

# 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 business  
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 skille  
ts

Crips and Bloods show me love in my neighborhood  
Before you cross me, better be cautious in my neighborhood