

Got a hunnit racks bustin' out the wrapper
Got a hunnit racks bustin' out the wrapper

Yeah! Why not? Okay, okay, okay
Truuu! 2 Chainz!
Hundred thousand bustin' out the wrapper
Count it up 'til I get a callous
I don't really talk to y'all rappers
Put codeine in a Snapple
Put codeine on a salad
Guess I'm on a codeine diet
Put another hundred in the rifle
Everybody better be quiet
Everybody put your hands higher
Then I chop the top like, "Hiyah"
All of my 16s fire
All of my bitches buyers
They buyin' extra clothes, I mean
They bisexual, I mean
Versace section though, I mean
Roll up the Texaco, I mean
This is the crazy flow
I got a straightjacket in the booth
I smoke a joint doin' an interview
Got the Rolex playin' peek-a-boo
All of you niggas that took the swag
I'm a have to get residuals
I'm a different individual
Got my hand on my genitals

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We ain't gotta use no scale
It's all there, you ain't gotta count it
Crocodile Hermes bag
Stuffed all down my pockets
Hundred racks sittin' in the plastic
I ain't even gon' fuckin' touch it
You can go ask L.A
I don't go to work on budgets
You can go check these stones
Everything on me flooded
And I gotta work three phones
Name another nigga gettin' cloned
Put a hoe nigga on a shirt
Got a new bank account alert
Whole Freebandz on mud
Taliban gang on percs

I ain't gonna take no shorts
Turn my dog to a boss
We ain't gon' take no losses
Know you tryna steal that sauce
Hundreds on hundreds on hundreds
I done ran up me a bag
We got a tour this summer
I'm 'bout to run up a bag
Hundred thousand dollars for a walkthrough
I'm a need mine in cash
Got a whole city on my back
I ain't 'bout to go outside
Whole Freebandz on coke

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