Had Nothing

AJ Tracey

Look, I remember when I had nothing
Called my plug, copped a blower, then I grabbed something
The feeling when I got to see a bag something
Memories of when I grew up, never had nothing
Said I remember when I had nothing
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Young'un telling me he's aggy, wanna bang something
Told him focus on your money, go and slang something
I'm telling niggas fuck beef and try and trap, cousin
Memories of when I grew up, never had nothing
Don't tell me 'bout no warring, you're a dumb neek
Gucci fabric on the waist with the dumb sneaks
AJ on my chest, true, he's on my bum cheeks
And now I'm penny any women cuh they tun cheap
I put a oner on a ruley and it came in
I copped the Henney with the black-on-black casing
I love the West cuh my hood is what I was raised in (West 10)
I've got some beasts on the wing, but they're caged in
And all my niggas in the summer get their ice out
I took the hard road, fam, you had the nice route
And any pussies in the way, they better mind out
Get 'em lined out, I bet a nigga gonna find out
Every night, I'm in the flats with the lost souls
Some niggas scamming other bruddas, shotting hot rolls
Food on my blocka, food in the trizz-ap
Food in the club, they're all asking me where the dizz at
Nike manbag and the Stussy hat
I keep on hitting Chloe's yard, why? Cuh the pussy fat
And Courvoisier, Courvoisier, it's hella brandy
She don't drink with me but she's winging off the mandy
And when I'm finished at her crib, I hit the Lane again
Dotted up another ting, haffi make it rain again
We never had the damn pounds, now we're making 'em
Cuh I don't wanna let my mother feel the pain again

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Re-up's on the block, I put my team on it
Clutch backs, no scope, no beam on it
Couple pussies wanted beef, I said "I'm here, G"
All talk, now I've never seen that man near me
Fearless, walking through the hood with a lion heart
My niggas trappers and their food'll tear your line apart
I'm the real deal, niggas just a counterpart
So's I make counterfeiting sweeter than a Lion bar
Bruddas saying that I'm pissed, I've gotta battle on 'em
I'll get the something off my uncle, start a rattle on 'em

Fuck a little baby beef, slap a cattle on 'em
Turn Pepe out the cabby, put a tackle on 'em
I ain't a rapper on my strip, I'm feeling Money Mitch
I like the champs, I like the trueys with the gully stitch
And I ain't messing with the yatty from the other bitch
Straight corn flying through a thotty, that's a funny bitch
Amo showed me all the secrets how to bag quicker
Taking minutes off the hours so I trap quicker
Trini boy, you know it's crazy how I back liquor
And don't listen to that pussy, I'mma slap a nigga
They say they're on to me, never seen 'em hitting me
If they've been creeping on my lane, they've been missing me
I'm on my money ting, tryna be the bigger G
Rappers telling stories but I rate your creativity

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