

They Think I Rap My Brother's Life

Babyface Ray

(Trey, Trey)

Shh, yeah

(Damn E, this a classic)

Uh-huh, hmm

Yeah, ayy

What can I say? Feel like we covered the board (For real)

Money marathon but I'm still running for more

These niggas tote straps but they still running from war (Why?)

They book me, I throw the money on the bitches, I ain't wanna perform (I ain't wanna rap)

Yeah, we top-notch, breeze through blocks like hopscotch (Yeah, yeah)

On jet skis, use the Rolex as a stopwatch (Huh)

I got plots that's waiting to blossom (Yeah)

I was mashin' in the foreign, top down, when Future dropped "Colossal" (In Miami)

Go up on the scoreboard, cops come play possum (Who?)

Don't confuse me with these lames, baby, we real mobsters (Real mob)

An erotic day shift, I just came for the lobster (Come on)

Rollie bought a new Rollie and it came with a chopper

I ain't flexin', you should pace yo'self

We eatin' good but I'm still reaching higher, I just race my self (Only)

If I don't give this shit a try, then I'll hate myself

If I can't shoot it with my youngin', I'ma take myself (Fuck it, I'ma go)

Gotta see it with my eyes, you wanna know what I know (See it)

And with the right cut, I can make eight outta four

I got the game in the palm of my hands

Niggas hatin', call me they man (Ah)

Like Livingston I'm ballin' again (I'm ballin')

Type to fuck yo' main bitch and never call her again (Never)

She the one tellin' all of her friends (Aha)

All that talking out of turn shit, dawg, gon' get us all in a jam (Shut the fuck up)

The way I get it, they should call it a scam (Yeah, yeah), yeah, ayy

Money over bitches, nigga stick to the script

That's real talk, my niggas rich from them scripts (Rich from them scripts)

Yeah, ayy

Money over bitches, nigga stick to the script

I'm in the club with the stick on my hip, yeah

I see the hunger in yo' face, my nigga, get you some chips

I ain't got no car, he traffic bricks in the Lyft (Damn)

Will he make it out the streets? Man this shit like a myth (I don't know)

Don't trust no ho 'cause yo' bitch on my dick, for real

O-eleven in the Audi with Lou' (Louis), we poppin' Xanax

Yo' bitch called drunk, wanna fuck, she leaving Annex (Come through)

I ain't really trippin' 'bout luggage, shop where I land at (Yeah)

And I don't really move 'less it's cash, you understand that? (Hello?)

Catch me in Kilwaukee in the Bentley with Van (Van)

Whippin' like it's coke in the kitchen with 'Vance

Niggas' lifestyle ain't really how they live on the 'Gram (Uh-uh)

I can't name all the shit I done did for the fam (Round 'em up)

Yeah, Siobhan got her groove back, she in the Bahamas

I moved out but let my bankroll live with' my mama (Count this money)

I'm hittin' corners when I go to the crib, this shit get hectic

Too many niggas know where I live, these bitches messy

Think my niggas getting watched by the homicide (Shh)
Red Moncler for my son's mama right beside
I done fucked around and passed up the ones I idolize
Sixty-five for a thousand of 'em, seven hour drive (Yeah)

(Trey, Trey)
(Damn E, this a classic)