A$AP Rocky, Goldie

[Chorus]
Aha, aha
I said it must be 'cause a nigga got dough
Extraordinary swag and a mouth full of gold
Hoes at my shows they be strippin' off they clothes
And them college girls write a nigga name on they toes
Niggas talk shit 'til they get lockjaw
Chrome to ya dome 'til ya get glockjaw
Party like a cowboy or a rockstar
Everybody play the tough guy 'til shit pop off

[Verse 1]
Let's take it to the basics, you in the midst of greatness
My Martin was a Maison, rocked Margielas with no laces
Cristal go by the cases, wait hold up that was racist
I would prefer the Aces, ain't no different when you taste it
A 40 ounce to chase it, that's just a understatement
I'm early to the party, but my 'Rari is the latest
Somehow it seems girls in they late teens
Remind me your favorite jeans cause they naked cause you famous
Life's a mothafucka, ain't it? These other rappers ain't us
So tell me what your name is, I'ma tell it to my stainless
You aim it 'fore you bang it let that banger leave you brainless
It's just me, myself, and I and mothafuckas that I came with
Miscellaneous niggas wanna hate on me
Until I tell 'em to they face they ain't no G
Low key, niggas mad cause I'm smooth puffin' Zig Zags
Tell 'em quit the riff raff bitchin' with your bitch ass

[Chorus]
I said it must be 'cause a nigga got dough
Extraordinary swag and a mouth full of gold
Hoes at my shows they be strippin' off they clothes
And them college girls write a nigga name on they toes
Niggas talk shit 'til they get lockjaw
Chrome to ya dome 'til ya get glockjaw
Party like a cowboy or a rockstar
Everybody play the tough guy 'til shit pop off

[Verse 2]
Yes, I'm the shit, tell me do it stink?
It feel good wakin' up to money in the bank
Three model bitches, cocaine on the sink
And I'm so 'bout it 'bout it, I might roll up in a tank
Cause my chain came from Cuba, got a lock up on the link
And them red bottom loafers just to compliment the mink
Eyes chink, rollin' up that dank, blowin' on that stank
What you mean? Tell me what you drink, I'm on that kissin' pink
You could call me Billy Gates, got a crib in every state
Man on the moon, got a condo out in space
Open up your legs, tell me how it taste
And them niggas talkin' shit so tell 'em, “Tell it to my face”
Tell that bitch, hop up on my dick, rolled up on her quick
In a six, told her suck a dick, motorboat her tits
I'm the shit, niggas mad cause I'm smooth puffin' Zig-Zags
Tell 'em quit the riff raff bitchin' with your bitch ass

[Chorus]
I said it must be 'cause a nigga got dough
Extraordinary swag and a mouth full of gold
Hoes at my shows they be strippin' off they clothes
And them college girls write a nigga name on they toes
Niggas talk shit 'til they get lockjaw
Chrome to ya dome 'til ya get glockjaw

Party like a cowboy or a rockstar
Everybody play the tough guy 'til shit pop off

[Outro]
Oh, yeah, oh, right
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh, yeah, oh, yeah
Oh, yeah
Everybody play the tough guy 'til shit pop off (Right, right)