



Aye

I remember syrup sandwiches and crime allowances

Finesse a n**** with some counterfeits
But now I'm countin' this

Parmesan where my accountant lives

In fact, I'm downin' this

D'USSÉ with my boo bae, tastes like Kool-Aid for the analysts

Girl, I can buy yo' a** the world with my paystub

Ooh, that p**** good, won't you sit it on my taste bloods?

I get way too petty once you let me do the extras

Pull up on your block, then break it down: we playin' Tetris

A.M. to the P.M., P.M. to the A.M., funk

Piss out your per diem, you just gotta hate 'em, funk

If I quit your BM, I still ride Mercedes, funk

If I quit this season, I still be the greatest, funk

Pause

Yes

No

My left stroke just went viral

Right stroke put lil' baby in a spiral

Soprano C, we like to keep it on a high note



Its levels to it, you and
I know, b****, be
humble

End