

I might have to take it back
Remember late nights prayin' that I make it back
Every night a nigga strapped

Hustlin', hustlin'
Everything I do is for my brother, brother
(I love you)

Grindin' in the club
People walkin' up, "Aye, you remind me of"
Nah, I remind them of Dugg

Hustlin', hustlin'
Still hold it down for my brother, brother

Two tone AP custom made
Four cubans on, I'ma fuckin' slave, you know black lives
Niggas get baptized, Doggy them cap signs

How you know my judge was a nigga?
How you gon' judge another nigga?
Fuck it just flood us with bitches

Pulled a Benz seat back
Doggy, you keep lackin'
Two bitches three straps
Ain't no room for another nigga
Reminisclin' about all of mine
See some fuck shit I'll call them out
Act crazy, we all in route with them choppas
Stackin' white hundreds till I feel like I'm a Nazi
For my nigga Luke and Brazii
Grew up killllin' sellin' oxy
Who I'm missin' Little Rob
Knowin' shit would've been a little different with your guys
Whoa, whoa
Still made it out with all my bros gone
Forever droppin' 5s, bring those 4s home

My nigga AP on the way
Probably the only reason I be laughin' and playin'

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(Free Dem Boyzzz!)