

No Matter What

Polo G

(Hahaha, Nick, you're stupid)

We was taught to fight no matter what, it ain't no givin' up
Never really knowin' it's your time, you gotta live it up
Standin' on that corner like a rush and we can't get enough
War zone, I'm on my way to school, got my blicker tucked
Prayed to the Lord for better days, felt like He skippin' us
You gon' either die or see the system, ain't no slippin' up
In these streets, they'll take your life and they don't give a fuck
Ain't worried 'bout the opps, I just been tryna run my digits up

Lost touch with God, I'm so happy that I found you
Money only change the ones around you
Nonbelievers listened to your dreams and they clowned you
All the same niggas showin' love used to doubt you
Feel out of place when all that fake love surround you
Bitch, I run my city, they know who to give the crown to
My dawgs on go and it ain't shit to bring them hounds through
We don't give a fuck, we shed blood on that ground too
And when you fightin' for your life, ain't no round two
In the hood watchin' my big homies pushin' pounds through
Used to daydream of shinin' in the hood with these bands
Tryna leave these hard times and run through millis with my friends
But my homies died young and that wasn't part of the plan
Flyin' on these planes, wish I could reach and touch your hand
I don't wanna be awake, that's why I keep poppin' these Xans
My girl heart became a weakness, I did everything I can

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All my shorties know it's spark, load that 40 up and spray it
Tweak with the squad and we start clappin' like a standin' ovation
Doin' all this sinnin', feelin' like I'm gettin' close to satan
This street's a dirty ho, give her your heart and she gon' break it
Just wanted to be rich, was out there hustlin' with frustration
Felt like I was behind, so I got tired of being patient
If your mind stuck on the finer things, then you supposed to chase it
Ridin' in that brand new Bimmer, I feel motivated
Fake niggas show support, but deep inside, I know they hate it
Fuck the industry, it's all cap, this shit overrated
Promise I'm gon' be the greatest 'til it ain't no more debatin'
Prodigy, a young king, that's what my mama cultivated
In that cell, public defender tried to offer me probation
Now I step out on that stage and see a thousand different faces
Thinkin' 'bout my life, I probably would have died if I ain't make it
R.I.P. TimTim, I remember our last conversation

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