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"The Motto"

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Bottle after bottle, motto after motto
Spendin' all this paper like I f-cking won the lotto
All I know is yolo, nigga that's the motto
Ricky told me get 'em and I told 'em that I got 'em
And I got 'em erryday, erryday
Bad bitches gon f-ck me everyway, never stay
Once I get it, than I'm dippin' thata way thata way
Young, came up from the bottom and I never had a way
I really went from wooping 622s, to whippin 622s
Aint none of the homies crippin'
We giving bitches the blues
We buying? bags, get in they f-cking shoes
You wonder why she aint f-cking you
Winning nigga, you lose
Yeah, I'm flexing, I pull up on the ghost
Hundred on my necklace
And my diamonds clear they vvs'ing
I turn into a toilet on these? they bs'ing
Two fingers, did it on 'em
Hold up, I really shitted on 'em
I dropped dreamchaser and I made a milly on 'em
It don't matter what city I'm in, I'm going philly on 'em
With my red p hat, you don't know, we back
'Bout to go to houston, heard that's where the chief at
Hiding with the? down
I could'nt get it man, get ready for that

Me and wale finna drop to that real soon man
I was just playing around
Shout out to the homie drizzy, all ymcmb
It's double mg we in the building

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