route business, hey!  
I got the money (first you get the money)  
I got the power (then you get the power)  
We got the streets (hey, hey!)  
Because they ours (uh-huh!)  
I got the bag, I got the swag, I got the bag  
'Bout to go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag  
Go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag, hey!

I pull up smokin' out the bag  
I'm 'bout to go spend a bag  
I count that money real fast  
I wonder if that's her real ass  
I'm on the E-way doin' the dash  
All this ice on me looking like glass  
These bitches they love me like In the trap I perfected my craft  
Told you niggas ain't really Told you niggas ain't seeing us  
Lost a quarter mil re'ing up  
Niggas too slow, ain't keeping up  
Sipping on Actavis  
Drinking me a codeine daiquiri  
Showed up late but fashionably  
Every week is fashion week, yeah  
Need a bad bitch that set it off like Jada  
I don't wanna fuck, I want you to hold my sack, I'll pay you  
In Pappadeaux eating alligator  
My favorite app is a calculator  
Yeah, I think I might go spend me a bag today my nigga

I got the streets  
I got the juice  
I got the weed, I got the drank, I got the coupe  
I got the racks, I got the trap, I got the hoes  
I got the strap, I got the hitters  
Stay out my way, paper route business, hey!  
I got the money (first you get the money)  
I got the power (then you get the power)  
We got the streets (hey, hey!)

Because they ours (uh-huh!)

I got the bag, I got the swag, I got the bag

'Bout to go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag

Go spend a bag, 'bout to go spend a bag, hey!