

# 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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