

I love you
Turn my headphone down a little bit, yeah
For so many reasons
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (I do), yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Yeah, yeah, ah, ah, whoa, whoa, whoa, yeah

How much money you got? (Straight up)
How much money you got? (Straight up)
How much money you got? (Straight up)
How much money you got? (A lot)

How much money you got? (A lot)
How many problems you got? (A lot)
How many people done doubted you? (A lot)
Left you out to rot? (A lot)
How many pray that you flop? (A lot)
How many lawyers you got? (A lot)
How many times you got shot? (A lot)
How many niggas you shot? (A lot)
How many times did you ride? (A lot)
How many niggas done died? (A lot)
How many times did you cheat? (A lot)
How many times did you lie? (A lot)
How many times did she leave? (A lot)
How many times did she cry? (A lot)
How many chances she done gave you fucking around with these thots? (A lot)

Every day that I'm alive, I'ma ride with the stick
I'd rather be broke in jail than be dead and rich
Told my brothers take my breath if I turn to a snitch
But I'm 21 4L, ain't no way I'ma switch

Break it down, I break it down
I break it down, I break it down
I break it down, I break it down
I break it down, I break it down

Penitentiary chances just to make a couple bucks
My heart so cold I could put it in my cup
Gang vs. the world, me and my dawg, it was us
Then you went and wrote a statement, and that really fucked me up
My brother lost his life and it turned me to a beast
My brother got life and it turned me to the streets
I been through the storm and it turned me to a G
But the other side was sunny, I get paid to rap on beats

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How many chances she done gave you?
Fuck around with these thots (A lot)

Break it on down, I break it on down
I break it on down, I break it on down
Yeah, I just came from the A
I drove back home, six-hour drive, six-and-a-half
Before I left, I stopped by to see my nigga 21 in the studio
He had two of his kids with him right in the studio, that's when I knew
You a stand-up nigga, I love seein' shit like that

Question

How many faking they streams? (A lot)
Getting they plays from machines? (A lot)
I can see behind the smoke and mirrors
Niggas ain't really big as they seem (Hmm)
I never say anything (Nah), everybody got they thing (True)
Some niggas make millions, other niggas make memes (Hmm)
I'm on a money routine
I don't want smoke, I want cream
I don't want no more comparisons
This is a marathon and I'm aware
I been playing it back from a lack of promotions
I never was one for the bragging and boasting
I guess I was hoping the music would speak for itself, but the people want e
everything else
OK, no problem, I'll show up on everyone album
You know what the outcome will be
I'm batting a thousand
It's got to the point that these rappers don't even like rappin' with me
Fuck it 'cause my nigga 21 Savage just hit me
And told me he saved me a spot on a new record he got
He call it "a lot," I open my book and I jot
Pray for Tekashi, they want him to rot
I picture him inside a cell on a cot
'Flectin' on how he made it to the top
Wondering if it was worth it or not
I pray for Markelle 'cause they fucked up his shot
Just want you to know that you got it, my nigga
Though I never met you, I know that you special
And that the Lord blessed you, don't doubt it, my nigga
Dennis Smith, Jr., stay solid, my nigga
I'm on a tangent, not how I planned it
I had some fans that hopped and abandoned ship
When they thought that I wasn't gon' pan out, I got a plan
They say that success is the greatest revenge, tell all your friends
Cole on a mission, cementin' the spot as the greatest that did it
Before it all ends, nigga

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I break it down, I break it down, I br-