I don't shit they never seen, The fuck do you mean? (huh?) Blue strips on all the cheese, I want me some green (I want it) I want hoes all in my socks, My shirt and my jeans (ah) Harlem nigga but I always got That love for Queens (Queens) Put the bullshit to the side, On my momma, it's that time, my nigga (time) You ain't talking 'bout moving forward, Nevermind, my nigga I'm timeless, nigga (timeless), Make it hard to find that nigga (ah) I ain't trying to rap like Nas And I don't rhyme like Jigga (at all) And they know that, pop up Every Thursday like a throwback I did it for the culture, Where my locs at? (dirt gang) Far as the street shit up in these labels, We control that (we got it) Bully out the jail, won't let 'em go back, Shooter'll still throw that Shit ain't been the same since I did the cover with Kodak Did a verse for Esco, He couldn't believe I wrote that My uncle was a crackhead, Ain't wanna believe he smoked that Me and Pooch fought, But I love him, I hope he knew that I ain't even know homie shot me until he passed I honestly want his life back, Help us fuck up this cash Too violent, my past, My pockets was filled with bags (bags) A street nigga for a dad, it's politics on the Ave' Used to pack vanillas, trapped with killers, Might pop a black gorilla When they feel like you really been through it, They gon' have to feel that Live or died for the block, I seen my homie get shot You ain't never witness The shit we witnessed, nigga, stop Detective was on us, Imagine me talking to cops (imagine) Wasn't always famous, Imagine we walking your block (imagine) I know how it feel to be broke (feel to be broke) No product, smokers still buying soap, I remember, nigga Big Glock, kept it, still in my coat (big Glock) Got the most to say, but still niggas broke, I remember, nigga

Me and a couple homies took a oath (oath), Never broke the code (never) Winter time, south of Florida, Just 'cause I hate the cold (Miami) My homie said he apologised, He ain't make my show Gave him 25, he appealed it, Hoping he make parole (my nigga) This shit be funny, hope you understand These politics (understand) If rap don't work, I'm on the turnpike, Trying to make powder flip Me and my closest niggas On a jet, that's a private trip Talking how these niggas Still corny wearing designer shit (lames) That Gucci ain't gon' get you that pussy (nah) That Fendi ain't gon' work as fast as the Henny (nah) Talking 'bout bags, rental planning (planning) Just know that cash come with envy, Goofies be acting too silly (goofy) I used to bag up, get busy, now every rap, Know that they feel me We live life (don)

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