

To My Little Homies

Childish Major

Yeah I came in with my own energy, so fuck who ain't feelin' me
What you projectin', I'm expectin', your insides is dirty and itchy
Miss me like the toilet seat, you all pissy, and hella pissed off
Lesson to my lil' niggas back home, get rich dawg
Yeah, get rich dawg, yeah, get rich dawg
Yeah, get rich dawg

Niggas that hate you on your birthday
Deny you on your best day
Whisper all your blessings, screamin' out your mistake
Why I'm never surprised by a hater?
You just beggin' for WiFi to collect all my data
B-b-b-back before you knew I had that crack and always askin' for packs
I worked a fast food job for a slow ass check
Wouldn't even ask you for a ride 'cause I had so much pride
I'd rather damn near die before I let you deny me
These days I'd damn near die before I ask you to sign me
And if I did, I need a couple more commas before I sign it
I put in hella work, I know my worth, I know I'm giant
My Mama said, "Tear it up, ain't no cryin'"
I seen who move the ladder in they face when I was climbin'
Like it's magic, made lemonade outta lime and good timin'
They try to slap me five, it's like your mine, bad timin'
I see the pain in your face, you been sleepin' on diamonds

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Yeah, ayy, watch your mouth about some Carolina shit
This for them boys still in the sticks, sippin' gin and fightin' pitts
Workin' hard like double shifts, package work before shift
And lil' Mama savin' tips, and study hard for scholarships
Ain't no reward if ain't no risk, I had to get up out that bitch
I had to jump up off the ledge and pray I'm landing on my ten
And pray my Mama keep her grin, I know she waitin' on the crib
Been Hollybrook since like '010, J street dirt in my blood
And I shed blood just for the win
Used to run around with Los, though we ain't spoke
You still my kin that means forever, you my folks
Well you my brother to the end
Used to split the check with Frank, though you locked down
Your presence missed, I hate that shit had to go down
But keep your head up on the end
In the end, we Kings, Queens, rich soil and the crowns is all lit up
And love to hit the crib with the kids, it's our winters
And if he passed you in the race, ayy, tell the world that's my nigga
And if you see me in the place, then tell the world that's my nigga