

## Featuring Dave

Clavish

Hal made it special

Pillow-talkin' to a ho 'bout your gang, you better stop  
Like, who's got more money, or who's got a better spot?  
Tryna style me 'bout trappin', somethin' that you better not  
If you still live at home with mum and you don't reup on a box  
Don't assume, go and ask what 'bout I do for my block  
Or what I did if he's from Smolley or Ship, then spin the whip  
They'll say I ain't done shit, but that's what they're meant to say  
'Cause they don't want I really done drillings on my resume  
22 got the crown for bustin' guns and settin' pace  
Stop pullin' face, pretty girl, come and face it  
The way she throw it back on me had me in some phases  
Like, "Should I really fuck with her?" But that was just a phase  
Still stuck up in my ways, should I buy a box of yay'  
Or drop my track featuring Dave and accumulate a Z a day  
He got shot once before this time, but he'll never say  
She told me if I fuck up just one time, she'll never stay  
But never say never  
Phone my AR anytime, any weather  
He was on the corner when he held bullets in his sweater  
All the hoes that I mingle with are dumb, but I'm clever  
They just all give me brain and now I'm smarter than ever  
And niggas jealous of my come-up, how I used to be a runner  
How I used to have no bread and hardly any butter  
And now my skeleton's a stunner, turn your BM to a Hoover  
My .17's a young ting, my .38's a cougar  
My youngin, he don't wanna be a trapper, just a shooter  
Any time he's pressin' buttons, he is not on no computer  
Had stones in my mouth before I ever saw a jeweler  
Saw a fresh .45 before I saw a (Shh)  
And I don't trust the majority of niggas in my hood, so no, you can't wear my wristwatch  
Don't ask what's wrong, you wouldn't have known if I was pissed off  
In all black with Crash standin' next to me, stick cocked, don't get your shit rocked  
I'll be real, someone's flyin' if I ever get my shit robbed  
I don't miss lots, but I miss NB and I miss Frost  
I miss bein' broke, back when everyone weren't up my arse  
Cuban chains 'round my neck still don't make me upperclass  
Bet you that I up it fast  
Talkin' on my name like I ain't left you all wet like you were layin' in a bubble bath  
I ain't tryna burst your bubble  
You been out here for years in the same position, clearly don't know how to hustle  
Said she wanna go D.R  
They won't fit inside her bag 'cause I ain't rollin' with no PR  
My nigga got a 7 on his back like he CR  
In the Lamb truck, all you'll hear is GR  
When we pull up, all the hoes know who we are  
They do weird shit for fun  
Don't go talk behind my back and ask if you can borrow guns  
Or act like I don't say, "Yes", when you ask to borrow funds  
'Cause next time you ask, I'ma tell you you can't borrow none  
Got a Rammy through his lung  
And since then, all she done

In the hood, I'm the one to open doors, Mum's proud, she was tired of the fu  
ckeries  
The coupe's all black, but the inside's custard cream  
Let Kirky open up my show, but after my show, there's a ho that opens up for  
me  
Got a crib in the sticks that I don't live in  
If you see me in the hood gettin' my hair done, I'm grippin'  
Even though it don't cost, I can't afford to be slippin'  
... said there's a Makarov for sale, now I'm grinnin'