

Still Here

Dave East

Get you some money, nigga

When you broke, it make your life harder
Money changed a lot of shit
Everything thing I seen was real, at funerals like I'm convinced
Blood on my hands, dirt on my sneakers
I seen the reaper
Niggas ain't gangsta, they deacons, that's why you hardly seen 'em
I pledge allegiance to the drug dealers
Say my name, the club fill up
Mama prayed we never be no thug niggas
My pops was a problem, the fuck I'm 'posed to be
Keep it solid, no sucker in me, that's how it's supposed to be
On Google lookin up my name, my life ain't for the lames
Show string around his arm, he lookin for a vein
Youngin' all he see is racks, said he lookin' for some pain
He just dropped four on the phantom and took it to the brain
Like are you crazy
All of use got our own vices, I got this shit in the vice
Got what you need
Check out the prices, trip to Belize, stop, shop and excite
Welcome to graveyard, some call it the night shift
Plenty of money to get
You could get rich, it's all up to you
You want a Honda, or you want a Bentley
You don't fire on nobody, you gon' miss
Go tell his mama she 'bout to be sick
Got in the wrong lane, couldn't switch
Smoking my own strain in the vent
Bape on all white leather seats
Whiter than cocaine when you sniff
Watch out the dope game, what it did
She ain't got no brain, but she thick
I had a rope chain, like I'm Rakim with a 38 on my hip
I took the four train with a suitcase with like thirty plates in that bitch
Seen way too much heartbreak, put a 808 on my wrist
Back and forth, we ain't never cool, it be day to day with my bitch
Feel like MJ with that's 45, might fade away if I'm lit
Ain't no NFL, I been through hell, when they raid nigga, they blitz
Aye, nigga, that's crip
Put that on fate, nigga, don't play
Thinking 'bout what you could make with us
If you down, with us till the grave, nigga

I took loses, I got back, then I lost again, I'm still here
Niggas tried to take my life, kill my spirit, I'm still here
Look around, lot of niggas gone, it don't feel the same, but I'm a still her
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Still rollin' like a wheel chair, fuck fame shit real here
Took loses, I got back, then I lost again, I'm still here
Niggas tried to take my life, kill my spirit, I'm still here
Look around, lot of niggas gone, it don't feel the same, but I'm a still her
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Still rollin' like a wheel chair, fuck fame, shit real here
Ain't no weave, shit real here
Life come like life go, buss it down, it's a light show

That ain't real, that's first coke, know it's fake, but you buy it though
Watch what I say, they be wired, bro
Niggas play like how they in the race
But they outta shape, lookin' tired, bro
Wishin' over homies dying bro
Mama crying, trying get through the pain and hit a higher note
If you from it, that's just how it go
Phone call, then he gotta go
When the shotty blow, then it's adios
At his door like dominos, let his grandma and his mama know
Down south, yea Papados
Cops raid, then we gotta close
Lotta bags, like we buy clothes, I been like this since a snotty nose
Body cold, man, body froze, man down, hope nobody told
When that body don't nobody know, but the lobby with a lot of smoke
Monty always said I was a rebel like I'm Rowdy
But I'm more like Bobby though
Foreign shit like I'm Fivio, reporting live from Al Radio
Tweakin' with a couple freaks all up in the sheets
Prolly over Molly though
The number one stunner, I ain't never been to Hollygrove
Hollywood bitches know I'm hood, but they wouldn't do, niggas know I would
What they couldn't do, niggas know I could

I say a prayer for niggas that's gone
I say a prayer for niggas that's here
I say a prayer for niggas that's real
I say a prayer for niggas that's weird

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