

Independent

Don Q

They wanna see a nigga but I will not stand for it
I know they wishin' on ways bout catchin' me slippin' but I'm too advanced f
or it
I told my niggas that we gon' go get us some millions and I got a plan for i
t
Just fly with me (Fly with me)
Fly with me and I'ma make sure that we land on it

Yeah, yeah, yeah
They took the sling and they ran with it
I'll bring the gang just to handle it
I'm in the game you an analyst
I'm makin' plays with the cannabis
I mastered my brain and I channeled it
It's 50K on my hand and wrist
I'm flossin' my chain when the camera hit (Woah, nigga, wait)
These niggas curious and that shit makin' me furious
I can tell how pure it is, if it come back when I'm steerin' it
Secret indictments, every night keepin' me fright
I sleep with a pipe, when I move the people recite
I'm tryna keep 'em enlightened, but sometime I be so precise
I move through the streets like a tiger (Like a what?)
The first release and I strike 'em (Boom!)
I see the comments and mentions, the money just keep me from typing
I'm chasin' commas and millions, that's the only thing that keeps me excited

When you know the game it ain't that hard to get the millions
I treat all my hoes the same, unless they in they feelings
I'm signed now, but I worked the corner independent
Twenty-five thou, just to flood the corners in the pendant

I made it cool to feed the hood and put my niggas on
Took a hundred fifty thousand, brought the killers home
We used to kill shit literally, that's how I did the song
It's February, we tote AK's with chinchillas on
Remember way before I even had this shit, probably took twenty thousand and
put you on
2013 Summer, me and [?] Gotti, ridin' round with my Glock, I had two clips o
n me
Now I'm gettin' guap like I'm signed to Sony
I ain't gotta wake up 'go fire at your at homies
Ain't got no license, highspeed, runnin' lights, tryna shoot it and drive wh
en I roll by lonely
Landed at JFK today with 70 on me, fuck around and left me 40
And I be mad as hell when I land here, know I keep it on me, fuck around and
left me a .40
First day I touch down, go and get up with Don, nigga that's my homie
And we ain't worried about no harm, 10 niggas gon' die about one charm
Still goin' hard, roaches in the yard
Foreigns in garage, 12's in the engine
Ceilings with the stars, rollies on our arms
Rockets on hips, set off car alarms
Fuck around and cop a Lamborghini truck, get that bitch bombproof
Bitch live for rock boy, I been a block boy
I used to hop out my car and shoot

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