

My Love

EST Gee

I wish my love was good enough

Pickin' up my son from kindergarten with my pistol still
He know to buckle up, keep his feet in front while I watch the mirror
Told lil' Doody if he wasn't no shooter, he'd be an engineer
I'm sick of choosing why he might not do it if they run in here

Stick and move in slow motion like Juvie, better than never moving
Better influence, love us some steppers not 'cause they have me do it
Because I known 'em since all they wanted was hoverboards and scooters
We in Uber right on Front Street City, know I'm through her

Right back on myself is based on days they never do shit
I'm into it with lil' brothers and nephews now who never knew me
All they know I'm the reason their folks went ghost Michael Rainey Jr
Ain't used to wanna say, "You was from Louisville," I'm who made it cooler

Backstabbers is ass-backwards like I ain't provide for shooters
Problems ain't no lil' scrapping happening when I got Drac the Ruler
Soon as I woke up, Red said they got up with you, sound good as music
Soon as I got the chance to grab my gun again, I rushed to use it

Soon as you got your chance to hold your nuts on them, you rushed to do it
Niggas that'll die and cry for you must be fucking stupid

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They played him in the streets, now y'all don't play me in no club
This rap shit got me sober, diss a nigga, you'll get a buzz
Locked bro up around COVID, took him a minute to get a judge
My lil' nigga lost his fingers, still shooting shit with a nub

I'm feeling like I'm Basquiat when I switch a nigga's paint
Nigga calling about a feature; I used to remix a nigga's drank
Put a lawyer on bro's case; whatever you do, he innocent
Bro pop up out the blue, shoot through the roof like industry plants

Jesus head infinity link, feel like I'm Ken Griffey Jr., hope someone pitch in
In the field like the Big 10, we gon' get up with you
Only thing they got that I ain't got is bullets in them niggas
I ain't fuck the bitch at my spot; took her to the Westin

Way these bitches lie, can't deal, but I ain't ever desperate
I've got shot, one heal; he ain't Cinderella
Pouring codeine inside the booth, studio junkie
Tell them niggas stop sneak dissing and get a GoFundMe

Nigga flexing with that small-ass paper, that ain't no money
Lil' bruh be putting shit up and turn into a hoarder
Coming through VVS stones, these not moissanite

One of the realest and the richest, I ain't pulling gimmicks
Me and the bros having millions, that's how we twinning
My nigga love to trap so much, named his daughter Dylan

You gotta burn the duct tape when the feds near me

You know that wrap and residue will get you 10 and 20
I'm off these meds, hell, I'm damn near at the hospital
We at the kids' football game with that fye on us
I'm dodging pigs, but I'm mud dranking
I seein' money like A Boogie when he daydreamin'
She sell her pussy on the first just for the lease payment
He might look like me while he sleep, well, nigga keep dreamin'
I was getting so much, man, I thought French Montana sneak diss me
Wore my cheapest watch today so they wouldn't get offended
Bitch want me down on one knee, that shit ain't realistic
Niggas missing they dead homies, we'll put 'em with 'em
Gee said, "Hov," and them like, "Us, we gotta get the building"

Fuck revenge, nigga, kill 'em 'fore they kill us
Riding 'round the city bulletproof, nigga tinted up
Threw the last switches, lil' bro 'bout to 3D print 'em up
Doggie dropping 5s, red seats in my Benz truck

Throw my 4 with my left hand with my wrist up
Fox pulled up bread gang, how my pants stuffed
Everybody shine together, nigga can't fuck with us, man

Ain't no broke niggas in our crew, nigga
The fuck goin' on?

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