

Neighborhood

Birdman

At night I think about it, them niggas can't without me
Them bitches try to doubt me, a nigga came up out it
Talking about it, niggas ain't bout it, you just talking
How could they doubt me? How could they doubt me? They wasn't around me
How could they give and take it from us?
All of my niggas that made it with us
Fuck all them haters, they can't get in touch
I was impatient, I was in a rush
I taking that molly, making her mind up
I care for nothing, I made it, I promise
Fuck all the comments, they hating on us
Tell them they want this cause nobody done this
I be stacking it up, they not be showing no love, I got that shit out the mud
I sit in front of that jug, I didn't have much, I barely made it to court
I'm on my mama's support, she didn't abort, I owe that lady the world
Til I did it for her, for her, she still my favorite girl

Yeah, we move them bricks in my neighborhood
Double strap with the macks in my neighborhood
We get the money, flip them hundreds in my neighborhood
I staying tote stay down in my neighborhood
Bust guns and don't trip nigga, clear a round and get flipped nigga
Hustle just for them Crips nigga, we do this shit just for them flips nigga
We all gravy in my neighborhood
We get them hundreds, keep it running through my neighborhood

Counting the bricks, counting the bricks, counting the bricks
I want your bitch, you want your bitch, she want the dick
Pull up, pull up in that Wraith with the plugs, none of these niggas gon take it from us
Fucking with us, nigga you would, I be fucking these hoes in the club
Fuck the OP, I know that I did it, all of my niggas gon handle their businesses
I get it, I spend it, you know that I'm winning, none of my niggas been broke in a minute
All of these bitches embrace me, I think it's because of my bracelet
You see that look on they faces, you know them niggas was hating
Tell em that I'm gonna win, I'm gonna do it again, none of my niggas have been
I just got out of the pen, now get rich off a pen
Do you remember me selling dope?
I used to live at that yellow stone
Now a nigga doing better though
I ain't ever going back to broke

Ever hear the song? Time ain't money, got the Rollie and they still on me
On the highway with no license and they still on me
I got a stick on it right now, that loud talking, better pipe down
Fore I catch a body right now, yeah I'm talking right now
Officer outside claiming county fore you try, better think about it
Wrist roll, nigga bank about it, everybody having paper rounds
Most of these niggas be lying, most of these niggas be lying
Never committed a crime, pull out a fine, they crying, what's on the back of your mind?
I'm on that mob shit, we steal it, we rob shit, we kill it

No swiping, no cop shit, in the trench, got dope in the closet in the skillset

Crips and Bloods show me love in my neighborhood

Before you cross me, better be cautious in my neighborhood