

Chosen Ones

DD Osama

(Elias Beatz)

Niggas know that there ain't no controllin' us
Lot of niggas show love but they fakin'
I'm with Deon we sippin' the Wock
Jay clickin' with me, If I flock he gon' flock
(Dvtchie tell these niggas shut the fuck up)
Ridin' 'round with a Glock on my belt
Lot of niggas be sayin' "Yo DD you stickin'"
There was times I doubted myself but fuck it
I'm back in the buildin'

Startin' to feelin' myself, been a minute
Off the Wock and a Perc', in my feelings
Oshino but I'm really a menace
I be missin' my bro, I be thinkin'
I be drivin' around by myself
Reminisclin' on ways I be livin'
I ain't sign in to be on a shelf
If I sign, I want nothin' but millions

Make a left, need some-

Buckzo got Za for the sesh' (Got Za for the sesh')

In my trench, one of the realest young niggas that's left (One of the reales
t that's left)

What I said? When it's fashion or rap, I'm the best (Fashion or rap I'm the
best)

What I said? In my spliff, it's a couple of deads (Couple of deads)

Like, R.I.P Notti, I miss him a lot, on the gang
And [?] I'ma do this for you, I'ma go to the top
Stay in the stu', give a fuck 'bout a thot, grrah
I'm with Deon, we sippin' the Wock
Jay clickin' with me, If I flock, he gon' flock
Don't try to run up, you get shots to your top
I do this for Notti, we doin' a lot
Free O-Shit and Free Move Look
Those are my hearts, they're just misunderstood
Go to the top, told my mama I would
I told her "I got us", she good
I got us so, Notti, I'ma do it, finish the dream and get rich off the music
Bro died I ain't want to make music, but fuck what I want, I ain't got no ex
cuses

Me and DD we blessed, we the chosen ones

I be peepin' these opp niggas hatin'

Niggas know that there ain't no controllin' us

Lot of niggas show love but they fakin'

I'm the face of my city, been buggin' out

Now it's time for them to stay out the way

Lot of niggas they mad 'cause I'm comin' up

But it's for them to stay in their lane

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