

Surrender

Duwap Kaine

Put me on this Earth
He put me on this Earth, yes, he put me on this Earth
God put me on this Earth to get this green, get this green
God put me on this Earth to help my team, help my team
God put me on this Earth so I get on my knees, get on my knees
God put her on this Earth so she on her knees, so she on her knees
God put me on this Earth to do good deeds, deeds
God said slow down and stop sipping that lean, please
Got a from the seventies like it's Grease, Grease
And you know I'm anti, I don't fuck with police, nah
And let me tell you one thing, I'm about my cheese, no rat
I'm serving all the pack but I ain't talking 'bout Scat
I pass the gun and then watch him hop up out the back
Every time I take a break, they like, "Damn, Duwap, he back"
A real project baby, I feel like I'm
I'm fucking on your ho, that street nigga payback
I'm shopping with my broke friends, and they like, "I won't pay that"
Shut the fuck up, ain't nobody ask that
Bad lil' bitch pulled out the latex
You stupid ass bitch, why you chiefing past that?
Sliding that night, you gon' get that late text
That "Is he dead?" text, "Oh he got hit with K" text
I'm smoking dinosaur, I might be smoking T-Rex
That choppa my pockets on Tee Grizzley
I'm shooting with AR but in love with Kel-Tec
She saying that she wet
Boy you a bitch, you not a threat
I got killers in Carver Village
I got niggas in Carver dealing
And my grandma from the Westside
Westside, the best side
Still raised on the Southside
Baby girl, got that mouth wide
Niggas snitching, got they mouth wide
Go to church but I'm paying my ties
I was down bad but never needed a ride
She love my music and she say that I'm fine
Seeing the street life when I was five
Bitch nigga, don't come on this side
See you in person, go eye-to-eye
Don't let me catch an opp, nigga, on this side
Getting too high, every day I'm fried
Going through shit, got shit on my mind
We so tight, yeah, we got a bond
She only want me 'cause I ball like LeBron
Do I text back? Should I respond?
She doing dumb like she went blonde
I'm a real artist, not a con
Got too much money, paying bonds
Smoking out pound, smoking out tons
I fuck with the kids, hope you raising funds
and the shit was
Hollow tip pop off his Corona mask
Drive through Atlanta in a damn C-Class
Dropped out of school, don't wanna see class
My nephew, he bad
Real trap nigga, I don't pay for ass

My nephew, he bad
Where do I start? I'm all about cash
My shit so crazy, lil' bruh
Never in a drought, we just go dumb
Police real mad, they don't know nun'
My niggas, in the head, they fucked up
All they thinking 'bout, redrum
I don't got no money, temper tantrum
Too many sticks and we pulled up in a Phantom
Wock' and Tris, I dropped in my Fanta
I told my nephew I'm the real Santa
She eat healthy so eat my banana
When life hit hard, man, you gotta man up
Life hit hard, man, run them bands up
Put your guns up, I ain't got my hands up
At my show, niggas got their hands up
Police kick the door down, "Put your hands up"