Your Side, My Side, The Truth

ChillinIT

Yeah
Ladies and gentlemen, this is it
This is how we closin' things out (Listen up)
Check, check

Half these rappers, they know they never gon' get this bag
It's why I'm always gettin' twisted on their Insta tags
Window shoppin' like a pimp, I'm on my 50 bag
Rollin' through my city with a limp, I swear that 50's back
Told her, say it like she's battlin' with Tory
Switchin' lanes, get a pack and try to stash it for the morning, uh
All these rappers doin' statuses and stories
'Cause they're jealous that they'll never
Get the status or the glory, word
I said, "It's clear what you've done"
Nobody live in fear but I be fearful of love
Disappeared and came back once the winter was done
Fuck trust, earn it back, girl, it's clear that you must, I said
"Fuck, this kinda took me back"
I've always been the one for stressin' when I looked at that
I could throw away your love, try to hook it back
Now we got the cooker with the drugs, try and cook it back
Shit, I was lost in my ways
Overseas with cocaine, gettin' locked in a safe
Three women in my room, got a lot they could say
C'mon, girl, put your wallet away, bring the drums back
I used to say money didn't matter
Then I got it, then I realised it's 'cause I never had it
I ain't sayin' that this motherfuckin' money make you happy
But it's better bein' sad and coppin' yourself a bag, argh
Life's shit whether you rich or you're poor
So I'd rather put my missus in that Christian Dior
And put my kiddies through a school that pay a little bit more
'Cause my family is life and everything has a price
What you pay, son, how it feel?
Doublin' the money of people that signed a deal
They say that I'm the key, funny I got a pill
Stand up, stand up (Ha, they probably don't even catch that)
Wait, fuck it, I said, "I'll move it along"
I just gave my brother a stack and said, "Pursue what you want"
I just copped my mum and dad the newest Louis Vuitton
Don't assume, ma'fucker, please assume that you're wrong
What you know about travellin' Europe until the summer's done
And comin' back to money residual that we doubled up?
Thinkin' back before I even made a stack
And now I got the golden plaque, day rollie, I made it one-on-one
Nowadays, women, they want the one-on-one
Money over everything, it's none of none
Nowadays, women, they want the one-on-one
But it's money over everything, fuck it up

Ladies and gentlemen
You're tuned into The Octagon (Haha)
I'll be back
Done

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