

Lemonade

DJ Drama

Shoutout to the Wave God, Max B, Biggaveli
Who better?

Turnin' lemons to lemonade
We gon' just do it like this
You know what I mean?

DJ Drama

Shit

Big bank take lil' bank
I take the nigga bitch, soon as a nigga blink
But he don't even gotta turn his head, it's dead
We get the bread, we wanted by the feds, EMT like action
Wanted for conspiracy, murder and not taxes
Melly in the caption, silly in the maxes
Tell me where it's called, yeah
Rest in peace to my brother grandpa, another boy
Pop Smoke, why they have to go?
You just on Instagram, they miss a lot of dope
Gotta be aware of who you let in the crib
The music get you for your triller, anybody killer
Got these niggas that be buckin', anybody feel us
See, it's Skete with the nigga, cuff and anybody hit her
See, I made her put on her clothes, anybody get her
Yeah, I get the litter and they get the picture

One little day, keep playin' with my stacks
Tellin' all my niggas in the hood, I'm comin' back
Tellin' all my niggas in the hood to just relax, I got this
I put the hood on my back, yeah
I let her ship on the keys while I drive
I tell her to hit it, baby, I'm just tryna get by
Ain't nowhere to go without (Yeah)
Everywhere we go, they know it's us
Say the name...

And you wonder where the style come from
Free the God
(Gangsta Grillz)