

S.I.F.T.W.

Eli Sostre

I just hit your phone, baby how you slept?
From the hood, now I got you at the MET
Ain't no middle man, I get straight to the cheque
Where I'm from, give a fuck about a threat
If I wanna flex, bitch I'm gon' flex
Atlanta nights, got a nigga fuckin' with the TEC
I hope you saw something that you won't forget
At 25, I got like 50 on my neck

Made change, but I ain't change
I ain't only tryna maintain (Yeah)
I put my niggas on the same thing
Why you act like we ain't on the same ting

If you tell a story, tell the whole thing
Calls from my old thing, don't hear the phone ring
You know sleep is for the weak
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Who these niggas that you listen to?
You know all this shit just isn't you
You got niggas say they feelin' you (Yeah)
I ain't met no one as real as you (Hey)
Say it's love, but we ain't ready yet (Yeah)
And I know that feelin' heavy, yeah (Ayy)
You hit 20 now you feelin' grown
I made 20, did it on my own
Now they see me in a different way
Fuck it, bout to cop my mom a different place
Told her I would buy a Porsche when I was 9
Told her, park it where you want, I'll pay the fine now
My bitches fine, never been the type to wine and dine
They done sent so many deals I had to hit decline
Shit on my mind, feel like Hova back in '99
Bitch I'm pimpin'
I'm just tellin' you my life and times, yeah
All them lies that you've been tellin' me
Had to quit the dreams that they been sellin' me
Yeah all my brothers duckin' felonies
Had to sign the deal, so I could let them breathe
Can't be dealin' with the drama, rather let you leave
All these motherfuckers told me I would never be

Who I am, now
Bitch, I'm the fuckin' man
Now the money poppin' out the rubber bands
You don't even stand a chance, no

Girl I'm losing my feelings
Yeah, I don't even feel it
I take shots of that liquor
Hoping I can forget you (Yeah, yeah)

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