

Me & Mines

Dave East

(It's gettin' kinda chilly, I shoulda put on my hoodie...)

Yeah

DJ Clue, Desert Storm

Dave East

We call this Survival

Shout to the east side, you know how we do

You know the vibes

Clue!

It was just me and my man tryna come up with a plan (How to get rich)

I had the weed, he had grams, let the shit dry with the fan (I'm in the mix)

It was just me and my man prayin' that we get a chance (To get off the block)

Wrap that shit up with Saran, keep a few hundreds in hand (Watch out for the cops)

We wasn't takin' no shorts, I'm not tryna make it to court, just me and my man

Don't ask what we pay in New York, we chargin' whatever we can, just me and my man

Watch for them cameras, we split up sandwiches

Almost got killed, just me and my man

The projects done damaged us

Give us a card and we scammin' it, handle it, me and my man

I got his back and he got mine, we wouldn't stop at a stop sign

I had the chrome, I am not lyin'

He touchin' stones like he rock climbin'

Just me and my man was tryna come up in world that love when you down

Just me and my man, he know I'ma answer the phone any time that he dial

If we get into it, we shoot the fade

He know if I'm not in the mood today

If they try me, he gon' shoot away

Couple opps dropped, I think two today

Just me and my man, we get on our bullshit, you and your mother gon' move away

Just me and my man, we hidin', we slidin' on niggas, ain't got shit to do today

We used to wear the same clothes, we even f*cked the same hoes, just me and my man (On God)

We had came up on some paper, so I took a trip to Jamaica (I needed a tan)

Now we coppin' Prada together, we used to be robbin' together (They seen us and ran)

We took it, no gettin' it back

We used to split up them packs (Thought I was the man, shout to that Power B lock, 1-2-5, I see y'all)

(I thought I was the motherf*ckin' man)

It was just me and my man

I told him that we could get rich, we just gotta stick to the plan (Heart of 55th and Polo Grounds)

He never told on me

He never ran, just me and my man (Shout to Wagner)

Just me and my bitch

She fell in love with the dick

She'll even smuggle a brick, just me and my bitch

Chanel and Fendi her fits, that bag, she spendin' that shit, just me and my bitch

So bad she could win an award, just me and my bitch

We take a trip when we bored, cop everything in the store, just me and my bitch
She hold my gun in her purse, me and her been through the worst, just me and my bitch (Clue)
I told her how to get hundreds in, I even told her my government

I told her the right way to suck a dick
Told her stay away from sucker shit
Just me and bitch in the drop, she listen to Biggie and Pac (She one of the realist)
She knows I got hoes on my top, she can't wait for my shit to drop (She not in her feelings)
I wake up all in her mouth, got ass like she from the south (I'm not tryna chill)
I hit it all on the couch, don't know what she talkin' about (Like, "How do it feel?")
To be with a nigga that's real
We don't be poppin' no pills, just me and my bitch
Christian or Prada her heels, she call me when I'm in the field, "Let's meet at The Ritz"
Might have to AP her wrist, I love when she naked in pics (My bitch is the shit)
Niggas shoot shots and they miss, she fly when it's not an event, just me and my bitch (My bitch)
She don't get nervous if I tell her ride with the stick, she just tryna find out how to get rich
She ain't really tryna hop in no pics
p*ssy good, got me coppin' her shit
Just me and my bitch in the coupe, we get low
Just me and my bitch, we be doin' the most
Yeah, that's my bitch, I'm like, "Who wanna know?"
Just me and my bitch (World Famous DJ Clue)

Just me and my gun, I never needed to run (Never)
We used to keep it for fun (Uh, Desert Storm)
I ain't need no homies around me
It was just me and my gun
I got it on me, you need me to come
If I pull it out when they see me, they done
Just me and my gun
I bought some bullets to load it with
I feel violated, I'm blowin' it
Ain't ask him for it 'cause I'm holdin' it
I keep it tucked, I ain't showin' it
Just me and my gun, a couple dollars, and some weed, all I need on the run
Threw a shot at his stomach and if he survive it, he gon' probably need a lung
It's not a doctor alive could bring you back, never seen it get done
Just me and my gun, had a body on it, bought it as cheap as they come
Our guns change like the weather can
I just pray that they don't never jam (I pray)
.40 on me, no stage fright, catch him late night, David Letterman
Just me and my gun, I wanted to roll, but I really just needed a blunt (Light up)
Where I'm from, gotta keep you a gun
You never been chased 'til your sneakers is done? (Run)
Niggas'll come for you in your dreams, so you gotta sleep with a gun
It's on me like a tat, niggas love to rat, so it's just me and my gun

I don't need none of these niggas around me (DJ Clue, Dave East)
My daughter and my gun, nigga (Stupid...)

I'm good