

Tough Decisions Pt. 2

Cordae

Cartier watch on my wrist when I post on the bricks, I be bringin' them racks out (Racks out)
These niggas actin' like they wanna rumble, they get in that ring, and they tap out (Tap out)
How you gon' kill me? You can't see me coming, you know that Mercedes is blacked out (Skrrt, skrrt)
Hit from the back and she black out
Foot on they neck, run it up 'til I pass out (Yeah)
Baby, I'm lit now, suck it (Suck it)
They ask what you rep, you better not duck it (Yeah)
Know what I rep, I yell it in public (Yeah)
Don't want your ho, that bitch is busted (Sim Dot)
Time I leave, frrt, load it up, bust it
The hammer on me (Frtrt), can't touch this (Yeah)
I found out he tellin' and I was disgusted
Hi Level shit, bitch, we ball with no budget (Hi Level)

Ain't conversin' with niggas, I'm runnin' up hundreds (Money)
If I got an issue, it's gettin' confronted ('Fronted)
Ain't gotta prove shit 'cause I already done it (I did it)
I'm thuggin' for real, I'ma take what it come with
This dick in her guts, she gon' take it, no runnin' (No runnin')
Can miss me with that, keep that fake shit, don't want it (Don't want it)
Hop out with that— frtrt, he runnin', he jumpin'
I hit from the front, she yellin', she cummin' (She cummin')
Grove Street nigga, I'm really a jailbird (Yeah)
Before I see Heaven, I might go to Hell first (Damn)
I'm really a king, these lil' niggas is helpers (Helper)
He seen that fast shit, he tried run, but he fell first (Baow)
The whole county hatin', so that's why we pack Glocks (Glocks)
I lost my nigga when I was on max block
Slipped up, he was drunk, we left him out back cocked (Back cocked)
And we rich forever, gon' die when the cash stop (Yeah)

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Baby, I'm lit now, suck it (Fah, fah, fah)
They ask what you rep, you better not duck it
Know what I rep, I yell it in public (Public)
Don't want your ho, that bitch is busted (She hit)
Time I leave, frr, load it up, bust it
The hammer on me (Frrrr), can't touch this (Yeah)
I found out he tellin' and I was disgusted (Disgusted)
Hi Level shit, bitch, we ball with no budget

Yeah, ayy, Hi Level shit, watch, we take this shit global
The fuck was you at when we had the Boost Mobile?
I'm on my third crib, boy, a nigga bicoastal
I don't give a fuck what them niggas had told you
I'm rich like a bitch and I smell like a brick
We still screamin', "Free Mack," he ain't tellin' 'em shit

And when Lil' Simba went back to jail, I was sick
Even talked to Kim K, but she ain't help with shit
But fuck it, I got it, we come from the projects
My jailbird shooter call me droppin' knowledge (Brrt)
I blew up the next month I dropped out of college
My girl speak French, I don't got no stylist
I come from the trench, that foreign got mileage
Money got a stench, I bet I smell like it
My shooter got a twitch, he on that Kai shit
My car got the speed, I be on some fly shit
A conscious nigga, they be so surprised when I pull up and skrrt in that Tra
ckhawk (Skrrt)
I ain't from the block, boy, I'm part of the block, we forever together like
asphalt (Real)
When I was five, I woke up and seen bricks in the kitchen, that shit was my
dad fault
These niggas my sons, rest in peace Jerry Springer, the lie detector ain't s
ay that's false, soo

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Hi Level shit, bitch, we ball with no budget (Uh)