Lessons

Emtee

Who that boy with that loud pack
Having racks in that side bag
You was dissing on wile back
Man was broke but he bounced back
Estating, how 'bout that
And my pops, he a proud dad
I be geeking with South Man
Get away with that foul cat
I'm a boss you just call me that
Sjava brought that award back
And my bro, he deserved that
ATM on the world map
How the fuck could you doubt that
And we started without cash
Without friends, without plans
Had a mic with no mic stand
But I put in work, I know what it's worth
I came from the dirt, y'all feelings hurt
So alert, I ain't finna lurk
Still sipping syrup, green from the earth
I came with all of my homies
Last thing I want is a strange nigga acting phony
All of my day ones they know me
Boss man what they call me
I make plans if you know me
Stack bands on my brodie
But share igwinya ne paloni
Manje sibulal' emashwini
To the top, where we goin'
Real deal and you know it
No more chilling on the block
Selling work, dodging cuffs
Kick the door in at the spot
They say they looking for the pot
Ross told me to started
I was getting high
He told me soon I'm gon pop
You only get one shot
I'm with the gang, never solo
I love my niggas, no homo
We smoke that ganja you don't know
Manje ubulawa yiFOMO
You wasn't showing me love
Now you wanna know the plug
Suddenly bigging me up
Wanna know what's in my cup
21 questions, DIY 2 you gon learn a lesson

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