Take the shades off they gotta see me for this one Put the hoodie on they gotta feel me on this one Don, "corner stories" coming soon

I'm sitting court side with niggas that bought pies Talking boss vibes, they hustled and thought wise Had a lot of friends now it's like a short nine Cause either they all died, in jail or crossed sides Whenever the don spitting His Palm itching, never knew his father, heart missing In the Middle of the night and he caught his mom sniffing Hard living bet you never see them scars healing We Just praying on a good hand while the cards dealing Really feel like we ain't start winning till we start sinning Half of the time it's murder on the back of my mind Packaging dimes, young nigga just adapting to crime Never got a hand out, I ain't ask for a dime These just stories out my life they just happen to rhyme And I'm destined for greatness I expect them to hate this Trust me, ya grind is never respected til you make it Liquor getting spilt for the niggas that was killed Can't see my eyes cause my hoodie on tilt We ain't getting no sleep til the mission complete We just tryna see a million a week All praises to the lord savior I made a come up off them old ra zors Chasing short paper on the corner till... Bunch of law breakers small hood we was all neighbors And all the ball players turned to.44 sprayers Different kind of thrill when you pay ya momma bills Feds got a Record label niggas signing deals Them ogs had candy cane since candy rain Moving pigeons since new edition can you stand the rain? This ain't a gang this a family thang I manage pain they wonder when the damage came Certain shit I can't explain Friends killing they friends and they lit up a 10 Over bitches and ends tell me when will it end? But I live through it Niggas telling I seen the real through it Momma told me don't stand on that corner, I still do it Since boost phones the kid been locked in like a group home Dropped outta class made a killing in the school zone