

Intro

Blac Youngsta

One, two, three
This that Fuck Everybody 3, nigga, what's up?
This that shit, this that shit you gon' vibe to, you know what I'm sayin'?
(Key Gang got the keys jumpin')
Yeah

Hey, fuck my daddy first (Fuck him)
'Cause that pussy nigga, he abandoned me
Opps saw me in traffic then they ran from me
Got shot three times, lost two brothers, know God got a plan for me
Ain't where I wanna be in life yet, know God gotta stand for me, yeah
You done went against the grain, you done had my pay, lil' nigga, you crazy
I'm the same nigga put you on, I gave you a chance, you lazy
I done showed niggas so much love, I can't believe they hate me
And the Camp don't go against the camp, that's the way grandma raised me

How your grandma raise you, nigga?
Good
What you gon' be in life?
Somebody
What you stand for?
Everything
Who you goin' against?
Them
Who you ridin' with?
You
For life

Niggas thinkin' I'm a ho, huh? (Huh?)
You wouldn't think I'ma really go, huh? (Huh?)
You wouldn't think I'm down for cold, huh? (Huh?)
You wouldn't think you can get smoked, huh? (Huh?)
You wouldn't think I can turn you up, turn you down when you tryna go, huh?
(Huh?)
You wouldn't think I can get you hit for a couple pounds or a bow, huh? (Huh?)
(Huh?)
You wouldn't think I can get you hit for a million dollars or more, huh? (Huh?)
Oh, you think I'm scared?
Went on IG live, tell them people, say I put some money on your head (Head)
Hurt me hard, code to the red (Red), I can't lie, I was wonderin'
What the fuck you did? You ain't say it, like, what the fuck up?
TD had a funeral, but you ain't show up
I was like, "What the fuck wrong with him? But we ain't grow up together
I treat you like my brother, nigga, we gon' shine forever
Ayy, but fuck them niggas and that pussy niggas beside 'em, what's in this air?
Yeah
How you that nigga turn you 'gainst the game?
How you let that money do you for the fame?
It's sad, but it's your fault, you the one to blame
You can't blame nobody but yourself, nigga, fuck you, you a grown man
It's like, nigga, we can't be cool again
I can't bring you around my kids, you know
I trust you with my life, bruh, you know I told you my secrets
I did shit in front of you, you know
You know the real me, nigga, you know who I am
Ayy, fuck some management, that shit there damaged (Yeah)
And you somethin' like my brother, we goin' championships (Mmm)

I trust you with my life, don't take advantage of me (Mmm-mmm)
If you my dawg, then I got you, don't take a penny from me (No)
This that go and shoot a nigga club shit, this that big Cuz, big Blood shit
This that big Vice Lord, GD, load the bullets up with the gloves shit
This that dress-up Mister Rug shit, ATL hoes in the club shit
This that Fuck Everybody 3, this that fuck everybody, love shit (Gang, gang)
Yeah, I know Blood gon' ride for me (Me), I know Woo gon' die for me (Me)
I know Poody gon' die for me (Me), they know I'm gon' die for them (Them)
Know Lil A gon' die for me (Me), know Rico gon' kill the whole world 'bout me and he gon' die for me
Yeah, yeah, I know Snoop gon' die for me
I'm the same nigga put in my work, I ain't need you to slide for me
And Junetown, he my cousin, I love my family
And Killa Season one of the realest niggas you'll ever meet
Yeah, they thought me and 'Bagg wasn't seein' eye-to-eye
I'm the nigga told Gotti go and sign 'Bagg, nigga, I ain't even gotta lie
We was ridin' four-deep in the van, we was goin', doin' shows out of town
We was brothers way 'fore CMG, and that nigga still my brother now
And Gotti, he big homie, yeah, he really big homie (For real)
I signed CMG, then I went and got a bag from Sony (Facts)
He just did his last album, but he ain't leave me lonely
He still call my phone every day and check on me (For real)
That nigga call my phone every day, I ain't lyin', nigga, I swear to God
He know I get in trouble and shit sometimes, I get in my lil' feelings and s
hit, I be mad as hell
Ready to smack a nigga shit, he know crash out in a second
That's why he call me so much, he be like, "What's good?"
I be like, "Big homie, thanks for takin' me out the hood"
He be like, "Lil' homie, you earned this shit, it's all good"
I be like, "Big homie, I owe you my life, that's on the hood"
I'm gon' bust them shots for you regardless, that's understood
I'm gon' die for this shit, CMG, Heavy Camp, we good
Free my nigga Keyon, he got time but he didn't do it
Killa Season, he got so much time, but he didn't do it, but he didn't do it
(Yeah)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Woah-oh-oh-oh