

Flour City 3

38 Spesh

Trust
Ayo

We don't gamble light, we make real bets
To climb up a hill, you gotta take real steps
E, why these rats ain't killed yet?
Write a statement on me and get clapped while the ink still wet
Nigga, huh, this jacket made from seal flesh
Don't entertain these grown lames that ain't paid bills yet
Niggas want me killed, but my fate ain't sealed yet
Gave dog food to vets, but they ain't healed pets
Trust

On the run, eatin' cold meals left
Don't go to waste, close the drapes, blowin' cake, got my whole heels fresh
I try to tell him he the God, but he don't feel blessed
I feel him, but I'm bringin' back that old Phil next
Uh, planted in the soil
Granted, I was loyal
Money makes the world go 'round, they tampered with the coil
Things get twisted, he's restricted, told him coke is still wet, but it happens when it oils, nigga

Yeah, sawed-off shotgun, call on God's son
Took shortcuts, but the long haul my run
The team had to sting once the ball hog got stung
He had a dream about some shots rung
Ayo, sawed-off shotgun, call on God's son
I'ma hustle hard and sell raw 'til the cops come
Everybody wanna be in charge 'til they got one
Most niggas act like a boss 'cause they not one

Spend an hour in my journey
Had powder in Missouri
Case beat in an hour, that's the power of attorney
Better off countin' your days and countin' on the jury
You blow trial, them crackers in the mountains do you dirty
You cowards never heard me
Them cowards lookin' worried
Back when I was nineteen, now I'm in my thirties
Don't wait until I'm dead, give my flowers to me early
Shoutout to the legends in the town, Charles Murray
Fresh off the I-90, no drugs on me
It's in the car behind me with my young shorty
Niggas tried to rob me, it was done poorly
Plus got twenty niggas knocked off, cost one-forty
Just hit the 490, I been homesick
Back on the North on the porch with the glowsticks
I'm on the west side of town servin' whole bricks
Been under investigation since '06

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