

Had too much pride to cry and ask for help (Aaron slay this shit)  
Nothing I can't buy for myself

Remember days sitting in that city  
Remember days we were broke  
Now we count a lot of money, make 'em get it off the floor  
Pussy boy gon' make us sin again, we'll spin again  
Still racking up my dividends, one day we gon' win

A lot of shit fuck with my conscious, ion sleep  
Ever sat inside your cell, back to the wall 'cause you couldn't eat? Aye  
Clutchin' on your iron 'cause nigga creep  
This shit get deep, this shit get wicked

I learned to shoot 'fore I could read and write  
Now the lawyer can't say enough to help my mama sleep at night  
I turned into an animal off in that cage, I was deep off in that zoo  
I remember being broke, spent days off in the booth

Spin tires in the coupe  
I stayed off in my lane, now I'm sitting at the rest stop  
On top of the game and now I'm sitting in the press box  
Now I'm throwing money, what a feeling, now I put a spiral on it  
When I started throwing money to the ceiling, yeah

I never forgot just how I felt  
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This shit get wicked, I'm still ridin' through the city  
With ten racks up in my britches and two straps, I'm tryna crack a dome  
This system crooked, they gave my nigga a 20  
They told him he couldn't split, tryna get rich, so I can get him home  
I'm tryna get a nigga gone, put that pussy boy to sleep  
They holler Mula, what you on? You got a check, still in the streets  
It's still some people that ain't learned, I gotta make sure I get even  
Everybody think I'm wrong, if I send shots it was for a reason

Remember sitting onto my rack, couldn't turn the heat on  
Back to the block when I got out, mama said keep on  
You'll be back inside that cage, I went back, I'm full of rage  
My lawyer told me for to be strong

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