

# Detox Lyrics

## [Intro]

Yo, Nick Papz, make it slap

## [Verse 1]

I been on the road, I'm gone  
Private jet for me and the bros  
Hit H. Lorenzo, pick up clothes  
I made a finsta to hit my hoes up  
They don't know what I'm on, I'm on one  
It ain't 'bout right now, it's the long run  
I been actin' way too humble  
Graduated the streets with honors, I  
Cashed out with all blue hundreds, I  
See through that cap shit, cut it out  
Way too young and turnt to settle down  
I built niggas up that let me down  
World know I take care of everybody  
They can't keep a tab on my whereabouts  
Actin' like it's smoke, we gon air 'em out  
Turn them niggas' crib to a scary house  
Roll me up one  
Tell my chauffeur pull my car up to the driveway  
Wake her up, tell her, her ride ready  
Gotta get my day going  
The majority of this shit, I can't show 'em  
How I'm movin' like I got eight arms  
Tryna get my hands in every thing  
I like money, I don't cherish fame

## [Chorus]

I ain't tryna see her, I'ma detox for the next few days  
She like me, 'cause I'm G, buy her Givenchy  
Every time you look up, I be doin' somethin' else, yeah, that's me  
I don't do too much, that's P, these hoes so embarrassin'  
I ain't tryna see her, I'ma detox for the next few days  
She like me, 'cause I'm G, buy her Givenchy  
Every time you look up, I be doin' somethin' else, yeah, that's me  
I don't do too much, that's P, these hoes so embarrassin'

**[Verse 2]**

One life, two kids, three houses, 4 Gang, five hundred for a show  
Six rings, MJ, seven days, niggas weak, eight cars I don't drive  
Nine times out of ten I'ma be the one to win  
Runnin' up a lot of shit, gotta get 'em 'fore the summer end  
They play fake crazy, I don't bar that  
You just got turnt, don't start that  
I just gotta call it how I call it  
All of us stiff, we don't wanna talk  
Key to the streets, I unlocked them  
She fuck good, but she toxic  
Everybody lit when we pop out  
Narcs think we sellin' narcotics  
In staff meetings talkin' 'bout the artists  
Business savvy like I went to college  
Black card, Goyard wallet  
Money clean, IRS can audit it  
I still feel like I ain't where I oughta be  
Every day I'm workin', gettin' closer  
I'ma put the team on my shoulders  
Boss bitch shit, she a grown up

**[Chorus]**

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