

(I have mercy, this how you comin')

Me and bro had matching sticks
We even stepped out in matching drip
Me and my daughter got matching kicks
Me and my girl got matching kicks
My mum, my sister need a matching crib
Only drive a wheel with matching whips
I don't really care about jewels and ice
But I spend a few racks on a one ting-ting

Me and bro's had matching lives
We even pulled up in matching bikes
Back then we had matching Nikes
Pissed by the jacks, still my favourite Nikes
All the shit days were the coldest nights
Big ass jackets, the longest nights
Got PTSD when the feds walked by
Get PTSD when they still ride by (Fuck)
My young days, didn't know about works
My friend was an addict, study and buyin'
My teenage days was wild as fuck
Spinners like shorties and mountain bikes
Then before those trucks came in
Best skrrt-skrrt on Lambo', keepin' the line
Offside, on-side, someone got tumble dried
For my guys inside gettin' fried
Bro got twenty-four years 'cause he scratched that guy
City side and we're family tied
What's that?
Another rapper just died
Right, I'm the grumpiest one, I'm the moodiest one
And I'm just meeting this guy when I'm high
Everyday I tell myself I gotta be patient
All in G time

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Me and the bros had matching spinners
Numerous Docs and things that glah'
Punnet on bikes, Pentium cars

We gotta shave this down, we done arts and crafts
On the pagans them, that's prizzah'
Parts got heat in the bag man, they come like a floss
I wear Fendi and Montcler and Canada Goose coats
So I don't feel no draught
Remember when I never had fifty pounds
Now a man's cuttin' out fifty foul
Came a long way, tryna make a hundred pound
Now I made me a hundred foul
Got diamonds on my teeth so I'ma force this smile
Pain in my heart so I'll force a smile
For the guys in jail that are waiting on trials
Coulda lost one trial with a boss one trial

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