

Hands Down

Dej Loaf

Hands down, me and my niggas gettin' bread now, yea now
Basquiat paintings on my wall
Shrimp and champagne is what I order
God sent them angels and they saved me
Sell Sole, Shots fired off safety
Pockets golden, they finna know me
The realest in it, Lord protect me and my homies
These niggas love me, your nigga spoil me
I'm nothing like these other girls, they corny
Ya'll be shootin' but don't be scorin'
We be shootin', yea we be ballin'
Ain't gone and tell 'em who fuckin' run it
Runnin' marathons around all these dummies
I'm at the top, don't want no comp
All these sacrifices got me lookin' lucky
They say I'm ugly
But they don't know me
I'm goin' crazy cause I really came from nothin'

And I say, hands down, me and my niggas gettin' bread now
Yeah now, walkin' with my head up, not my head down
Yeah now, haters gon' talk, we gon' lay 'em down
Killin' everything we see, no time to play around

Protecting my people, all these weapons are lethal
In the studio grindin', tryna ice out my Jesus
Feel this shit in my soul, feel it all through them speakers
Hey yo, my heart done turned cold, I can see through you people
I be turnin' down features, I'm bout to turn up my prices
All my verses worth millions but I'm taking 10 thousand
They wanted heat, I LeBron'ed 'em
They wanted beef? I surprise them
Cause I've been cooking all this shit
Now time to eat and live righteous

Dad killed, rose petals, mom's missin'
95, brother born, cold winter
Shit crazy, all these women and all these children
Supposedly I got new brothers and new sisters
Stay to myself, I was the oddball
Hoop dreams, I had the handles like hot sauce
But being shy was my downfall
Couldn't let that shit control my life dog