

## Amazing Pt. II

Dave East

[Verse]

Dropped out of college, fuck it I'm on my own  
Leather gloves on that 9, no press up on my chrome  
Mama calling my phone, wondering if I ate  
On them corners hanging late tryna get my pockets straight  
Nickel and dimin', I'm grinding residue smell all on my clothes  
I'm a target, fiends in and out my apartment, go back to school I done chalk  
ed it  
All my lil homies loccin' from the block and they talk it  
Nobody trade fair, no market  
Never heard what you talking  
Outer towners, they get the crooked eye  
Slaughter your house over nothing, I'm talking Crooked I  
He couldn't make himself breakfast but he can cook a pie  
Watch where you look and they crooked and if you pus you die  
Spending nights in the trizzy, dizzy from bogey smoke  
Same kicks, bitches looking like "girl, I know he broke'  
That's when I started this rapping, they like 'now homie, dope'  
I swear to God, it's still weed dealers that owe me smoke  
If I ain't swimming in women, sour my only flow  
I'm at the airport, writing verses from coast to coast  
Somebody pinch me I'm dreaming I need to wake up  
Waking up, rolling eight's up, never will take a pay cut  
In the 'jects rolling shake up  
Telling you what I came from, city that never sleep  
In 'nother words I ain't tired, codeine for hours I'm wired  
Motivated by struggle, they only hate when you hustle  
What you want me to be broke? Fuck that I'm tryna double  
I'm from the home of the hustlers  
Where if you ain't the nigga hustling you's a customer  
No trust for ya  
All my life, raised around the smokers no muffler  
The sniffers in the jugglers where nobody had love for us  
I'm talking staircase, smoking while they play the roof  
Summer nights, bodies in the trunk just like Rae Carruth  
Children of the Corn was my favourite group  
You lying, you ain't no lion my tigers all saber tooth  
NYPD watching us in HD  
Neck and wrist on deep freeze  
You know the rats spit cheese  
I'm the shit feces  
Pounds'll move for 3 G's  
We might as well charge 'em 5  
Aston's out the parking  
Not the type to talk a ot  
My timbs was scuffed, I walked a lot  
Born a star, going after bucks fuck a coffee shop  
Getting easy money, idolizing negative idols  
Only came for the title  
They stingy, I brought my rifle  
Loaded it 'fore I came and cocked it before you saw me  
Always changing my number, ain't got it don't try to call me  
Rappers is starting to bore  
I'm by the shore no Paulie  
Started off playing sports but coaches couldn't ensure me  
I need insurance, no Geico  
Success is destined

Before you flip over the answer better check the question  
On 2-5 in all white GS Lexus pressing  
Feeling like Hov when the streets was watching  
I know the streets is watching  
Fuck your main squeeze, homie better keep your options  
Came from trapping now the homie got your speakers knocking  
Jewish lawyer so it really ain't no need for Cochrane  
In the lobby it was freezing but the D's was watching