

Noble

Dame D.O.L.L.A.

Yeah (Hold up)

Uh

The life and times of a noble nigga, you lovin' me (You lovin' me)
Hood, but in these million-dollar meetings comfortably (Comfortable)
And they ain't bluffin' me, lion share to fuck with me (Fuck with me)
A sweet deal the only time I'm in the bloody seats (Feel me?)
Pay me well or just don't pay me no attention
Lil' Hugh was him and I'm the baby bro addition, uh (Ah)
Rock for niggas who don't pay me no commission
If you playin' your position, I embrace the brodie mission, boom
Don D.O.L.L.A. bustin' plays for the free, though
Can't put you on the line if you gon' cave on the free throw
Niggas meet a challenge and get scraped on some Deebo
This ain't for the emo, I was raised on the G code, uh

Dark days made my truth come out in the light, that's the only way I know
Stayin' on go, yeah
'Cause made men don't fold, yeah
Aimin' on soil, ayy
Please don't check for me, check your engine light
I heard that you dapped niggas you didn't like
Hey, yeah, couldn't be me

Niggas showin' fake love, uh? Yo, check
Money to the ceiling, such a burning feeling (Uh)
Thirty minutes, ate her pussy, such a thorough finish (Ah)
Candy-painted Caddy sat on thirty inches (Huh)
Whip it real hard, they know fat boy, he still a chemist
If you can't accept defeat, you gotta be the best
Next to me, an Eric B., it won't take nothin' less (Nah)
Gucci jacket, in my khaki with the matchin' vest
A double deck on my new yacht and your ho comin' next (Woo)
I don't wanna talk if it ain't for the max (Huh)
I just learned the money scramble quarterbacks (Huh)
For the bag, eat you like a garlic crab
But matter fact, let me hit you, then I call a cab (Bah)
Call it fast money, then I'm haulin' ass
Double M the flag and still my almanac
Love ridin' on them bags, then laugh down to brag
Blowin' kisses at your missus, but won't call her back
That
(Maybach Music)
Huh

Dark days made my truth come out in the light, that's the only way I know
Stayin' on go, yeah
'Cause made men don't fold, yeah
Aimin' on soil, ayy
Please don't check for me, check your engine light
I heard that you dapped niggas you didn't like
Hey, yeah, couldn't be me

Huh
The difference is, I ain't sensitive in my dog days
I call plays that usually end in parlays
Got control, you might think I live in an arcade

Star paid, got it on lock from Ogden to Barclays
It's different when your upbringing was militant
Had to keep my antennas up, they took my innocence
I roll the dice and shoot a seven
Took the game, bitch, it's a two-eleven
Call God, that's 'tween you and reverend