

# 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

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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 Badio  
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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