

My Crew

Chipmunk

A real friend is a blessing
See, real friends don't come along that often
So when you got them keep them close to you

Couple brothers I'll die for
Couple women I'll try for
Couple niggas be hatin' still but we just standing our ground
What? Nigga, you broke? That's cool, pay me no mind
Couple brothers I stand by
And they got a place in my heart
Couple brothers I'd die for
And they all know who they are

Real friends, I count those on one hand
I'll half my plate with, I'll share my last grand
I'll share my hoes with but not my wifey
Enough chains in my camp, my whole crew Look icy
Growing up in this cold world
Real love ain't usual
If I passed away dead broke, they'll chip in for my funeral
Pray I die of old age
But if someone took my life
I know three niggas that won't sleep
Until someone else dies
Looking at my puff joes
Damn look What God done
My loved ones will eat good
That's word to my God sons
Tryin' to come between my team
Oh, no, I don't like those
You can't fuck with my team
My circles virgin tight hoe
Tell my haters Cheerio
My circle's tight like a Cherio
I know you hear me ya'll
You hatin' on my but you feelin' me though
I don't care if you're on beef
You can't pick me out I'm no gherkin
Bad mind, can't fuck with me
My granny's prayer is still working

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Let's raise a toast to all the real niggas in the building
Everybody got they're glasses high
'Cause only real niggas in the building
Nobody else but me and my everyday G's in my house
A couple old school friends try sleep on me
So fuck it, lights out
Now I hear these niggas sleep talking

They say that I'm main stream
Take me for Jason Derulo
Nigga I'm a slap you out of that day dream
I make g's no surprise that they hate me
Me and my niggas on a different page
Leave them bitches on page three
What them broke niggas gonna say to me
Say it to Chip
Fuck taking a piss I'll take a shit
Now which one of us do you aim to shoot at?
Me? Chip? Take a pic
You already know what the label is
For BBK I'm gonna make you flip
I told Jme put your money away
Seven niggas on a plane I'll pay for it
They keep asking why I never let them pay
I told them don't ask anymore
This shoe could've been on a different foot
I could've walked through a different door
Of course I'll die for one of my everyday G's
Why you asking me for?
Touch one piece of cotton on Jme's Du-rag
And nigga you've started a war

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