

Like This

Clavish

Yo, 3lack, what the hell man?

If I weren't out 'ere, you know I couldn't rap like this
If I weren't broke before, you know I wouldn't trap like this
PTSD, the reason why I act like this
No one ain't put the 6 on the map like this
Thin waist, dunno how she got a back like this
Hoes from all over tryna harrass the kid
I dress clean, they're attemptin to cat my drip
But with the same clothes still ain't got swag like this

I know I said it weren't fashion week, course I was trippin'
When I run into the opps, I leave all of them drippin
Sometimes I gotta thank God for real
Imagine if I got caught for all of them chingings
I wish nothing but the best for all of them niggas
Cause when the youngboys step outside it's due to be wicked
Dunno why he raps smoke when he's usually timid
If you see me in a foreign, then it's usually tinted
Who remembers when three got splashed in a day?
Jo's lucky that I didn't leave tracks in his face
Got racks on my wrist, got racks for a chick
That's tryna make change off tellin us where they live
I'm breezin through the ends in a taycan
How am I hittin' from the back when she told me she's taken?
Ship and gale quick but it's vacant
I was on A wing, boilin' my kettle with the razors

If I weren't out 'ere, you know I couldn't rap like this
If I weren't broke before, you know I wouldn't trap like this
PTSD, the reason why I act like this
No one ain't put the 6 on the map like this
Thin waist, dunno how she got a back like this
Hoes from all over tryna harrass the kid
I dress clean, they're attemptin to cat my drip
But with the same clothes still ain't got swag like this

Friends push friends, that's fallin' men
She gotta have her own bag and be more than peng
Pagans can't say my name when it comes to bread
Forget fifty, them man ain't got more than ten
Done it one time, now she thinks we're more than friends
Here's a 1 on 1, make sure you call again
Got the drop, now gangs on tour again
Just make sure it's not none of yours again
My stacks puttin' on weight like it's doin up aptemin
That time of the month don't stop her from hattin' it
A fours in the cab, I'm on edge, never panickin'
My mans bussy but the young g's embarrassin'
Little broke niggas tryna size up
Stroke it from the side before I tell her throw the thighs up
Nothings really changed. I'm still throwin' gang signs up
Same postcode but they won't ever be nuttin like us

If I weren't out 'ere, you know I couldn't rap like this
If I weren't broke before, you know I wouldn't trap like this
PTSD, the reason why I act like this

No one ain't put the 6 on the map like this
Thin waist, dunno how she got a back like this
Hoes from all over tryna harrass the kid
I dress clean, they're attemptin to cat my drip
But with the same clothes still ain't got swag like this