

(Ephortless)

(Beezo need cash only, you dig?)

Ayy (Ayy)

Yeah (Tony Coles)

How the fuck did you fold? You was stuck to the code
You was my little bro 'til you switched up
Used to be at my shows, you would stand in front row
You remember how deep was sticked up?
See, your partner's my partners, you trusting my trust
But now if I see 'em, they hit up
She was playin' both sides, she the real money mine
Bet she leave when you're broke and you locked up

I was stuck in that cell, I was fightin' like hell
I got out, got a spot and then locked up
'Memeber whipping the pot turn the powder to rock?
And I starved 'til that paper had stacked up
Spent a whole year runnin' them racks up
The pandemic really was shit, it ain't stop nothin'
You not having that shit, boy, stop fronting
No mo' locations, I'm ready to pop somethin'
I extended my stack 'til the Feds started knocking
You remember I think I was broke in
We had drove off the top just to do that lil' show
You must knew I was ready and blowed in
I ain't start all this shit, you had went to the 'net
I just knew it was smoke, so I copped me a TEC
Bitch, I know when we glide, we gon' slide in a 'Vette
That shit hurt when your partner become a lil' thread
I got me some paper and now he upset
Could've stuck to the plan, you was next
We don't speak, so I guess it's respect
If it's not, well, fuck it, just leave it at that
But just know if you reach for your strap, you get whacked
Never beef with a nigga, this facts
Never lackin', I stay with a strap
I put this shit on my son, it ain't goin' like that, ayy

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