

Just Another Rapper

Dave East

Anything you could put up, I could match
Make a hundred, take 50, and stash it
Spend the other 50 on some fashion
Drivin' in the Bentley like I'm 'bout to crash it
You not a part of this, so why you askin'?
There won't be no audience when niggas clappin'
I ain't into groupies when they actin'
And I don't put on Gucci, unless it's Dapper

Ever since a youngin' I was active
I took a lot of losses you don't know 'bout
A lot of close friends took the ho route
Now I'm all alone with the pole out
Circle gotta be close when we roll out
Purple shit that we smoke by the whole ounce
The hammers, used to hide them in the old couch
Skatin' past a hater like it's Roll Bounce
Smokin' on some shit I got from Cali
Gave my cousin 20 years, I just pray they let my loc out
Shorty wasn't givin' up that ass, said I'm trash
Now I laugh, got me thinkin' who the joke now?
I really found a way to get that bag, but got me thinkin' 'bout my past
Couldn't imagine I was broke now
My Auntie in the livin' room coked out
Niggas was playin' Madden in the dope house

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'Bout my Cash Money like I'm Juvie
Niggas seen me in a movie, got 'em thinkin' I'm an actor
Shorty actin' bougie, if I tell her take this work outta town
She gon' do it if I ask her (Greyhound)
Scared of bein' broke, I just wanna go and cop a Ghost
And on the plates put Casper
Talkin' bout that cake, I could match it
You niggas want to race, I get at you
Nigga made a million off a mixtape
I'm walkin' in the label, I'm like, "What up with my masters?"
Forever puttin' pressure on these niggas
I been steppin' on these niggas and I wasn't with the Kappas
I could show you how to be a crook, I might put it in a book
That's another chapter
I wasn't tryna be just another rapper
I went and got my own shit and ain't gotta ask you

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