

# Neighbours

Aystar

Used to be a have-not, then I went and grabbed rock  
Then I hit the trap and hit the flats, I'm selling crack shots  
Put my rich ting in a 'Tayga, my Erdz ting a hater  
My white ting holds the mash but I don't trust the neighbours  
And I don't trust the neighbours  
I keep wacking 'em because I keep blazing flavours  
And the weed be too loud  
They think I'm growing weed, I think they're tryna get me raided  
Nah baby, I'm just blazing

That bitch wanna link me, told her "Now or it's never"  
I can give you when it's wet but when it's dry, it smokes better  
Akhi's shook to serve me a box, he shoulda stayed in mosque  
I got yola in the pot, I whip it soft and watch it lock  
Niggas asking 'bout my sales, just to ask me for my help  
I would never mention all them niggas, it just give 'em clout  
G63, you hear the engine roaring  
Before I was touring, I was out there touring  
Looking for the cats around the map to have 'em scoring  
From young I was balling, from young you was stalling  
Influential but I ain't nothing like an influencer  
Cah I got some cats up in the trap and bricks in the presser  
Normally I'm counting racks, sitting on my dresser  
And she holds the grub for me so now and then I always bless her  
Man, you know me, I'm always bringing back results  
Man, I know you niggas always bringing back some faults

The way I whip flake, you'd think that I'm a racist  
He thinks that he's on job, I'll catch him on his day shift  
Plastic surgery, I'll have to give a man a face-lift  
Even if it means sitting on basic  
These niggas can't trap, they just don't wanna face it  
They're doing up dancing on TikTok  
I'm sitting in the yard with a big Glock  
There's a big difference, trust me  
And watch out, them sweets ain't for infants  
Don't touch with no gloves, you'll leave prints  
Trust me, it's hard tryna school up the kids  
They're ready to grip sticks with no gloves and just buss it  
I'm tryna tell them "Nah", they don't listen so I'm like "Fuck it"  
I was hardheaded as a kid  
No one could tell me nothing, I was pressing on my stick regardless  
Gloves or no gloves  
I let it bang off with no gloves and had 'em ducking from the slugs

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