



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

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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