

Self-Made

Bryson Tiller

Woo, yeah, yeah, yeah

You already know

Young Tiller

Let's go Gucci on my belt, bought a necklace for myself

Bought Giuseppe for myself, spent them blessings on myself

Donatello, that's a killer, I smoke purple out the shelf

She want Birkin, she want, Gucci purse, she want Chanel, got it I spend that 'cause I earned it
for myself

Got my shawty out the way and now I'm splurging on myself

You should worry 'bout yourself, I've been working on myself

I've been balling like I'm Curry, need a jersey for myself (I need a jersey for myself)

What's next? I'm nervous for myself

If I changed, I became a better version of myself

Bought a chain, bought two more, yeah, I deserve that for myself

And my neighbors look at me like, "How he purchase that himself?"

'Cause I'm a seven figure, self-made nigga

Blow the money, get it back the next day nigga

(made it back, yeah)

Wow, what the check say, nigga?

I'm getting paid, nigga, need a chef and maid, nigga And a Gucci on my belt, bought a necklace
for myself

Bought Giuseppe for myself, spent them blessings on myself

Donatello, that's a killer, I smoke purple out the shelf

She want Birkin, she want, Gucci purse, she want Chanel, got it Must've heard a hundred niggas
say they made me

(I made that nigga!)

So, which one you niggas made me?

Don't know who you talking to, not me, oh no, you can't be

They wan' be my fam, but my crew is sucker-lame free (Lame free)

I just want a yacht and a jet-ski

Pull up on your block, Icy Hot, Wayne Gretzkey

(I pull up, pull up)

Fucking con artist, boy, you sketchy

Pretty but she messy, only wanna sex me

'Cause I'm a Seven figure, self-made nigga

Blow the money, get it back the next day nigga

(made it back, yeah)

Wow, what the check say, nigga?

I'm getting paid, nigga, need a chef and maid, nigga Count that mula with my thumb

502, that's where I'm from

Used to stay on Hazelwood

You see trouble then you run (Run)

Word to Joker Noble, we don't do this shit for fun
100 million, then I'm done
Poochie laid out in the sun
Like I want Gucci on my belt, bought a necklace for myself
Bought Giuseppe for myself, spent them blessings on myself
Donatello, that's a killer, I smoke purple out the shelf
She want Birkin, she want, Gucci purse, she want Chanel, got it Yeah, yeah, Gucci on my belt
Yeah, she want Gucci on her belt
Gucci on her purse
Gucci on that
Yeah

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