

Hide The Cameras

Audio Push

I know some suckers out the city plottin', creepin' up on me
Ex-bitches [?] niggas still speakin' up on me
See this the thanks I get for makin' waves for all you niggas?
Put two hands together, still I pray for all you niggas
You dig, she shake her shit, I shake the grit
In Bed-Stuy I'm with my dogs getting blitzed
Suited up 'cause I'm 'bout my bizz
Moved up [?]
I'm countin' blessings, you counterfeit
They don't know what to do with us
Only papers you can do the dutch
Your raps suck they ain't true enough
Say she don't know who to trust
Well shit that make two of us
Shake it up though, move your butt
Fuck a price and I can move you up
The gang signs ain't foolin' us
Don't clutch that unless you gon' bust
Learned that from the big homies
I ain't have no big brother
But I been on since du-rags with the split colors
I hope the cops don't kill me 'cause of my skin color
Always stuck to the code, stuck to the pin number
Okay go 'head, bet that shit say "Porsche" under my VIN number
Okay yep yep, my little baby got a little past but I still love her
Mhm yeah, said shit in side rooms, yeah it got misconstrued
Try to give a helping hand, they pull you down to lose
Still Good Vibe Tribe don't get shit confused
Oh that's with your crew, I disapprove
OG got me glued, stuck
No sour diesel I'm cool
Go Vin Diesel in the Coupe
Oh that's your main bae? She let me go in her
From the I.E. really makin' bands off medical center
Still gettin' head on the highway like a real nigga
Still don't talk when it's in person I'ma deal with you
Cut it off all the dead weight
Now we winnin' got the bread straight
On the court got the ball back
Now you frauds wanna call back
Lose my number when you finally realize what a young nigga worth
Or lose my number when you realize all your fuckin' plans ain't work
Then watch me

Go berserk, hide the cameras
Like a pimp, David Banner
I pull the strings, Carlos Santana
Nigga got his heart broken, Atlanta
My dog got a car loaded, them hammers
But I still got my ex waitin' on a text
Still lots of freaks waitin' on sex
I ain't pressed nah, I ain't pressed nah
Tell me somethin' new I ain't heard the best
Teddy Riley got 'em askin' "What's next?"
Put your clothes on, baby hit the steps
I ain't pressed nah, I ain't pressed nah
Sell me somethin' new I don't see no threats

I don't like no pictures, and I don't like no snitches
Kill the beat, close your eyes, I don't like no witness
Push-ups for fitness, and kush-ups I'm lifted
And you said it I did it, that's exactly the difference
Nothing after the squad [?] we doin' this often
I done changed to a loft and had a crib you get lost in
Only thing I learned 'bout when you young and you bossin'
Is that niggas start gettin' fake when you start takin' losses
Whoa, that's my ex, been waitin' on that text
Whoa, that's your ex, waitin' on the sex
But she ain't bad enough, and she ain't got no soul
We say "yeah" to the queens, big "no's" to the hoes
No manners they bold now, do not get exposed
Sad women and money, that's X's and O's
They respect it at shows, I'm too high for the lows
This for my family and all my bros, no cameras