

Wait

Rob \$tone

My nigga this that cocky shit
Hit the lotto
Bitch I got this shit
My wrist it cost a grip
Damn my bitch just piss me off and shit
I push to start the whip
Thanking God, I used walk the bridge
I'm up in offices
Talking profit
While I'm off the shits

They Shook like Parkinson's
While I'm creeping with the darker tint
My blunt get spark, it's lit

Bitch I'm freezing cause my ice shit
Don't ask the price you bitch
Running plays just the chargers is

Fuck what the charges is
Got the bread to make em drop the shits

Wait [Repeated]

Okay I'm in here talking shit
Always talking shit
You watching this

Givenchy for my bitch
She just love the shit
I'm thuggin' it

Been sippin out the 5th
She still wishing I would call again

Can't hit the mall again
Every store I think I got a fan
But you don't understand
Listen to me you don't understand
I'm talking too advanced
Like my pendant cost you two advances

Running through again

You ain't you without the crew but damn
I bust a move again
Make another move pursuing bands

Wait [Repeated]

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