

Chuckstaaa

TLC, we creep, said enough then Boldy put him to sleep
Man, it's grimy in the trenches, get ate, a beetle on that E
Chopper sounds burn up, made it hard for me to sleep
So I jumped into the streets, mama worried, couldn't even sleep
Wasn't really good at selling stuff so we just stuck em up
Like bro, whoever round here selling stuff, just make him give it up
He get popped for acting tough, overkill, ten wasn't enough
Then blunts get stuffed with dead niggas but the pack don't say Runtz
After I nut, I kick her out, I thought that she might set me up
Blicky tucked right around CEO, low in the Bentley truck
Know the opps be act here hating so we limo tinted up
Forsure, it's one in the head, we ain't worried 'bout loading nothing

No guts, no glory on the road to the riches
Standing on stilts, nigga stood tall on that business
Catch a nigga fish balling, we gon throw a tantrum
Tented up, big pole, look like we going camping
What I spent on my kit, you could only fathom
Three hundred thousand, that's a down payment on a mansion
In the trenches, leaned against the hood of the Phantom
Street niggas from the jungle, living like we double platinum

Double Rs, double parked in front your nana house
Don't want no parts of them gorillas, sharks, we brung bananas out
Catch a nigga slip and peel his cap back on the dead end
Get a nigga chipped then double back and do a tailspin
SWV, we make it rain down
All of this fancy footwork, feel like James Brown
Right back on top, I came up 'cause I stayed down
A couple of my opps, we set up shops in the same time
Just got that thang-io, you know he trained to go
We landslide niggas out niggas quick as terrain-io
I know some youngins storm running, leave your nose running
Run up on your four runner and hit you with the whole hundred

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