

Yeah
Rap for fun but they know that I'm street
Yeah, this that street shit
We don't do that weak shit
Come over here on that fuck shit, like plate we eat, bitch
I always get a check, ain't no niggas checkin' me
Bankroll in right hand, glizzy in lefty
Never been gay but Ben Frank sexy
Havin' a.30 for a nigga trying to test me
I'm the young nigga that's havin' the bands
They like, "How you do it? ", I stuck with' a plan
Jugg, jugg, then I did it again
Juggin' everything, even my friends
S.O.S. my brothers, I ain't doin' no friends
Ride for the gang 'til the mofuckin' end
A nigga can't fold, a nigga can't bend
Holdin' shit down since way back then
Yeah, when I'm in the field I let my nuts hang
If you see me then you see gang
Waited my turn and them blessings came
All these blue strips they think Crip what I bang
[?], I'ma stay in my lane
We both gettin' money but it ain't the same
[?] came up on fuck shit we can't
Stayed down and I prayed and the racks came in
If it ain't racks then who is it?
S.O.S., we do this shit
Nigga want beef we chew that shit