

I ain't hit the studio in 4 weeks  
Had to make a drink rich nigga poor me  
Legal battles fuck these niggas tryna warn me  
I just spent a car on court fees  
But the money right, I got a lot of dough  
I'm from the gully side, rep it like bravado  
I just got this shit in, watch the cargo  
Turn them bravos, into bravado boasy  
Niggas ain't real need an app to approach me  
Middle finger to the world enemy trophy  
Might catch me out in Harlem, on the lowski  
For a break  
I'm still breaking bread with the broskis

Cause the money right  
I got a lot of dough  
And I don't wanna die  
But when you gotta go  
So I'm living to the fullest at the top you know  
Cause you can't pave the way and be on the road  
You don't really get no opportunity in places like this  
Please don't judge me you don't get too many cases like this  
I don't think the ends has ever been as dangerous as this  
But watching face won't get you watch faces like these  
Times still worth more than a timepiece  
I'm icy not an ic3  
Man I had to starve just so everyone can eat cause  
Practice makes perfect when you practice what you preach

I'm preaching  
Starboy even on the weekend  
Now they call me blood that's reachin'  
Never had nobody I don't need them  
I remember tryna make a living when I never had a life  
Council housing never had no council no advice  
Them days  
We're rolling numbers like we're dice, MJ  
Man I was selling niggas white, oh na na na  
Moved out the ends just so I don't go back to that  
Old habits I ain't even in the same habitat  
Even the greats can be a little ungrateful  
I'm nice but I just pray I'm nice for my whole life  
Baby come and fuck me for the whole night  
We're drinking rosé can you give me slow eyes  
Made it from the mud guess I'm a gold mine, and all this gold's mine