

Yeah

Can you please mothafuckin' rise
For the national mothafuckin' trap star anthem
Let's go

Cause bitch I'm amazing', look what I'm blazin'
Eyes so low, yea I look like an Asian
Forever clubbin', forever thuggin'
Haters run they mouth, they ain't talkin' bout nothin'
(2x)

Cause Bitch I'm amazin'
Closed door armour, lookin' like it's miller times
Sixty Seven diamond chain, who he think he Busta Rhymes
Bitch I bust a lot of rhymes, could of done a lot of time
And I ain't never snorted shit, put it all up on the line
Got a lot up on my mind, got a lot up on my plate
Got to feed my hood, So I'm up and down the interstate
The streets need a nigga, so I'm in and out that vocal booth
Hoes love a nigga, cause I'm in and out they yellow coupe
But nuttin but banana split, say that I'm her favourite
If you can take a lot of dick, I can talk a lot of shit
Go on baby swag it up, show them haters who your with
Bring you want that gangsta shit, who you niggas fuckin' with

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Cause Bitch I'm amazin'
First I sold two mill, then I sold another one
Told them if you pay for three, that I will front another one
Told them if they give me this, then I'll record another one
But if you can not give me that, ain't no sense in callin' back
Fuck you think they sell me for, fuck you think they find me at
Damn right American, I'm gonna need a bigger hat
Close your eyes imagine this, gonna need a bigger safe
I got bills up in that bitch, that bitch stacked up since 98
Let 'em talk, let 'em hate, watch them lick the navigate
If you touch 'em, wipe 'em off
Bring a brush, then take em off
I can make an avalanche and I ain't talkin Chevy trucks
Call me Georgia lottery cause I'll be talkin mega bucks

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Cause Bitch I'm amazin'
Must of spent ten grand to make they coupe stand taller
First round draft pick, yea I'm mother fuckin balla
Just right your number down, baby girl I might call ya
If she give it to me now, she won't live to see tomorrow
And if she playin' with it, she won't make it thru the night
Before the song with kanye, I had my money right

Used to call me vice grips, yea I get my money tight
Now it's time to re up, then I make my money white
You can catch me at my jewel, yea I like my money bright
You can find me at the lot, yea I like my money fast
Two hundred on the gas, two hundred on the dash
Yea I'm spendin' all money, now I'm livin' in the past

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