

Dedication

Don Trip

Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah

Dog-ass nigga with a bone to pick
This shit right here above your pay, we talkin' ownership
Before I leave that house, I kiss my wife and hug my kids
And then I climb in that two-seater like a jungle gym
Of course, the love ain't real these days, it seem like nothin' is
I'm at my last straw, they keep on pullin' sucker shit
When I walk in the bank, they call me by my governments
I'm addicted to this paper, ain't no supplements
Move our mamas out the hood is really all we wanted
I'm watchin' what they did to Dolph and that shit hard to stomach
I hate it had to be my dog, I wish he saw it comin'
Soon as the top get within reach, they try to keep us from it
They done woke the sleeping giant, I'm more focused than I ever been
All my people crooks, I don't know any good Samaritans
I can't find the line between my confidence and arrogance
The only thing I'm better at than hustlin' is parrotin'
My granddaddy died in his sleep
Been an addict all my life, he meant everything to me
In the school of hard knocks, no extra credit in the streets
And if you and me ain't rockin', think it's better we don't speak, uh, yeah
I have trouble learnin' names and I can't remember faces
But I never forget anyone that ever tried to play me
It's fuck you forever and forever ain't long enough
Even if I get arthritis, I'm gon' always hold a grudge
Ain't no second chances, and, nah, ain't no patchin' up
I'm not 'bout to argue with you, fuck that back and forth
My agenda same as yesterday, pig out, bring the bacon home
I'm gon' take the scenic route, you might think it take too long
Concert in the trenches, they can't wait 'til I return
I could fill a Harry Potter book with all the shit I learned
How you run with all them snakes? Call you Lord Voldemort
Mr. Trip the yardman, I pulled a blower out my shorts, word to Pif
Let's get active, baby
A pine box is what a nigga get for hesitatin'
All this cake I'm countin' up, it got my belly achin'
Say I made it out alive, but I barely made it
I been ballin' overtime and through regulation
Them Vlad interviews lookin' like interrogations
Word to Flippa, you been on my conscience heavy lately
Word to Pif, now every song I make's a dedication, yeah

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Word to Pif, now every song I make's a dedication, yeah
Long live Paper Route Frank
Long live Pif
(Zack Feezy)