

Tough Decisions

Cordae

See I don't know about this fake love
I'm not fucking with it
When you gotta cut your friends off
That's a tough decision
But I did it I'll do it again
I'm not no fool no pretend
Tryin' get a coupe or a Benz
You choosin' to sin
Pop said you losin' you win
Balenci, my shoes is a trend

Spinnin' the bin
I got more diesel than Vin
It's Ruga the gang bitch we win
Fuckin' on twins
Ima let bro fuck her friend
She thought he got two for the ten

She say the way we switch it shit is vicious
Bank account lookin' healthy I'm nutritious
Fuck em they never helped me had to get it
Now niggas gettin' wealthy should have dent it

I keep it with me for niggas suspicious
We pull up with dracos and we get to hittin'
Fuck a hoe, I put my man on a mission
I get work from out of state, fuck tuition
I came from whippin' babies in the kitchen
Bro knock your grandma off and I ain't kiddin'
My niggas clippin'
Hi-Tech what we sippin'
We waitin' on shipments
That's just how we livin'
D-D-D-Damn I got the mack with the strap
Might bust a move with T-Mac and Lil Zach
Be with some niggas smoke you like the pack
Swervin' the Act team on my back

[YBN Cordae:] Leave the game never play quarterback

[Simba:] Try to swerve on my block gettin' jacked

[YBN Cordae:] Don't do no songs cause ya'll niggas whack

[Simba:] So if you want features just give me a stack

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Damn I go too ballistic

My new whip that shit futuristic
"Fuck a Ruga" their shooters hittin'
I made a new decision
I don't fuck with these losers snitchin'
In the courts they be too specific
I be scorchin' I'm chasing bands gettin' fortunes
Hit the plug got a new orlean

23 shots Michael Jordan
Gloc' hit a nigga George Foreman
Sellin' the perky's the corbins

Hopped off the porch with the Gloc' in my shorts
Dressed and had weight no socks in my drawers
But the cops on the block
Ain't no stoppin' the force
So I had to get straight cause my pops he was poor
Tryin' eat steak and the lobster of course
But I rather get it right ain't no robbin' the stores
Now my brother is missing just another in prison
Can't be me then my mother is trippin'
I gotta make it fuck ya'll I despise the hatin'
And we started inside the basement

Got brodi back in placement
Gettin' money now your father hatin'
Bussin' jugs we ain't conversatin'
Chopper gon' cut down the population
Any nigga can get nominated
Got them bombs in the trap
That's abomination
Shoot a nigga fuck a combination

Coolin' but Simba he's not as patient
Smoke presidential inauguration
We cook up crack just like Ronald Regan
Cut niggas off that's a operation

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