

The Parables

Cordae

Gotta ride with 'em, ride with 'em
Ride with 'em, roll with the, woah, woah, woah
Tell 'em, "Ride with 'em," we could ride with 'em
Ride with 'em, woah, we could, woah, woah, woah
I tell the odd, gotcha, odd, getcha, woo, what
Check it out, nigga, woah, woah, woah, woah
Nigga, we could fight with 'em, ride
Yeah, uh, yeah

Done seen some shit within my lifetime, my light shine bright
Protect your energy from poison when the python strike
My first mistake was doin' robberies on Niken bikes
Watch my moves and I'ma show you what a icon like
Y'all let bygones be bygones, right?
Nigga, fuck your truce, bust your move
And if that nigga touch your shoes
You better blast on 'em and on my momma, nigga
I'ma get that cash on 'em, hunnid on the dash on 'em
Swerve, born from the trench, you from the 'burbs
Nigga, fuck that early bird, nigga
I'ma get this motherfuckin' chicken
And if a nigga ever got a problem, nigga
We can fuckin' solve it, on my mama, nigga
I just been itchin' to prove myself
I just pray throughout the struggle I don't lose myself
Glock, no safety, Plaxico, I might shoot myself
They catchin' bullets like two Odells, and, nigga, you gon' tell
But listen

I can tell you 'bout the time was goin' hard up in the paint
And I can tell you shit the other niggas can't, lemme tell you
I can tell you by the time I had the drop a nigga rank
And I can tell the shit I did up off the drank, lemme tell you
I can tell you 'bout the time I signed a deal for twenty bands
And used that shit to get my brother out the can, lemme tell you
I can tell you 'bout the time I had a penny and a plan
I can tell you shit, but you won't understand, lemme tell you, nigga

First and foremost, for every door that's opened, a door close
Beat a nigga, take his Bordeaux, upgrade my wardrobe
And Lord knows livin' like this, it leads a short road
A dead end, or prison time, where we was headin'
Instead, when I got bread, broke it with bredren
Eyes open, leave the house, move like a veteran
Made a couple dollars from come ups, my niggas flexin'
Nigga got a problem, then I can make some corrections
Okay, cool, still with the same niggas since grade school
Give a fuck about your shade room when I had made room
For everybody on that late moon, and word to Rae Sremm'
Had to bring the motherfuckin' swang on 'em
I ain't even wanna have to blink on 'em
That Lam' truck got a full tank on 'em
But, a nigga better not look at me wrong
It's certain shit that I can say on this song, but let me tell you, nigga

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