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## 1. TEFLON DON

[Pre-Chorus]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

, ,

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

, , ,

Beat the first case like John Gotti, woah

,

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<sup>1</sup>#1-teflon-don  
<sup>2</sup>#2-lil-demon  
<sup>3</sup>#3-ski  
<sup>4</sup>#4-ready-to-cook-up  
<sup>5</sup>#5-plutoski  
<sup>6</sup>#6-too-fast  
<sup>7</sup>#7-ocean  
<sup>8</sup>#8-press-the-button  
<sup>9</sup>#9-mj  
<sup>10</sup>#10-brazzier  
<sup>11</sup>#11-south-of-france  
<sup>12</sup>#12-surfing-a-tsunami  
<sup>13</sup>#13-made-my-hoe-faint  
<sup>14</sup>#14-told-my  
<sup>15</sup>#15-oath  
<sup>16</sup>#16-lost-my-dog  
<sup>17</sup>#17-aye-say-gang

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Beat the first case like

[Chorus]

Beat the first case like John Gotti

Anything you want, my dogs got

Bitch, I'm a boss, I call shot

Spread a few bands at the raw spot (Boy, you been)

( , )

[Verse]

Got the rock poppin' at the hotel

Ready, run a play for a whole bail (How you get—)

( — )

'Fore it hit the plate, make the house smell

Throwin' up trays and Margiela

Once I'm in the chain, need an Advil (Freebandz, nigga)

( , )

Motion on motion, that's how I feel

Came from the field, I'ma crash first (Fuck all the opps)

( )

Make your mama cry, gotta hit her where it hurts (Grrt, grrt)

( , )

They come from my side, they gon' shoot up the church

From nine to five, got nine goin' berserk (Ayy, say gang)

( , )

I'm goin' on a mission, I'm stayin' alert

I'm the man on the streets, chop the top off the vert (Plutoski)

( )

Bitch, you feelin' me? Bitch, I'm feelin' me too, got the energy

?  
Turn a ho on a stroll out in Tennessee

I control all the motion, it been beneath

Really crunk up the shit, talkin' V-nee-nee

, V-nee-nee

All my bitches be turnt, that Cha-nee-nee

, Cha-nee-nee

I got stripes on the turf, ain't no kiddin' me

Got my ice on the dirt, is you shittin' me?

?

Got the load on the boat, dropped the pin in it

Hit the nitro, the motor, I'm pushin' it (Freebandz)

( )

I don't want a recorder, two hundred me

, 200

I'm on top of this shit, killers under me

Might just fuck up the money on a tragedy

You put bread on a dummy for threatenin' me (Murk)

( )

---

Put that tape on a drummy and press delete

He was drivin', his brain was sittin' on the seat

I fly dope out the country to Treasure Tree (Woo)  
( )

I been flyer than a pilot, I got the key

Fuck it, put them narcotics back on the street

Run the block, we gon' snatch you a Cuban link (Ski)  
( )

Tote two Dracos on me 'cause the trench in me (Ski)

Hear my chains when they clank 'cause I'm turnin' up (Freebandz)  
( )

See the money you get, I be burnin' up

That's a forty on the fit, I put on the stuff (Slatt)  
40 ( )

I went out and went got it when time was tough (Slatt)  
( )

I whooped up a Bugatti, this one for Chuck

Free my brothers forever, it's only us

Ain't no love for the others, we set 'em up

Grrt, grrt, ski

[Pre-Chorus]  
Plutoski, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Beat the first case like John Gotti, woah

Beat the first case like

[Chorus]  
Beat the first case like John Gotti

Anything you want, my dogs got

Bitch, I'm a boss, I call shot

Spread a few bands at the raw spot (MIXTAPE PLUTO)  
( )

[Outro]  
Yeah, yeah, ski

Yeah, yeah, ski

Ski

MIXTAPE PLUTO

## 2. LIL DEMON

[Chorus]

---

My bitch a princess cut (My lil' demon)  
( )  
Lil' demon in the cut (Fuck you mean?)  
( ?)  
Go raidin' at the church (Shit I'm seein')  
( )  
You movin' wrong, we clutching (That's gang)  
, ( )  
We slime, we sharin' sluts (That's slatt)  
, ( )  
My twin, it's only us (We trappin')  
, ( )  
Go platinum, fuck a budget (My lil' demon)  
, ( )  
Lil' demon in the cut (Fuck you mean?)  
( ?)  
Go raidin' at the church (Shit I'm seein')  
( )  
You movin' wrong, we clutching (That's gang)  
, ( )  
We slime, we sharin' sluts (It ain't no cappin')  
, ( )  
[Verse]  
Real rap, I'm trappin' bags (How you comin'?)  
, ( ?)  
Real ice on both of my sleeves (We trappin')  
( )  
Good numbers on them bales (How you get it?)  
( ?)  
They gon' think you sellin' kis (Where we goin'?)  
( ?)  
Ferrari truck, the new one (From where?)  
, ( ?)  
Just shipped from overseas (Freebandz)  
( )  
We got M's and changed the quota (Ayy, say, gang), right now, we chasin' B's (Pockets loaded)  
( , , ), ( )  
Inhalin' dirty rackies (Achoo), that shit there make me sneeze (Oh, you slime)  
( ), ( , )  
I knew how to count through money (Super) before I learned to read (Ayy, say, gang)  
( ) ( , , )  
Put a yacht out the coast, yeah (What's up?)  
, ( ?)  
Put a yacht on the coast, yeah (Who you with?)  
, ( ?)  
La Cosa Nostra (Say, gang)  
( , )  
They ready to vote me in (Skrrt, skrrt)  
( , )  
Push the Royce like a Rover (Who you with?)  
( ?)  
I get love from the vultures (Super)  
( )  
Yeah, came up with the roaches  
,  
Yeah, young niggas down like an oath (Super)  
, ( )  
More respect than the Pope (What you gon' get?)  
( ?)  
She give me top on the low (What you doin'?)  
( ?)  
Wipe his nostril like a snotty nose (What you gon' do?)

---

( ?)  
Wipe his nostril like a snotty nose (What you gon' do?)  
( ?)  
Wipe his nostril like you got a cold (Woo)  
( )  
Yeah, I'm trappin' (Yessirski)  
, ( )  
Yeah, I'm trappin' (Yeah, I trap)  
, ( , )  
Yeah, I'm trappin', yeah, I'm trappin', yeah, I'm still trappin' (Yessirski)  
, , , , ( )  
Yeah, I get money, I'm having (Yeah, I get money)  
, , ( , )  
Yeah, I get money, I'm having (Yeah, I get money)  
, , ( , )  
Yeah, I get money, yeah, I get money, yeah, I get money, I'm having (Yessirski)  
, , , , , ( )  
Bales (What you serving?)  
( ?)  
Bales, bales, bales (Ayy, what you serving?)  
, , ( , ?)  
Bales, bales  
,  
Prtt, prtt (Ayy, what that is?)  
, ( , ?)  
Shells, shells  
,  
Once before a crook

Pluto'll get you cooked

[Chorus]

My bitch a princess cut (My lil' demon)  
( )  
Lil' demon in the cut (Fuck you mean?)  
( ?)  
Go raidin' at the church (Shit I'm seein')  
( )  
You movin' wrong, we clutching (That's gang)  
, ( )  
We slime, we sharin' sluts (That's slatt)  
, ( )  
My twin, it's only us (We trappin')  
, ( )  
Go platinum, fuck a budget  
,  
My bitch a princess cut (My lil' demon)  
( )  
Lil' demon in the cut (Fuck you mean?)  
( ?)  
Go raidin' at the church (Shit I'm seein')  
( )  
You movin' wrong, we clutching (That's gang)  
, ( )  
We slime, we sharin' sluts (That's slatt)  
, ( )  
My twin, it's only us (We trappin')  
, ( )  
Go platinum, fuck a budget  
,

---

### 3. SKI

[Intro]

Ain't gon' let up on these niggas like I'm Yola

'Bout to drop another eighth inside my soda

We inside the Prada store, it's cowabunga

It ain't California 'Rari when I roll

[Verse 1]

Droppin' the top on the 'vert, I been pushin' the coupe through the slums (What you been doin'?)

Smackin' this bitch off a Perc', I done hit her, she speakin' in tongues (I'm covered in V's)

Fuckin' the check up and get it right back 'cause I'm one of them ones (The Freebandz life)

Got them demons with me, got the devil with me, like a rocket, I'm launching (Fucking gone to the max)

I polluted in my cup, ain't no love for no slut, bitch, you know I'm a don (Knock it down in your trap)

I been back in the cut, I been sittin' back and plottin', all my young niggas turnt up (I'm stayin' down, facts)

Cop a PJ today, if I want it, I get it, you know what I'm worth, boy (Man, I feel like a god)

[Interlude]

Oh (G-O-D)

( - - )

Oh (OMG)

( )

[Verse 2]

Chrome Heart accessories, I been on 'phetamine, I been on all the aroma (I really wanna stand up)

I look like a boss (Yeah), Pluto on your head, don't trip up and fall (Feel like a king high)

Sippin' on red (Up to the moon), two choppers (Where they at?) sittin' by the bed

I'm full of the meds (You really did it), I'm trippin', I'm trippin'

The money not half on a bench (You gone)

I'm slappin' on back when you pinch

My young nigga puttin' on Fendi (Ski)

I'm due for the mula again

I'm not new to this, true to this, woo, woo (What you doin' with this shit?)

I'm numero uno, woo (Pluto)

Ski, ski

[Chorus]

(In the club with a dime and I'm flossin')

I'm ready to slide, ski (Ski)

I'm ready to surf, ski (Ski)

I'm goin' berzerk, ski

---

I do you the worst, what it's worth (FBG)

( )

[Verse 3]

The money clean, but I'm dirty

Yeah, I'm tweakin', I'm geekin' on Perkies

Uh, I'm full of that, ain't got no purpose (You see my wrist?)

( )

Uh, I'm cuttin' all them diamonds from perfect

Uh, turn up

Back outside where these niggas ain't at, they gon' pull up on side of niggas (Brrt, brrt, ski)

I'm rich, but I slide with niggas (Ski)

( )

I been out of my body, no filter (Ski)

( )

She a Siamese side bitch nympho (Ski)

( )

Send flight through the city, got bird view

Gettin' turnt, gettin' litty with the young crew (Grr)

( )

Got sharks in the water with a model (How you been comin'?)

( )

Two-door, two-tone, full-throttle (I'ma go up right now)

( )

From the dot to the drop, that's the motto (Ayy, say, gang)

( ; ; )

Right or wrong, stay down for my partners (Murder)

( )

Pitch black, broad day, he'll drop you (Gunner)

( )

Get racks, bad bitches gon' follow (Get high)

( )

Drink syrup with my foot on the pedal (Brr)

( )

Like a bird in the sky, but I'm slatt (I'm slatt)

( )

Took a chance, had to ride with the slatt (Ayy, slatt)

( ; )

No love for the bitch, we smack (We smack)

( )

Pull up right now, three bats

Walk down, walk down, get active

[Interlude]

RIP Trigger Trey, RIP Junior Boss, real gangsters (Brr, brr)

( ; )

[Chorus]

(In the club with a dime and I'm flossin')

( )

I'm ready to slide, ski (Ski)

( )

I'm ready to surf, ski (Ski)

( )

I'm goin' berzerk, ski

( )

---

I do you the worst, what it's worth (In the club with a dime and I'm flossin')

, ( )

I'm ready to slide, ski (Ski)

, ( )

I'm ready to surf, ski (Ski)

, ( )

I'm goin' berzerk, ski

,

## 4. READY TO COOK UP

[Intro]

Ready, ready, ready, ready to cook up

, , ,  
Uh, I'm ready to cook up (Got that dope)

, ( )  
Ready, ready, ready, I'm ready to cook up (Yeah)

, , , ( )  
Ready, ready, ready, I'm ready to cook up (Mixtape Pluto)

, , , ( )

[Chorus]

Cut the Rolls-Royce truck in half, pull up Spectre

- ,  
I'm gettin' certain amount of cash, look like a sex symbol (Yeah)

, ( )  
Heard my name been ringin' bells 'cause I'm a gang member

Can't say too much on these tracks 'cause I'm with gravediggers (Ayy, say, gang)  
( , , )

Need a 'script for 'methazine and some pain pills (And some pain pills)  
( )

I got fame, but with these streets, nigga, I stay real

, , ,  
They got switches on these glees, I feel safe here (Feel safe)  
, ( )

Young nigga put you on a tee, you a plate for real (Ayy, say, gang)  
, ( , , )

[Verse 1]

Jumped inside the water, spent some dollars on a 'vert (Ayy, say, gang, ayy, say, gang)

, ( , , , , )  
Got a thousand pounds on order, told 'em, "Hit that shit with terps"

, , " "  
Paid a thousand for a line of Wock', just poured a cup of syrup

,  
I been cookin' dope so long, it smell like cocaine on my shirt

,  
Niggas don't pop no pills no more, they ready to crush and snort the Perc'

,  
Might pull up in helicopter, dressin' like I'm going to church (Ayy, say, gang)  
, ( , , )

Eighty-pointer diamonds shining, solitaires on my shirt (Fuck these hoes, bruh)  
, ( , )

Said the hood ain't want the Quagen, so we had to send the turtle

,  
[Chorus]

Cut the Rolls-Royce truck in half, pull up Spectre (Ayy, say, gang)

- , ( , , )  
I'm gettin' certain amount of cash, look like a sex symbol (Want a lil' somethin')

, ( )  
Heard my name been ringin' bells 'cause I'm a gang member



---

Can't say too much on these tracks 'cause I'm with gravediggers (Yeah, yeah)

( , )

Need a 'script for 'methazine and some pain pills (Say, my dogs)

( , )

I got fame, but with these streets, nigga, I stay real

, , ,

They got switches on these glees, I feel safe here (Ayy, say, gang)

, ( , , )

Young nigga put you on a tee, you a plate for real

[Verse 2]

Every day, we been gettin' throwed, sippin' Texas (Ayy, say, gang)

, ( , , )

On the wrong side of the road, drivin' reckless

,

I know how to use a Pyrex, I finesse it (Ayy, say, gang)

( , , )

Take the dirty money, clean it at the washhouse

,

So many bad bitches, this come with the lifestyle (We some rockstars)

, ( )

When you fly like a pilot, bring the pipe out (Bring that chopper)

, ( )

I'll post up in another nigga hood, all my ice out (Brrt, brrt)

, ( , )

Totin' the stick like a guitar, ready to rock out (Brrt, brrt)

, ( , )

[Chorus]

Cut the Rolls-Royce truck in half, pull up Spectre (Ayy, say, gang)

- ( , , )

I'm gettin' certain amount of cash, look like a sex symbol

,

Heard my name been ringin' bells 'cause I'm a gang member

Can't say too much on these tracks 'cause I'm with gravediggers

Need a 'script for 'methazine and some pain pills (Ayy, say, gang)

( , , )

I got fame, but with these streets, nigga, I stay real

, , ,

They got switches on these glees, I feel safe here

,

Young nigga put you on a tee, you a plate for real

,

## 5. PLUTOSKI

[Intro]

Woah

Yeah, yeah

I don't even know what she is

I just took care of the bill

We not no regular niggas

These not the regular pointers

Stunt this and I'm just gon' show it

---

Thousand one grams on a chain

I'm gettin' my currency changed

Goin' out the country, street nigga, we gangsters

Shit you can get bein' famous

Can't hang with a nigga false claimin'

They just be tryna talk like us, yeah

Bitch don't know what clarity is

I've been runnin' shit for more than a few years, yeah (Plutoski)

[Verse 1]

Chop off the doors again (Ski)

Chop all the doors off the hinges (Plutoski)

Whip up the bowl again (Ski)

Trappin' out loads (Plutoski)

Sippin' on dope again (Ski)

I'm back in that mode (Plutoski)

Told all the dogs, "Work the other one" (Ski)

We got another one (Plutoski)

Filipino or Korean

I don't even know even know what she is

I just been taggin' 'em in

Ridin' with Satan again (Plutoski)

I throw the magazine in

Streets turn a boy to a man

We goin' dark, it's nasty

Use the lil' blogs to gas me

[Chorus]

Yeah, uh, oh, yeah

Trappin' out the trap, oh, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

I'm flippin' out the strap, oh, yeah (For the syrup)

I'm flippin' the— oh, yeah

I'm thuggin' the thug, oh, yeah

I'm thuggin' again, oh, yeah

---

I'm blessin', I'm bless, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I'm flippin', I'm flippin', oh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah

Uh, oh, yeah  
Trappin' out the trap, oh, yeah  
I'm flippin' out the strap, oh, yeah  
I'm flippin' the— oh, yeah  
I'm thuggin' the thug, oh, yeah  
I'm thuggin' again, oh, yeah  
I'm blessin', I'm bless, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I'm flippin', I'm flippin', oh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah

[Verse 2]

Rappin' and robbin' again

Streets turned a boy to a millionaire, drinkin' on lean again

I don't even know what she is

Filipino or Korean

Send out the lo' and I'm pullin' up, I got it on me again

Six in the mornin' again

Hoggin' the road in the Benz

I'm on my way to the tail

She tanglin' up with her friend

I'm tanglin' up with 'em too

I'm doin' what a rich nigga do

I throw a party inside my crib

I'm throwin' a Ferrari inside my ears

[Chorus]

Yeah, uh, oh, yeah

Trappin' out the trap, oh, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

I'm flippin' out the strap, oh, yeah (For the syrup)

I'm flippin' the— oh, yeah

I'm thuggin' the thug, oh, yeah

---

I'm thuggin' again, oh, yeah  
I'm blessin', I'm bless, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I'm flippin', I'm flippin', oh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah  
Uh, oh, yeah  
Trappin' out the trap, oh, yeah  
I'm flippin' out the strap, oh, yeah  
I'm flippin' the— oh, yeah  
I'm thuggin' the thug, oh, yeah  
I'm thuggin' again, oh, yeah  
I'm blessin', I'm bless, oh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I'm flippin', I'm flippin', oh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah

## 6. TOO FAST

[Intro]

Yeah (Yeah), yeah, yeah, nigga  
( ), , ,  
Oh, yeah, yeah

I don't even know, I just be gettin' out my body sometimes

It's just matchin' up to my aesthetics, but you know what I'm sayin'?

Motherfuckers don't even be appreciatin' this shit, but it's cool

[Chorus]

Bought the Patek, I was movin' too fast

New G-Wagon, I was movin' too fast

Got the condo, I was movin' too fast (Goin' too fast)

Only sorry 'cause I was movin' too fast

So we said I knew it wasn't gon' last (Yeah)

Bought the Patek, I was movin' too fast (Yeah)

Richard Millie, I was movin' too fast (What's up)

And I knew it wouldn't last, yeah, yeah-yeah

[Verse 1]

Poppin' out, I swap 'em out like every other week (Pluto)  
,

---

Cashin' out, sixty-three, should've got a lease (Racks)  
, - , ( )  
Goin' brazy on Rodeo, let her have a feast (Let her)  
, ( )  
Her third day with me, I'm already tryna go to Greece (I'm crazy)  
, ( )  
Treat her to Hermès, think she ain't fuckin' nobody (And a trick)  
, ( )  
A quarter million in by the time I heard 'bout it (I ain't even know)  
( )  
I say her name in a song, she gon' be too poppin'  
  
Bro think I'm wrong, keepin' it too solid (Too solid)  
, ( )  
I just bought another Kelly, I hope she really deserve it  
  
Had a talk with all the friends, told me, "Stop splurgin'"  
, " "  
Maybe you need to settle down, buy it for someone worth it  
  
It's the one that woke up with me, she get new purses  
  
Pull the coupe up and you know I got it from out the gutter  
  
We go backdoor at Cha-ne-ne, treatin' her like I love her  
- -,  
All this unnecessary spendin', hidin' it from my mother  
  
These bitches might try to get revenge, go and fuck my brother  
  
Yeah

[Chorus]

New G-Wagon, I was movin' too fast (Too fast)  
- , ( )  
Got the condo, I was movin' too fast (Too fast)  
, ( )  
Only sorry 'cause I was movin' too fast (It's why I'm sorry)  
( )  
So we said I knew it wasn't gon' last (Yeah)  
( )  
Bought the Patek, I was movin' too fast (AP)  
, ( )  
Richard Millie, I was movin' too fast (What we see)  
, ( )  
And I knew it wouldn't last, yeah

[Verse 2]

A dollar fifty, I'm spendin' racks on you too fast  
  
Without even tryin', I spend a bag on you  
  
Drivin' it fast, doin' the dash, without even tryin' to  
  
No, I didn't birth you, but I designed you  
  
I went AP without even tryin' to  
  
We holdin' up traffic, bought out Design District  
  
Had to get two trucks for all these bags that I'm pilin' in it

---

Feel like Bvlgari, get to wildin' in it  
Get out my body, throw your Carti' with it  
You love bracelets, got me lustin' over you  
It's bad luck havin' niggas fuckin' on you  
Imagine me doin' my bid when niggas end up nuttin' on you  
Who put invisible princess cuts on you?  
I'ma be lookin' bogus, got you ridin' with me  
It's flawless baguette, I'm so ready to let it shine on you  
Do anything, see my bitch go up  
Covered in Pucci from the floor up  
Let you run through these racks 'til you exhausted and throw up

[Chorus]

Bought the Patek, I was movin' too fast (Yeah)  
New G-Wagon, I was movin' too fast (Too fast)  
Got the condo, I was movin' too fast (Too fast)  
Only sorry 'cause I was movin' too fast (It's why I'm sorry)  
So we said I knew it wasn't gon' last (Yeah)  
Bought the Patek, I was movin' too fast (AP)  
Richard Millie, I was movin' too fast (What we see)  
And I knew it wouldn't last, yeah, yeah-yeah

[Outro]

Baby girl said I move too fast  
Like my man said I move too fast

Get out my body and I move too fast

New G-Wagon, I was movin' too fast (Too fast)  
Got the condo, I was movin' too fast (Too fast)  
Only sorry 'cause I was movin' too fast

So we said—

## 7. OCEAN

[Intro]

I got enough tears to fill the ocean for all these losses took in this shit

[Verse 1]

---

Got a cousin I ain't seen in years, when we came up, sleepin' on the same bed  
And my main dog maxed in the fed, kept my lil' one names off warfare  
Junior Boss went out, his gun blowin', always said he'd take a nigga with him  
Rider squad goin' on a rampage, 700 Block kill niggas, madman (Murk)  
We gotta fill up this pain, it ain't no comparing what made niggas feel (700)  
Lil' homie just threw back three pills, he starvin' for bodies, he ready to go kill (Yeah)  
Hide the Draco, the TEC match the weather (Woo)  
Red tomato, tonight is gettin' fatal (Grr)  
Had the powder goin' crazy in Decatur  
Had the stylist copyin' me and Abel  
Man, this loyalty rap shit is real  
You hold on a nigga, you fly in like J Bo (Hey)  
Taking India all of my pesos (Hey)  
Had to pop me a bean, pour some Tris (Yeah)  
Took some niggas off that I forget  
Hope the karma don't catch up again  
To the DA, he done brought up a text  
Everything tens or fours or checks  
My doggy was slidin', I was still on a jet  
Thought of my granny, my tears on my chest  
Been with them killers since I was a jit  
Raised in Lil Mexico, niggas in trenches  
Tell 'em fuck 12, addicted to steppin'  
12,  
I know that gutter shit run through my flesh (I know that)  
Don't speak on my fam 'cause it'll get tense  
Ho leakin' my name, I might get her spint  
I'm runnin' my hood from a whole 'nother state now, Skyami the playground  
I done ran up a check, I done bought me a cake now, I can go buy a case now  
All the shit I done did to come up out of state now, plus a nigga get laid down  
Soon as Josh got out, gave him bag of that blue shit  
Couple Cubans, some rocks, and some new shit

---

Plenty hundreds, don't know what to do with 'em

I was happy my bitch got a new nigga

I'm a street nigga, I'll never be cool with 'em

Ho get out of pocket, nothin' to do with her

Plugged you like a socket, kept it true with you (Freeband, Freeband Gang)

[Chorus]

So many tears, I could fill up an ocean

'Fore the fame came, I was already in motion

And some my young niggas play, best believe niggas soakin', yeah

Out of state, up a stash, two hundred, I'm coastin', yeah

[Verse 2]

Can't forget about Man, he was there before all this, yeah

Uncle Snoopy got killed, he the reason I'm an artist, yeah

I was posted on the corner, I was goin' my hardest, yeah

Walk you down in broad day, niggas know where my heart at, yeah

On the avenue, yellin' out, "354 shit," nigga, kick in your door shit

I was servin' my auntie when she was a dope head just to go and cop Dolce

And my shirt button open when I do this, I'm focused, you can feel my emotions

Get to trippin' on niggas, I know I'm the chosen 'cause when I was the brokest

I'll go solo on a mission, a nigga gettin' active

Nigga ain't never gon' bap 'bout it

Cooked a four-way right up at the crack house

Any problems with niggas, gon' crash out

Cooked that nigga, we gave him a smackdown

When I send 'em, I know they gon' tell shit

Out the kennel, my dog like a hell-pit

Left me dead, I survived, but you left me

Every day, I preach self-destruction

Don't come lookin' for me at the wrong time

Got a thirty like Curry right past nine

Fuck with G, niggas know I'm gon' frontline

Sit on niggas 'fore we get 'em hunted down



---

Realest shit ever said, ain't no punchline

[Chorus]

So many tears, I could fill up an ocean

'Fore the fame came, I was already in motion

And some my young niggas play, best believe niggas soakin', yeah

Out of state, up a stash, two hundred, I'm coastin', yeah

## 8. PRESS THE BUTTON

[Intro]

Ski

Plutoski

How you comin'?

'?

[Verse]

Two-thousand on some Ricks, I just stepped on a nigga bitch (What else?)

I just hit a whole 'nother new lick (What else?), I just fucked up another check (Ayy, say gang)

I step out and my shit hit

I got a nigga license on my neck (Comin' like that)

Diamonds in different color, Tony Carter (Real shit)

Came from the gutter, slime with my brother (Yeah)

I'm back on the road with the things (Brrt, brrt)

I'm back in the cut with the gang (Ski)

I spend me some dollar on my chain (Go)

You pushin' this shit or you slang? (Let's represent)

Get equipped to the gang, it's dangerous (I feel you)

Different breed, never not the same (How you feelin'?)

You been holdin' me down, it's drainin' (A real one)

Every day, I take it up another notch (Real)

I'm in the studio maintainin' (One thou')

Go outside your head with a bang (One thou')

Gon' be bloodshed 'bout the things we believe in, going gas chamber (Woah)

Ain't no choppin' it up with a goof (What's happenin'?)

Niggas runnin' you down out the roof (I got it)

Had to constantly get in the booth (Push out)

---

( )  
Keep these words, ain't nothin' but the truth (Keep it quiet)  
, ( )  
They done already tried deceivin' me (Slide)  
, ( )  
But these bitches ain't leavin' me (Sweat 'em)  
, ( )  
Did what it needed to be (Say)  
( )  
Cut a ho off, I did it immediately (That's pimp shit)  
, ( )  
Ain't no defeatin' me  
,  
Take all these bitches 'cause ain't no defeatin' me (That's pimp shit)  
, ( )  
New fettuccine, just bought her some more, new Lamborghinis  
,  
You must forgot the 56 Nights flow, this is better, this some Geico  
,  
Big four-magger, big toe tagger  
- ,  
Pluto Mick Jagger  
  
You must've forgot who had her before you had her, Pluto had her  
  
There's no need to go through the data, my new bitch is badder (I seen this shit)  
, ( )  
Before you go public, tell a nigga, "Take out the budget"  
, " "  
A cup of that muddy, I'm back on that muddy, I'm back on that dirty (Back on that good shit)  
, ( )  
Bitch, you could've never loved me  
,  
'Bout to make you feel the wrath (What?)  
( ? )  
Stack it up taller than giraffe (Yeah), grr, grr, ski  
( ), , ,  
Make it do what it supposed to do, just put the adlibs on it (Rrr, rrr, ski)  
, ( , , )  
Spent a fifty on a crib, I got another big year comin' (Freebandz)  
, ( )  
Crank it up and I switch gears on it (Where you goin'?)  
( '?)  
Hustlin' like I was back on the Front Street  
,  
Do this shit in a whole 'nother country  
  
I'm the nigga to get back on it, pour up the lean before I even drop the tape  
  
Supposed to be intoxicated, I feel like I supposed to be intoxicated (Let's go)  
, ( )  
How it feels just to stack up a hun-dun  
  
Sippin', havin' my way with the munyun  
,  
I got at it and went on a run-run (What you doin'?)  
( '?)  
Another month, I be up on two hun-dun (Ski)  
, ( )  
Fuck all these hoes, I'm sinnin' (Yeah)  
, ( )  
Go tell that lil' rat who winnin' (Who win)

' ( )  
 Niggas know they can't come to the trenches (What's up?)  
 ( ?)  
 Niggas still know I'm runnin' this shit (Ayy, gang)  
 ( , )  
 I press a button, it's a backdoor (What else?)  
 , ( ?)  
 I press a button, niggas cuttin' throats (What else?)  
 , ' ( ?)  
 I press a button, hella gunsmoke (Rrr, rrr, ski)  
 , ( , , )  
 I came in the game with a goat on my back, ain't no fallin' off (What you say?)  
 , ' ( ?)  
 Got kingpins, they be countin' on me just to keep it raw  
 ,  
 These lil' hitters, they all depend on me 'cause they still can call  
 ,  
 Let's see what I come from grindin', went international (Global)  
 , ( )  
 [Chorus]  
 I press a button, it's a backdoor (What up?)  
 , ( ?)  
 I press a button, niggas cuttin' throats  
 ,  
 I press a button, hella gunsmoke (Rrr, rrr)  
 , ( , )  
 I press a button, it's a backdoor (What up?)  
 , ( ?)  
 I press a button, niggas cuttin' throats  
 ,  
 I press a button, hella gunsmoke (Rrr, rrr, ski)  
 , ( , , )

## 9. MJ

[Intro]  
 The way she take this dick, this bitch gon' drive me crazy  
 ,  
 Drinkin' on monkey juice, I just got activated  
 ,  
 Got that nasty work, gon' pull up when I say it  
 ,  
 She gon' watch me 'bout this ho, give need some head  
 ,  
 [Verse 1]  
 I got hella vibe, my bitch, she worse than me  
 , ,  
 Let's take some action down inside the VIP  
 ,  
 I don't think she concerned about these hoes, she be freakier than me  
 ,  
 I got some pretty shit, wanna see me fuck a pretty bitch  
 ,  
 [Chorus]  
 The way she take this dick, this bitch gon' drive me crazy  
 ,  
 Drinkin' on monkey juice, I just got activated  
 ,  
 Got that nasty work, gon' pull up when I say it  
 ,  
 She gon' watch me 'bout this ho, give need some head

---

[Verse 2]

My bitch sharin' hoes with me and then they ours

It's three of them, it's one of me, we in the shower

Just drunk that monkey juice, I'm smackin' it for hours

She don't speak no English, but her pussy super powerful

[Outro]

(My bitch got more bitches than me) We outside (My bitch got more bitches than me)

( ), ( )

I need privacy (My bitch got more bitches than me), we fly private (My bitch got more bitches than me)

( ), ( )

She wanna watch me (My bitch got more bitches than me), fuck these vibes (My bitch got more bitches than me)

( ), ( )

She like the same ho I like (My bitch got more bitches than me), we so toxic (My bitch got more bitches than me)

( ), ( )

Whole lotta vibes (My bitch got more bitches than me), we outside (My bitch got more bitches than me)

( ), ( )

I need privacy (My bitch got more bitches than me), we fly private (My bitch got more bitches than me)

( ), ( )

She wanna watch me (My bitch got more bitches than me), fuck these vibes (My bitch got more bitches than me)

( ), ( )

She like the same ho I like (My bitch got more bitches than me), we so toxic (My bitch got more bitches than me)

( ), ( )

We so toxic (My bitch got more bitches than me, my bitch got more bitches than me)

( , )

(My bitch got more bitches than me, my bitch got more bitches than me)

( , )

We so toxic (My bitch got more bitches than me, my bitch got more bitches than me)

( , )

(My bitch got more bitches than me, my bitch got more bitches than me)

( , )

## 10. BRAZZIER

[Intro]

Pluto

Gon' kick my shit, know that

Let me pop my shit (Southside), let me pop my shit

( ),

[Verse 1]

I took them cheap prices up high

I'm really the biggest homie you got

I'll fuck a rapper bitch in the whip

Write her a verse, give her a lil' clout

Tippy-toe, tiptoe, fuckin' this bitch on the marble

I got real coke, real cocaine on my collar

---

She a nympho, benzo, bitch just hit the lotto  
Put them yellow diamonds on a black bitch, call her Mulatto  
Bitch drink 1940 deuce like Moscato  
She the butt-naked truth and this bitch swallow  
Took a whole month from the day I met her and spent a million dollars  
I just made her ex pissed off, all the shit I bought  
I got a habit, takin' chicks out, goin' out the mall  
I drink lean, but I'm a big dog, so I bought the bar  
Dick her down 'til her body start shakin', she in shock  
I talk drugs, I talk diamonds, I talk money, Ashallah  
Give you cake, happy birthday, I'ma fuck her raw  
That's my bitch, I'm throwin' a Rollie on her arm  
Turn a baddie to a boss overnight, she a star  
My lil' bitch hittin' them licks every day, credit card  
Woah, woah, woah, I'm in the deep end, swimmin' with the sharks  
Woah, woah, woah, I'm in 'Biza, lettin' these freaks suck my cock  
My bitch stayin' down with me, shootin' stars, oh, Lord  
I take st— sticks with me and I take killers where I go  
'Bout to go count a mil' ticket 'til my wrist lock up  
Fuck another check up every time we leave the store  
Popped so many tags, I forgot how many cars I got  
Wrapped a soldier rag 'round the gun, Louis Vuitton  
[Chorus]  
Go on and throw your gang sign up if that's what you on  
If I fucked her more than one time, that shit hittin' for somethin' (That shit hittin' for somethin')  
Yeah, heavy sedated, intoxicated  
I'ma go crazy, I gotta go brazier  
One in the top, one in the cut  
Once it's stuck, then it's up  
[Verse 2]  
I get fronts and backs, Chanel bandana around the MAC, yeah  
I ain't trippin', if you slip, you gon' get whacked, yeah

Same nigga, before I rapped, flippin' packs, yeah  
 Keep it cool, don't front the mood, play the back, yeah  
 My niggas ain't no construction workers, but they love playin' with sand (Woo)  
 I just bust down another Rol' and put emeralds in the band (Yeah)  
 Touchin' down in Wakanda, goin' international on the 'Gram ('Gram)  
 I don't go nowhere without my hammer, that's not in the plan (Nope)  
 She must be hittin' for somethin' if I ever fucked her again  
 Mask on, mask off, make that purgin' shit a trend  
 I'm the realest nigga she fucked, so that make the pussy a virgin again  
 I send them goons lil' deep, deep, deep, they comin' through to spin (Slatt)  
 I send them goons lil' deep, deep, deep (Yeah), they comin' through to— (What's happenin'?)  
 [Chorus]  
 Go on and throw your gang sign up if that's what you on  
 If I fucked her more than one time, that shit hittin' for somethin' (That shit hittin' for somethin')  
 Yeah, heavy sedated, intoxicated  
 I'ma go crazy, I gotta go brazier  
 One in the top, one in the cut  
 Once it's stuck, then it's up

## 11. SOUTH OF FRANCE

[Intro]  
 Pluto  
 [Verse]  
 South of France, just drinkin' mud, nigga  
 No matter how rich I get, I still feel like a hood nigga, Pluto  
 Call back to the city, bullets flyin'  
 Posted on Front Street, start servin' dimes  
 On the way to buy a square, re-rock, a nine  
 I was in lil' Mexico, once upon a time  
 I started off in these streets, young niggas dyin'  
 I done seen a nigga get what's supposed to come to him  
 You catch a nigga off guard, you better run through him

---

All the good I manifested came true  
Gotta talk about my dark days so you can see my light  
Get distracted lookin' at the ice, send the European on flights  
Try flyin' in my rifle, all the foreigners came with a title  
Some shit a nigga would've killed for, same things don't excite us  
New level of life from a whole 'nother perspective  
The trenches look a little different when you in the inside of the Spectre  
The stars came in the door, that's how I know this one is special  
Some things I can't rap about, wish I knew this was my destiny  
[Outro]  
South of France, just drinkin' mud, nigga  
No matter how rich I get, I still feel like a hood nigga  
South of France, just drinkin' mud, nigga  
No matter how far you go, you still gon' find a hood nigga

## 12. SURFING A TSUNAMI

[Intro]  
Yeah, yeah  
Ski, Plutoski  
(How them niggas good, but they impoverished?)  
( , ?)  
[Verse 1]  
From the clothes down to the luggage, we be stylin' off the jet  
Muddy ice inside my cup, I watch it turn into baguettes  
Keep my head up to the sky 'cause they gon' think a nigga depressed  
Fuck depressed, I'm really depressed 'cause lawyer didn't go and buy the yacht  
That's my mans, he stood on business, I can't never leave him out  
Pull out the poppers, ain't no slouch  
Might be pink toes at the house  
A couple of mermaids in the pool  
Skinny-dippin', it's just my fuel  
I've been just sippin' and countin' my blues  
I'm gettin' it crackin' wherever I move  
No relaxin', I stay on cue

---

Put a lil' stash in all my rooms  
Got a nigga crash himself, Tycoon  
Rap and tote plastic, shoot like a goon  
Bitch so sassy, she get approved  
All this smashin', we get seduced  
Wish you wish you could walk a mile in my shoes  
I got a solitary point of view (I got clarity for you)  
( )  
[Chorus]  
Don't be careless with this rich nigga behavior  
All these millions out the trap feel so amazing  
I can surf on a tsunami when the wave hit  
I get fly with all these guns on me, I'm brazy  
Don't be careless with this rich nigga behavior  
I got way too many vibes, ain't no favorites  
I got riders on my side, we gettin' faded  
Double cups with all that drivin', let's get wavy  
[Verse 2]  
I got drugs inside my system, feelin' jaded  
It's the ones come from these streets the ones I stay with  
We makin' money when we sleep, make sure we stay lit  
I can go and hop in the other one when it's time to get a spaceship (Go and hop in the other one)  
( )  
Young nigga went and dropped another one, gon' be the greatest  
Wanna put a tag on a nigga toe like he traded  
I've been gettin' franchise money like McGrady (I ain't gon' lie to you)  
( )  
I got a billion-dollar-nigga conversation (Should've lied for you)  
( )  
[Bridge]  
Sleepin' on the safe, gettin' high and shit  
Every nigga with me get high and shit  
Keep your head up, hold it high and shit (Keep your head up to the sky)  
( )  
Pussy nigga, you ain't gon' slide and shit (Pussy niggas ain't slide)  
( )  
Every day, we, copy (Every day, we outside)  
( )  
Hold your niggas down, they at the top with you (Hold your niggas at the top)  
( )



---

Mermaids at the house, stylish

Skinn-dippin', baby, don't be childish

[Chorus]

Don't be careless with this rich nigga behavior

All these millions out the trap feel so amazing

I can surf on a tsunami when the wave hits

I get fly with all these guns on me, I'm brazy

Don't be careless with this rich nigga behavior

I got way too many vibes, ain't no favorites

I got riders on my side, we gettin' faded

Double cups with all that drivin', let's get wavy

[Interlude]

No matter how rich you get, you take your dogs with you

Whatever the situation is, they're calling you (Whatever it is)

There's pretty bitches around the world stalking you

Seem like these nine-figure chips got bitches lost

I ain't got no favorite, they all treat me like a boss

I live a bachelor life, you ask her, she my broad

Smash her, then look out for her, but I ain't got time to talk

She charging more for the pussy now, that's my fault

[Chorus]

Don't be careless with this rich nigga behavior

All these millions out the trap feel so amazing

I can surf on a tsunami when the wave hit

I get fly with all these guns on me, I'm brazy

Don't be careless with this rich nigga behavior

I got way too many vibes, ain't no favorites (I got way too many vibes, ain't no favorites)

I got riders on my side, we gettin' faded

Double cups with all that drivin', let's get wavy (Surf on a tsunami when the wave hit)

### 13. MADE MY HOE FAINT

[Intro]

(Ain't none harder, nigga)

( , )

---

[Verse]

I just made this ho faint

She ain't even believe it was me

Shawty gon' tie my shoe like a lil' kid, so conceited lately

Post a pic and let the world see it, I'm just keepin' it P

No one on the corner put that stuff on like us (Sex)

I got all the hitters goin', I got a lil' one goin', I got all the Skittles goin'

I just parked a new Ferrari next to a foreign, next to a new foreign

I just got the bag, made another bag, flip, nigga, I'm too O (T)

Niggas know not to never sleep on me, I'm puttin' that stuff on

They think I'm sellin' H, look at my chain, I got a few keys on (Woo)

Bitch fuck around and faint, and when she see me, had that shit on (Say, dog)

Flickin' up my wrist, I'm cookin' dope, smelled like I peed on (See)

Anything I get on, put a fit on, then I shit on (Brr)

Tax bracket, high skyscrapers, I can't see y'all (Ski)

Talkin' dogshit, I fuck it up then put the beat on

Got my dogs turnin' up, they ready to put the switch on (Brr)

Got this bad bitch, she textin' me, she ready to sit on

Supermodels back, overseas

Supermodels, bad lil' freak

Super-charged, ridin' in the 'Ghini

I'm super fly, I'm on a bad bitch lead

No one on the corner did it bigger than us

No one on the corner got it litty like us

No one on the corner gettin' a bag like us

No one on the corner reppin' murder like us (Oh, shh)

I'm the one that got you ran down (Shh)

Ain't tellin' these niggas to stand down (Plutoski)

Got this shit in the choke, hands down

Pick the brrt-brrt, ski, now it's man down

- , ,

---

## 14. TOLD MY

[Intro]

Re-up, re-up, re-up, re-up, re-up (Woah, woah, woah, woah)  
, , , , ( , , , )  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Woah, oh, woah, woah, woah)  
, , , , ( , , , )

[Verse]

I put all my drugs in a designer bag (Woah)  
( )  
Bad bitch in the city, got her hibernatin', yeah  
Shorty want a Perc', got it under me, yeah (Shorty want a Perc')  
, , ( )  
Tom Ford, skinny pants, alteration, yeah (Tom, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
, , , ( , , , )  
I woke up this mornin' and I was higher than Jesus, woah (I was higher than Jesus)  
, ( )  
I just took two pills, damn, with my people, woah (I just took two pills, woah)  
, , , ( , , , )  
Last night, that Addy had me on my feet, woah, woah  
, , ,  
I just hit some shit while I was damn near sleep, woah (Oh, oh, oh)  
, ( , , )  
I been stretchin' shit out like I'm on a beach, woah (Oh, oh, oh)  
, ( , , )  
I'ma stretch the brick out, get it A to Z, woah (Oh, oh, oh)  
, ( , , )  
Get it for the low, get it to the street (Oh, oh, oh)  
, ( , , )  
Pay me top dollars, I'm a sight to see (Woah, pay me top, cheese, cheese)  
, ( , , , )  
I told my bitch, "If I gotta be faithful, I might fall off"  
, " " ,  
I put all my BMs on paper so they won't talk  
I pulled up another Bentayga, she got a cold walk  
I'll talk all the shit I wanna talk for a couple million dollars  
I'll talk all the shit I wanna talk for a couple—

[Interlude: Koopsta Knicca]

Koopsta, that gangster nigga, that pimpin' with dead dreads  
,  
Clickin' with that nine in hand, let's make this to another stang  
,  
Koopsta, that gangster nigga, that pimpin' with dead dreads  
,  
Clickin' with that nine in hand, let's make this to another stang  
,

[Refrain]

I woke up this mornin' and I was higher than Jesus, woah  
,  
I just took two pills, damn, with my people, woah  
, , ,  
Last night, that Addy had me on my feet, woah  
, , ,  
I just hit some shit while I was damn near sleep, woah  
,

[Outro]

I can't get enough of doggin' a ho out shit

---

Fuck her, kick her out shit, and that go for a boss bitch

My lil' niggas, them on dumb shit, walk you down shit

'Til the gun click, I don't post 'em, put 'em in no pics

## 15. OATH

[Verse]

I can't get enough of doggin' a ho out shit

Fuck her, kick her out shit, and that go for a boss bitch

My lil' niggas, them on dumb shit, walk you down shit

'Til the gun click, I don't post 'em, put 'em in no pics (Purple)

Run you down in rush hour like Jackie Chan, chopstick (Ooh)

I just bought a bitch with another bitch and they French kiss (Ayy)

I'm a misfit, ain't goin' nowhere without my biscuit (Oh)

I went rags to riches just goin' ballistic (Pluto)

Got a powder plate for a model, bitch tryna toot shit (Pluto)

Alley-oopin' vibes to the members, I'm not a Clark Kent (Ooh)

Got some mix breeds (Where?) with bad friends and they dark skin (Where they at?)

Had my yellow bitch actin' devilish, tryna rob shit (Yeah)

Freeband bitches have niggas swimmin' with raw fish

Purple Label collar, I'm cov red in green, bring the golf kit (I'm playin')

Let th wrist flick on the average, now she priceless (Priceless)

Keep me sharp, sharper than a butter knife, I'm a ice pick

Breaking down a pound into grams, bringin' me dog shit

Comin' to the town, puttin' it down, bitch, I ain't lost it (Got it)

I did my homework, put in my own work, one thousand

I got niggas flyin' on jets out public houses (Dang)

If I was in lil' one position, I'd be a killer too

I'm the one to pay all they bonds and get their lawyers too (Get it)

If you say you down for your dog, you kill or take a charge

I can't never put 'em on the 'Gram, this nigga down with fraud (Ooh)

Cool nigga, ain't exposin' my hand, I gotta play my card (My hand)

---

We said a oath when we was kids, forever break the law

[Outro]

We said a oath when we was kids, forever break the law

## 16. LOST MY DOG

[Intro]

Yeah, Pluto

Plutoski

[Chorus]

Lost my dog to fentanyl, his body couldn't absorb it

Gone off a G6, feel like I'm on orbit

Yeah

I done lost my dog to fentanyl

I done lost my dog to fentanyl

Oh, yeah, oh, yeah

[Post-Chorus]

Lookin' at his texts, he was battlin' with depression

I should've seen the signs as soon as I received the message, yeah

Drugs in my body, I still cry for you

Drugs in my body, I still cry for you

Never know what real niggas go through

[Verse]

Started to take advantage of these pills when he drill

I want to tell him, "Stop," but it help him when he kill

Livin' in the hills, but I can still feel the sadness

Comin' from the bottom, from the bottom of the trap

Instagram epidemic got bigger than crack

Poppin' opioids, just trying to relax

Thought I was done with it, then got the news about you

All it made me wanna do is relapse

Lost my dog to fentanyl

I go up and I cry for you

Love you so much, I'd die for you

Lost my lil' homie to a gang war

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I don't cry, I go slide for you

All these lighters in the sky for you

His mama tried to raise an angel, turned out gangster like his daddy

We share the same pain, so I knew he wasn't happy

I should've knew he wasn't happy, yeah

[Chorus]

Lost my dog to fentanyl, his body couldn't absorb it

Gone off a G6, feel like I'm on orbit

Yeah

I done lost my dog to fentanyl

I done lost my dog to fentanyl

Oh yeah, oh yeah

## 17. AYE SAY GANG

[Intro]

Pluto, yeah, Pluto, yeah (Yeah)

Pluto, yeah (Ayy, say gang)

[Chorus]

Fifteen karat wedding ring, ain't even married yet (Ayy, say gang)

I just bought a bad bitch, I'm such a cash man (Ayy, say gang)

Countin' up so much dog shit it look like cow shit (Ayy, say gang)

Just popped another X pill, I need to be cautious (Ayy, say gang)

Shorty want it down in her lungs, chew a nigga up like gum (What up?)

Skeeted until I got numb, I was so high, I couldn't feel when I cum (Ayy, say gang)

Trap full of bricks and bread, came from the blocks servin' crumbs (Yeah)

Seven dollar pull up in the slum, gotta motivate a young nigga doin' numbers

[Verse 1]

Youngin put a switch on a gun, head off, sound like a bomb (Brrt)

Slime a bitch out, of course, promise I ain't never gon' turn on my brother

Everything goes, ain't gotta snipe no hoes

Went through the lows, now I'm 'bout to go and cop 'em both

Cooking out the Pyrex, young nigga sippin' on Hi-Tech

Fly like a pilot, custom made Louis, all ostrich

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Went and got a gaffer, ain't have to sell my masters  
Riding with a smacker, turn your little kid to a bastard (What it do?)  
Whole lot of cash, yeah, it barely can fit in the bag (Yeah)  
Count up these bands, yeah, count up so fast they crash (Ayy)  
I got these suicide bombers, they ready to smash (Suicide)  
Wipe a nigga nostril, wasn't nothing but an imposter (Yeah)  
Top Don Dada, so I got a bad bitch roster (Yeah, yeah)  
Soon as I pulled up, everybody 'round me poured up  
The drink got no cut, fuck around, a nigga might doze off  
Spot with no furniture, walk through the bitch got bowls out (Yeah)  
Look like a stash spot, this that one, we roll out  
The one you don't know about, she so bad she don't need no clout  
[Chorus]  
Fifteen karat wedding ring, ain't even married yet (Hold on)  
I just bought a bad bitch, I'm such a cash man (Ayy, say gang)  
Countin' up so much dog shit it look like cow shit  
Just popped another X pill, I need to be cautious (Ayy, say gang)  
Shorty want it down in her lungs, chew a nigga up like gum (What up?)  
Skeeted until I got numb, I was so high, couldn't feel when I cum (Ayy, say gang)  
Trap full of bricks and bread, ayy (Ski), came from the block servin' crumbs (Yeah)  
Seven dollar pull up in the slum, that'll motivate 'em, young nigga doin' numbers (Ayy, say gang)  
[Verse 2]  
Walk outside the bank, look like a robbery now (Ayy, say)  
Five thousand a pint, I'm bout to drank five thou' (Ayy, say)  
Million dollar whips and then some public housing (Ayy, say)  
I can change the flow up, I got different styles (Ayy, say gang)  
Took the G to seven, I'm too high in the clouds (Ayy, say)  
Forty-seven strippers tryna blow me down (Ayy, say)  
Took the G to seven, I'm too high in the clouds (Ayy, say)  
Five thousand a pint, I'm bout to drank five thou' (Ayy, say gang)  
[Outro]  
You don't feel what I feel for me

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Runs dry, baby

My love runs dry, baby

See me, I stay light lately

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