

## RIP Spade

Don Trip

Worry 'bout your ho, nigga  
And fuck what you heard, you probably heard it from a broke nigga  
All these niggas police, no, I don't want smoke with you (DTdaKidd, beat those drums)  
That don't make no sense, like servin' without no pistol  
I'm a pimp, she better not fuck a nigga for free, oh, you think you GloRilla?  
My lil' fam probably ran through more tan sand than a four-wheeler  
Ten bands on Crawford, 'nother grand on the drawers  
I never backdoored my homies or put my fam in a cross  
Rest in peace my nigga Spade, goddamn, that's a loss  
'Fore you crash out, young nigga, think about your family, dog  
We got babies to raise, bills gotta get paid  
Paranoid to this day, the streets made me this way  
Only way that I learned was to keep makin' mistakes  
I learned it's 'bout what you say, it really ain't what you make  
Seen 'em run up a million, microwave, scrapin' the shake  
Fuck around, catch you a case, then gotta pay what you weigh, for real

You know success is temporary, gotta savor the taste  
Until you give this shit your all, you'll never know what it takes  
Until you give this shit your all, you'll never know where it takes you  
You gotta push it, but pace it, it take persistence and patience  
Got the news about Spade and I ain't quite know how to take it  
I guess the least I can do is to offer this dedication  
Whenever I get discouraged, I take a look at my babies  
And I draw my inspiration off the smiles on they faces  
This world is wild, but I face it, my problems pile, but I take it  
I grow stronger and tougher from whatever don't break me  
I just grow stronger and tougher, it's like the factory made me  
And then I voided the warranty 'cause I had to upgrade me  
Whip the foreign in traffic like mashed potatoes and gravy  
Goddamn, this game all I know, I feel just like Jordan and Bradley  
Rather retire than get traded, never give up or give in  
Lito like, "Puff, puff, pass," I'm on my second wind  
Don't let them fuck niggas fool you, if they could stop me, they would've  
I let my goon wipe your nose 'til we got a Glock full of boogers

And I'm gon' catch a play like we just broke the huddle  
And I think Ben Franklin Blue is becomin' my favorite color  
I got my map and my compass, I'm 'bout to find me some trouble  
Best thing my dad ever did was not let me die in the rubble  
Oh, but don't get it twisted, my daddy still was a sucker  
And if I said it, I meant it, I ain't mumble or stutter  
Long live Pif

(DTdaKidd, beat those drums)