

# 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 chiefting 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"