

Makavelli

BlocBoy JB

Hah, hah
Dmac on the fuckin' track
Hah

This is the life, nigga, this Makavelli
Runnin' shit up and go cop me a Chevy
Green, I get that shit like lettuce
Too much money make these niggas get jealous
The life of a convicted felon
These niggas cuttin', they talkin', they tellin' (word, word, word)
And it's still free all my niggas they jailin' (word, word, word)
Down the ro-o-ooad
Last December, we was sharin' clothes (clothes, clothes, clothes)
We don't love these bitches, we share hoes (hoes, hoes)
I just kick shit on the road, with all my bros, trip 'cross the globe
These niggas sellin' they souls, no (no, no)

Man, I can't believe ya, you gon' bite the hand that feed ya, a y (woah)
Th-thinkin' 'bout my people, where they when you really need 'em, ay? (No)
Made my own route and made it out, I took the legal way (Ay)
These pistols savin' niggas tryna take my fuckin' lead away (Aw)
I do this for my bros and my folks and my Locs (Locs)
I do this for the niggas that be kickin' down doors (I do)
I-I-I do this for the gang (gang), what I rep, double 0 (woah)
I don't do this for the name or the fame, it's for my folks (folks)
Will I change up? That's a no (no)
Sippin' on this lean, movin' slow (slow, slow)
Shawty head game on a roll (roll)
Her nigga is a lame and she know

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