

Granny Crib

Lil Durk

Came a long way to a mansion crib
I had roaches out my granny crib
Jumped into the streets on accident
Police snatched me up they better not ask me shit
I don't want no Quali I want some Actavis
I bet that nigga won't lack again
Remember I had them 2s and 10s
Put me on child support you better not ask for shit
On my dead body
I remember wakin' up and seeing a dead body
And I can't go back on my word that's on my dead body
Don't come to my funeral crying ova my dead body
And I ain't gon' pick you out I'm talking 'bout everybody
I remember selling weed inside some Ed Hardy's
My homie he the police he might be fed probably
That's on my dead body

You ain't never been in a shootout with yo' homie he ain't shoot back
Niggas don't try me when I'm by myself 'cause I'm too strapped
Always tryin' to fix some shit where its loose at
Couldn't get none to eat where I'm at I sold loose squares
Tryin' tell my judge my story like who cares
Can't explain the love I got in for Dahmir (for my son)
Don't come outside when it's war I think you scared
Wasn't in my life I tell my kids you dead
Know some niggas that'll snake their homies for some meds
Know some niggas that don't take care of their homies in the feds
Know some niggas that took some gunshots to the head
No reaction and scream "gang gang" when I'm dead
Please be greater, don't please these haters
When that Bentley pouting, like please these gators
I don't cry at wakings, I'ma grieve later
You gon' believe me now, you gon' believe me later
You ain't bleeding now, you gon' bleed later
We don't buy 5s 7s, nigga we take 'em
Pereocet eater, I told Rex take 'em
And that money change ya
I told Rex thank you

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Imma text my babes

They be drivin' me crazy
My three sons crazy
Make my daughters ladies
Turn these thous to millions
Goin broke prevent it
I be on my enemies
101 percentage
Don't fuck with no sucker niggas
My life I adjusted with it
I snake you just to get it
Don want die I keep my distance
Wonder why I keep my pistol
Had fame since we was little
Kept guns from being bullied
Cap guns to keep em [?]
My teacher tried to push me
I need them birds like [?]
My bitch I love her pussy
For thirty thousand book me
They steady tryna book me
Smoke a pound of cookie
A designer junkie
I done survived the jungle
Imma survive the struggle
Forever got ride with muscle
[?]
These ain't right act like they love me
Homicide, homicide if a nigga touch me
Facts, oh
Shame on you mean that's a shame on me
Got fame on you mean that's fame for me
If you get 100 yea, that the same for me
I'll forgive you for what you did just explain to me

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