

We Got Everything

Dave East

My block, we got everything
Coke, dope, smoke pills
My block, we got everything
Bootleg phones, computers
My block, we got everything
Cars, hoes, cameras
My block, we got everything
Welfare cards, everything
Let's go

He'd on that East shit, yes, specifically New York (specifically)
Niggas know we rhyme well but he don't like to talk
He don't like foul shit and rappers like [?] (fact)
Hit you with the hawk if I ain't got the forth
Hit you with the Gym Star if I ain't got the [?]
From the land of the lost, where we in and outta court
Shoot shit like it's a sport, niggas hustle from them shores
Keep the hammer in your parka
If you parked by the court, I'm on the back block
Then it's layin' on the porch 'cause I'm probably drunk as shit
I'm sippin' on the quart
Lil' homie got the burner and he'll let that shit scorch
We don't give a fuck, you would swear that we was raised wrong
Momma did good but I need that money yay long
Homie got a key flip, homie got a lick line
All I needs a mask and a scale, I'ma get mine
Sittin' in that [?] six, lookin' big time

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Nina throw a couple at you, still I love my eight shot
Pistol at the dice game, bet I make the bank stop
Razor in my North Face, thirty eight under my tank top
Homicide rate gon' rise the same day that this tape drop
Five times a day I pray, just me and the Lord talk
I ain't have a car, smokers tried to sell me a car part
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On Instagram, they postin' hard, meet 'em and they talk soft
Thots, we at the Ramada, models, we at the Waldorf
Get nervous when I see cops, from the dirt, D-Block
This CL Smooth, tryna get high, we got that Pete Rock
Them niggas killed my cousin so won't nothin' make the beef stop
Even your mom see, nigga, I'm concrete, you sheet rock
Cops tried to line us, they stashed coke on the weed block

They indited like three spots

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