

September 17th

Babyfxce E

It's with an X, nigga (Big Drice on the beat, yeah)

Fxce

Yeah, c'mon

I been MIA tryna change how I been livin'

Get that camera out my face, I ain't tryna take no pictures

She keep goin' through my phone, I got hoes, bae, I admit it

And if you give that pussy up, won't go find out, just know you finished

I turnt the city up, only been rappin' for a lil' minute

I know I made it, people I don't know tryna fuck with my image

I think I'm fucked up, but everybody 'round me be tryna tell me I'm gifted

I got labels callin' my phone, I got everybody in my business

I know you not where you wanna be, but it's a lot you gotta learn, yeah

Stop stressin', 'cause your turn gon' come, you just gotta wait your turn

This shit I'm smokin' on helpin' my heart, but it's fuckin' up my brain

I know I need to put that shit down, but it's easin' all the pain (Naw, for real)

Limo tint on the windows of the Scat, you can't see shit (Not shit)

I told my mama next year around this time, we gon' be rich

I showed my niggas this song before I finished it, they like, "Bitch, you tripped"

They tell my brother, "Lil' bro next," and he just smile and say, "I'm hip" (He know it)

Rollin' out the pound, my brother treat 'em like they zips (He rollin')

They see me in my town, they already treat me like I'm rich

Man, this chopper hold me down, that's why I treat it like my bitch

They know I'm the golden child, my family treat me like I'm him

Load up the choppers, put 'em in the striker before I sin

Can't nobody spin my block 'cause all my niggas stay on ten

I been knowin' Zack since a youngin', so I treat him like my kin

I got my chopper, I ain't runnin', bitch, I'm thuggin' 'til the end (Thuggin')

It's crazy, I done came a long way from when I first started this shit

And it's like, even after all that, I still got a long ways to go

I'm slidin' for my brothers wrong or right

Them niggas try us during the day, they gon' be dead before the night

My dog wouldn't ever come around new people, so all he know is

bite

Before we had some money to get new cars, man, all we knew was strikes

392 Hellcat Durangos, this that striker music

Watch how I move, pull my mask down and I get right into it

My nigga told me leave the streets alone and I started writing music

I beat a case, then went out of state and I started fightin' new ones

(Ayo, Drice)

Yeah, uh (Run that shit back)