

Fuck these niggas talking 'bout, man? Huh
Nah mean?
Huh, huh, ayo

I had plans to make money and get away clean
And looked out for every nigga I consider my team
'Cause it hurt when you can't get gifts for your seeds
You get weak before Christmas like December 18
I got infinite reach, I can't limit my dreams
In disbelief, how these rappers try to mimic my speech?
Gotta think before you enter the streets
I seen two brothers get a fifteen year sentence a piece, that's
deep
You know I cook cocaine with fresh soda
They coming back for more like it's leftovers
I got grams of good dope on the next corner
Responsible for the dog food like a pet owner
Pistol kept on us just in case they crept on us
Bullets in pillow cases for the ones that slept on us
Team meetings with the fellas 'bout the next summer
All we do is get together, smoke weed and project numbers
Huh, you're whole life you been in the projects
So this might be too much info to digest
To make it out of there is a difficult process
That depend on the individuals mindset
I took jewels from all the criminals I met
With no schooling, all my movements is hi-tech
I progress from intellectual dialect
Quiet as kept, nobody best besides Spesh
Huh, you better than me? Well that's a wide stretch
That's like a medium sized tee to a five X
Huh, but niggas don't listen so I advise less
That's how I made a million dollars off a side bets
Trust

"The streets are frigid, so I speak it vivid"
"And the story of our life get told"