

Gettin' By

Stalley

No champagne bottles but we celebratin'
Just a bunch of weed smoke how we elevatin'
We've been hella patient but our times come
Played the background, kept it silent
Now bring the drum, lets vibe one
Time for my n-gga's trapped in the slump
And for my n-gga's that's been down since day one
This our glory, the platform is set to tell our story
The bottom dwellers went from rags to riches
From the beat up buggy to the platinum sixes
The baddest women show off our existence
Paper plate eating, we the fendi print dishes
We was dead broke trying to make sense with struggling times
With good time wishes the stars we wished upon
Now ever align now the gold on our necks got a grill and shine
All gold king with a scholar mind
I studied the buildings while building mine
I got an empire fine high like the Guggenheim
No picasso, martinez when im jotting rhymes
See I see life at an incline
Everything gets better with a little hard work and time
So I hard work my grind
Now my whole team can shine
And we elevating like a Lebron
Dont shout BCG until our times up
Tell the buddha monk turn the bass up
I'm bout to outrun these n-gga's tell them lace up
Was once far behind now I'm way front
Outrun em n-gga's tell them lace up

We seen hard times so I put them in the rhymes
And drag through the dirt trynna call sides
Been through hell now let the gods shine
An outcast from the far side
Who made a mob tie from rough beggining's to a smooth ride
Roll up the buddha now lets get high
For my n-gga's locked down trying to get by
I swear to god my n-gga's this is our time

Remember broke days bumming black and milds
Trying to relieve stress that was passed down
Sipping pints of gin trying to pass out
Chopping grams of raw trying to cash out
Cause illegal was the only way out
Didn't see another route we was all in the house
Watching boyz in the hood trying to figure it out
Didn't want to be Ricky and get gunned down
Cause before the scholarships hollow tips passed out
So the hoop dreams deflate and I need food for plate
And momma's rent late
So these pockets full of stones and this .38
Will all seal my fate
It's a dirty game and when I get these stones off
We gunna celebrate
A stone cold killer who don't hesitate
A heavyweight for the cake
Ain't no featherweight

I snatch a chicken out his coop
And let the feathers shake to soothe this belly ache

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