



Got a hunnit racks bustin' out the wrapper  
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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

I got a...

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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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