

Child Support

Blu

Yo I was yay high
Sitting like a baller... calling shots
80 blocks, put it on the line for the slaughter
Real J serving niggas base 'til I kill breaks
Ugh, Spill a little water for my daughter
Still face and it tastes sweeter than your water, dope
No love niggas catching... for the food
You a fool tryna park on the block, balls, hot sauce!
Red burns with that arm chopped off
Don't get your block chopped up, when that Glock pop hot shot!
As the important cha cha [?]
Ayo money green jealousy run deep in my dungarees
Clutch heat
Hot as the hell I'm pulling from underneath
That boy Barnes a f*cking beast she want a piece
I wanna piece for them cold nights hugging my piece
f*ck ducking police up in the street nothin' but grief
They want the food you eat my G no love!
Ayo, Andrews, boy I'm the Boss
The address on my neck, became the [?]
To [?] cut it up, cut it out I made it out through the paper routes
And now we back like the sacs from the drought
You chicken back to the house
Baby bags in your mouth
To save these stacks if it's only eighty hops we out!
I got the whip, gotta as far the block
Was on the dip from the strip, [?], you need a life nigga
Reading my rights once forced me to read and write
Green light, I hit them niggas like I had 3 strikes

Your lucky, pen is rusty sometimes it gets muddy in the sunny
Where it only rain Money, play dummy
Be the billionaire boy with the bunny
I'm tryna stay out the game, young niggas wanna bang for me
They hear my name and throw they chain for me
We bout to get it cause it's niggas who don't, simple as that with it
If she need it, I get it
If she want it I'm on it
She got it, my [?] 100 percent
My nigga pompous is prince, parking the whip playing Pac
I'm pondering if I should pop shit like my paps
My level is like that, she credit incredible with that ice action
Get your life back, get your prize snatched
If you want it no need to covet, it's covered, my cup runneth over
It's nothing, it's more normal to find a syringe for you
[?] on the block real, but still I spit formal
The streets my money's formed, we run em, niggas torn
We [?], you [?], get your feelings torn
Get a reason to love life, we busting just to keep blood pumping
Crush mics when we touch life, spending ones like we spend the funds
Get the huns like we used to get the guns when we did the runs
Steady counting with my lady steady bouncing, baby ain't even counting the a
ge nigga we getting thousands
Give her hundreds when I wanna give the world
Pop them niggas life for my baby...
Family!