

## Intro

Cordae

Hello?

What up, bruh? What you doin', bruh?

Shit, coolin', ridin' 'round right now, just seein' what you was on. You str  
aight, bruh?

Shit, hell nah, nigga out here stressin', bruh, nigga tryin' get out this sh  
it

What you mean? What's hatnin'?

Shit, nigga been goin' through a whole lotta shit, ya dig what the fuck I'm  
sayin'?

Ayy, look, matter fact, uh, you and David drive down here, bro. It's good, i  
t's all good, we finna see what hatnin'

Alright, bro, fusho, I'm on my way

Uh, let's smoke this gas and get high man

You niggas hatin' on me for real

Yuh, this that YBN shit, naw for real, YBN takeover

Yuh!

These niggas cappin'

I was dead broke, now I'm havin'

Mama, I made it, this YBN shit, more than just rappin'

Nahmir, my brother, we linked up

Hatin' ass niggas wanna be us

Ride 'round my city with the black tint

'Cause they said they goin' kill us when they see us

You put a price on my head, get yo feet back

Chain all ice, ski that

I fucked that bitch and gave her my number

She called but ain't get no feedback

My neck flooded like Harvey

If I broke your heart then I'm sorry

Freaky lil bitch, I get naughty

This the intro to the party (bitch!)

Woo

Damn, this shit crazy as hell

What the fuck, my niggas goin' through it too

Niggas know me from that H to the A

Real nigga, I ain't ever been fake

Stick stance, gotta get to the cash

Watch the grass 'cause these niggas be snakes

These niggas be actin' like they're really livin'

I used to be broke and I ain't know the feelin'

That storm hit my house and I ain't had no ceilin'

I knew it was time just like I'd seen the vision

Ayy, them niggas shot at my crib and my bro thought that he lost me

When I found out who it was I would shocked, them niggas crossed me

It get real up in that field so if you lackin' then you get killed

I swear it's war with all them niggas, we ain't goin' stop 'til they OT

Glizzy hit my phone, I was at that light smokin' on that strong

Said, "Bro, it's on," this YBN shit, we goin' take that home

Then I made that song, now all these fake niggas won't leave me alone

I be in my zone, I'm the king right now, bitch, I need my throne

Gram went to jail, he was turnt up, nigga, he was causin' hell

He ain't had no bail, all he talked 'bout when he sent that mail

My career won't fail, I'm the man of the house, not in no cell

Trap out hotels, if I ever go downhill, no, I won't tell

Mama, I made it

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I was down broke, now I'm havin'

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