

Count On Me

Don Trip

Yeah

You know you can always count on me, yeah

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I can't let 'em trick me out my spot, I know how bad niggas wanna trade places with me

I'm just tryna right my wrongs, if it take too long, you just gotta be patient with me

Niggas don't even dislike me, they really just mad that I made it out a place they didn't

The love so fake, but the hate realistic

The love so flaky, but the hate persistent

When a nigga show his true colors, you better be payin' attention

It was all good, we was both broke and we ain't have shit

We was still good when you leveled up and I was glad to see it

We was still good when you was winnin', I just had to sit and wait

I was cheerin' for you like a motherfucker, you was tryna rub it in a nigga face

But I ain't trippin', I just waited my turn, oh my, how the tables turn

I got me some and tried to split it with you, I gave niggas more than they deserved

I gave more than they gave me, I thought we was on the same team

But they ain't tryna keep it circulatin', had to cut 'em off, that's gangrene

It's my fault, okay, blame me, but broke is one thing I can't be

My checks clear, my mortgage due and my child support is in the same week

Oh, poor little Black boy, poor little Black boy

Trouble always gon' find you, it don't matter if you go and ask for it

I been puttin' up squares like the little squares they put on the backboards

I been swingin' that stick at all my opps since I played Astroids

What the fuck you think I rap for? My kids can't fit inside a RAV4

Me and Pif like Mike Lowrey, Marc Burnett, we was bad boys

Puffy signed me to Bad Boy when I was sackin' up like the bag boy

Spent one session in Daddy's House and I was out the motherfuckin' backdoor

I ain't fabricatin', this is real shit, I might be difficult to deal with

I think my heart pump Novocaine, 'cause most the time, I don't feel shit

My life is one long metaphor, sold more squares than an Eggo or

Sold more blocks than a Lego store, sellin' dope is part of my repertoire

Mama told me go to junior college, mama told me rap would never work

Mama told me turn the music down, she didn't wanna hear that when she get off work

Mama told me, "Fuck the studio, you should go and be a bus driver"

I said, "Mama, what the hell? You never seen a nineteen-year-

old bus driver"

My mama couldn't see the vision and I don't blame her, I get it

They call it chasin' your dreams 'cause dreams aren't realistic

In that sense, I'm Peter Pan and this vocal booth is Never-Neverland

And I'm goin' home to fuck Tinkerbell and even Captain Hook could use
a second hand

My exes mad I'm doin' excellent, I left and got a ring like Kev Duran
t

Left a nigga high and dry, yeah, I got the message, so I had to mail
it back

Got it out the mud from 'round the snails and rats, left footprints,
you can check my path

Mr. Trip wants all the smoke, that's 'cause I made it through hell an
d back, on Pif