

Everlasting

Don Q

Young Chop on the Beat

Yeah

Don

Problem is I ain't even Hollywood

I'm still outside, nigga

Yeah

I went and flooded my wrist

I don't do plain janes, nigga

No we don't play games

My shooters is comin' to take aim, nigga

Fuck all that gang-gang

You brung him with 'em, then he left as a memory

They tryna take chains, then we bang-bang (With what?)

With heavy artillery (Woah, yeah)

She want the drugs in her body and I just proceeded to serve it to her (Proceeded to serve it to her)

It's easy to spot me when I got the top off and you see the vert maneuver (Yeah)

Damn right I'm a perc abuser and from time to time I'm a 30 user

I like it mixed with the act, it make me relax, and all of my nerves is cooler (Yeah, yeah)

I only trust certain jewelers, niggas be sellin' you fake diamonds

You lil niggas pay homage, I left my arm then I changed climates

Niggas sayin' that I stay hidin', I just took a vacay to Saint Thomas

Bunch of ice, for the love of life, for a couple nights, then I change islands (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah

Blood on the shoes but no I ain't slippin' (No I ain't slippin')

They wanna study the moves and use it against him (What?)

Ain't enough room for you niggas, the walls is closing in soon on you niggas

I bring the four-door so it's room for the hitters

Let the auto sing a tune on you niggas (Blittt)

Killers outside of your spot (From where?)

From the noon to the moon for you niggas (OK)

First one to leave get dropped, I give my goons the rules on you niggas

I never tried to be cool with you niggas (Nah)

I get the bag and I keep it movin' (Keep it movin')

I barely be speakin' to em, close the curtains up, they tryna peak into em

I'm puttin' numbers on the board (Board)

All the hustlers, they applaud (They applaud)

They caught me sneakin' in paraphernalia every time I come to the awards

If I want him hit, the killers get sent, and then they come for the rewards

Pocket rocket cause the pocket watchers wanna see what's comin' out of yours

Poured a four before I board a plane, took a PJ, I got bored of planes

I ain't never had to pawn a chain, I'm puttin' everything in my daughter name

If I die she gon' live with it

It's in her blood, she gon' still get it

I need a mil' ticket (Yeah)

Garage, with foreign cars all filled in it (Yeah, yeah)

I'm not your average nigga (Average nigga)

Fuck a comparison, nigga (Fuck a comparison)

Yeah I be ballin' but I'm never walkin' whenever I'm traveling, nigga

(But I'm never walkin', my nigga)

Ironically I was in court

They tried to charge me with carrying, nigga

(They tried to charge me, my nigga)
Gotta stay out New York (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
We cannot party or move without havin' it, nigga
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
He not official, he cappin'
I'm in the mansion relaxin'
My homie be stampin' the package
If you ain't my man then we taxin'
We were just plannin' to yap him
I can't show you niggas compassion
You know this shit everlasting