

Uh
Carvello

Sixth-grade, headphones in
On the iPod, brother, I was honed in
It was One Sixteen even back then
I tried to send a couple lyrics, but they won't send
Back to it, I was on YouTube tryna rap to it
Crazy I'm sittin' here makin' tracks to it
I was runnin' laps to it, this that 912, real rap music
Boy, I came outta Glynn, whatchu know 'bout me?
Yeah, I signed a dotted line, but my heart's still free
And my car still free, '05 Ford Focus and the gas still cheap
Cliqued up, 40 deep with the whole gang
I got a pocket full of pennies 'cause I'm so changed
I got the real thing, you can have your gold chain
Told y'all, underdog, I'ma roll to the mall, but I'm still gon' save
my money

40 deep
Cliqued up, 40 deep
Cliqued up, 40 deep (Yeah)
Cliqued up, 40 deep (Ayy, yeah, uh)

Ninth-grade in the winter when I peeped the gift (Okay)
He sprunged me into the action season, lookin' too legit (Oh yeah)
Without Him, I would fall and I ain't talkin' 'bout the Clique (Yeah)
I'm talkin' 'bout the One who saved ya girl from the liar's grip
Aw man, amen (Woah)
God workin' in me, I ain't the same, man (Okay)
Tryna study the Word, this ain't no hangman
By the way you livin', can they tell He on your brain, fam?
Yeah, it's Naija in this thang, yeah, that Yoruba crew (Uh-huh)
And I'm with the ATX, yeah, that 512 (Ayy, ayy)
You can see we on a mission from the way we livin'
Everybody unashamed, Jesus keep us driven
If you see me rock the chain, it ain't symbolism
'Cause we came to set them free with the truth we spittin'
Yeah, it's 116, 'cause we livin' unashamed (Yeah)
New school, but the message still the same
Cliqued up, 40 deep

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