

Wat U Mean

Dae Dae

Racks in me like a piñata
Fuck you, blue Balenciagas
Robin Jeans with the Foamposites
Hit the club, now my black bottles
Bloods with me woo woo woo
No set trippin', they know I'm crippin', fool
Jesus piece a 10k gold
I'm a fuckin' fool, you better act cool
German Shepherds in my backyard
Trained to kill, I was born to deal
I was on the hill, R.I.P Tijuana, rest in peace Clifford Deal
My daddy back out, you done fucked up
Hit the Magic City, pack it out
You hatin' on me I don't give a fuck
I'm a street nigga, you can walk it out
I'm in Pittsburgh with a lot of hoes
Young nigga with a bankroll
Scrape the pot, I was in the hood
My mama stayed on Glenwood
17 with a 38
Don't fuck around and make me 38
24 hours I was tryna get it
I wasn't waitin' on First 48

Ay, ay, ay, ay
Ay, ay, ay, ay
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Ay, ay, ay, ay
Got a family to feed, got a family to feed
They dependin' on me, they dependin' on me
If you don't believe in me
I'm like fuck ya, I'm like fuck ya
Fuck ya

Thought you believed in me
I thought you had them racks, but you got evicted
Heard you had it on you, you penny pinchin'
'Til I pulled up to get it, to get it, get it
Racks on me like a muhfucka
(Racks on me, got them racks on me)
I was just broke like a muhfucka
(I was down bad I ain't had shit)
Racks on me like "WOWWW!"
(Racks on me got, them racks on me)
Fuck niggas like "HOWWW?"
(Fuck niggas like "how? ")
How he do that?
Jumped off the porch, I was on the go
Mama couldn't tell me shit, I was trappin' in the fo'
Could you take the pain away?
I gotta make a way a way, way
For my family, yeah

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