

OK

FBG Duck

I got a 100 thousands on me in the studio right now no cap

I don't rap about my life that much, cause that shit real deep
I been working so damn hard, I can't get no real sleep

I know a nigga with his hands cut off, but he still feel me
Got a call from lil bro, that niggas tryna kill me
If it ever ever come down to that day

Ooh ooh

I put some money in the safe
Just to make sure my kids and my momma 'nem straight
Ooh ooh

Everything gon be okay

Ooh Ooh

Ooh Ooh

I know the devil want my soul
They tryna spread rumors that I'm broke
Clown ass niggas just some jokes
Because if you know then you know
I don't post everything on Instagram
But it's time I let em know

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Pop was always locked, so I ain't have no one to father me
And that shit still bother me

If he was out would've been there probably
Came along way from 602 East 39th street
I know my brother looking down on me proud of me
He like boy you making a way for the family
I came along way from seeing rats and roaches
Made this for the people who feel hopeless

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