

(SRNO)

Treat this body like the track, I need a grip
Lap five, I'm in the Lamb', I got the grip
Hollow tips on the strip, I'm on the— Uh
Niggas dyin' over nothin', give a shit here
How come the real little niggas never get to live?
Got a nigga doin' life, and they know it wasn't him
I ain't never took a loss like a win
I ain't never switched a blessing for a sin
Had her nigga in the back like he tran'
Richard Millie or Patek, or one of them
Fake niggas don't see it through the lens
And I'm tryin' to amend 'cause these niggas too pretend
This it, these Germans borin'
1-9-42, just pour it
Rootbears make a toast, money make friends
We can start it from the start we can make men

They tried to make it worse for us like it never hurt enough
Little G put in work with these sticks, tryna hurt all these kids
Tryna burst a mob
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For the family, I'ma take you to the grave, bitch
For the family, I'ma whip it like a slave did
Family come first, I let you wear my second name, bitch
The strip is a curse, I got the ace tryna spade it
I was playin' in the trench where it's dangerous
All my niggas where we had to share trainers
Sick of seein' mummy cryin' over bailiffs
So, I'm at the spot with the rocks and the neighbours
Own world, I don't even know, girl, sometime, I gotta leave you
in your own world
And the cells on the phone can hurt
I really tryna stay close to her

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Let's go there

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