

I'm bein' watched by the task force
It's a crash course
When they try to stop your only cash source
Fourteen with a crack charge
Where I'm from, some say it's the slums
But I call it my backyard
Bad bitches, fast cars
Started off coppin' small then graduated to trap stars
I get chauffeured in the black car
My driver pull up and throw bricks
I sit in the back, bored
Me and moms was mad poor
Dad gone, I ain't hurt yet, still I'm a tad small
Couldn't cry, had to stand tall
Knockin' bags off in front of the store
Wishin' I had more
Fell in love with a bad whore
Her I had, though
She brought the bricks back in the Rav4
Back then, now fast-forward
Live wealthy, kids healthy, what more can I ask for?

Huh, right?
You know?
That's all we really ask for, you know what I'm sayin'?
Long as the kid's straight
You know what I mean?
Family good
That's all that really matter, know what I mean?
Huh
Right
Yo
Let's go

Y'all want me to fall easily
It's easy to make money, it's just hard legally
I told bitches I don't care if y'all be with me
Know if I fall that'll result to y'all leavin' me
I told my dogs I was there when y'all needed me
When I split the pie, I made sure it was done equally
But niggas snitchin' more recently
But me? I would never speak to the people
I swore secrecy
But I found myself keepin' beef
Secret compartment in the V
That's controlled by the heated seat
And I'm quiet when I see the police
Your words will be held against you in court
You're not free to speak
I used to grind so eagerly
Eyes low like the Vietnamese because I needed sleep
I guess it's just the beast in me
As the day pass, I gotta make cash
Then rest peacefully
Trust