

Fear No Man

A-Reece

Yeah

Yeah, yeah

All of that money

All of these clothes

All of these bitches, yeah

Ice on my lobes

And this big ass crib that a young nigga live in, yeah

That shit don't make me who I am

That shit don't make me real

That shit don't make me who I am

That shit don't make me real, yeah

Yeah

He chose her, but she chose me

Yeah he don love her, she always lonely

All these hate, it's hard to know me

But I go, like I'm Kobe

I've been waiting so you can show me, that you can

All I know you phone me

All those racks, all those hips, all that shit I've never had

That shit don't make me who I am

That shit don't make me real

And now I'm booming like I'm Metro, like I got a deal

He know I'm gone, I hope you take the time to really heal

And now I'll suffer till the time you come up to the hills

It's all about you, you, you and the shit that you do, yeah

It's all about you and the people you choose to be around you, yeah

It's all about you and paying your dues, man it's all about movement

Yeah, its all about you and the shit that you prove, my nigga just do it, yeah
ah

If you want it, go and get it boy it's yours (boy it's yours)

We've been bothered I ain't switching on my dogs (on my dogs)

We done made it from the bottom, nigga we on, yeah

I ain't never going back, nigga we gone (nigga we gone)

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Ice on my lobes

And this big ass crib that a young nigga live in, yeah

That shit don't make me who I am

That shit don't make me real

That shit don't make me who I am

That shit don't make me real, yeah

Got these nikki ass bitches out for me

No I can't move like that, I hope they won't be cuffin me

Got me a chosen few, a young nigga maneuvers properly

Yeah, can't believe it

They all around me getting too close, they all tryna take a picture

Yeah, pose for the camera, click that shit

Don't make me who I am (no)

That shit don't make me real, that shit don't make a young nigga Krish

Knew I'm a star, back when they ain't knew who we are

Snakes they hissing from a far, stay prayed up I hope they starve

Fear no men, but God himself
Still the hottest on this shit
First tape went number two and a young nigga ain't rest yet
I get why these shy niggas steady out here clown fishing
I get why these these bitches teaming up steady trying to pull missions
Yeah, they ain't got banging accounts, they ain't got realing amounts
That's what they tripping about, yeah
You know I had vision about, we taking different rout
Thank God we figured it out

All of that money
All of these clothes
All of these bitches, yeah
Ice on my lobes
And this big ass crib that a young nigga live in, yeah
That shit don't make me who I am
That shit don't make me real
That shit don't make me who I am
That shit don't make me real, yeah

Yeah, my momma always told a nigga one thing, yeah
If you want it, go and get it boy it's yours