

Money came along problems
Shit got me like hell naw
Ask me what I'm doing with my life, ain't shit to tell ya'll
They selling these, though
We don't really need those
Rather burn some foil
Smoke some powder off some clean folds
I'll be rolling dollar papers
Crush it down and breathe those
I don't think I feel those
He ain't really coming back
Put that on my soul
She ain't never get her summer back
Acting like you really want it
Boy, you'll get it laid down
If I hit your face and started spraying, daddy laid there
Probably heard me laughing with a cold stare laid dead
Left the car around a tree with road flares, stayed there
They ain't gon' die for any of us
If we go, then they come with us
Ain't no love to lose, who's you? We ain't fucking wit ya
I could see the only way I learned to live will make me lose
I could see the way I move, crazy 8's and dirty juice
I'ma pull this shit over right here, then I make 'em choose
Keep 'em on their toes, and they go, and they better know
I'ma hit him dead in his nose, and he better show
I don't have to apologize for shit, that's another day
I'ma give that lil' bitch a poke 'til she run away
What the fuck are those? What they for? I'ma let 'em die
I don't see the road, eyes closed, I'ma let it fly
It stay ones and twos, and I knew, it's a promise to you