

## Same 24

Fivio Foreign

Yeah

If everybody demons, I'ma call this hell  
How I get rich off of a skill that I taught myself?  
I remember when I couldn't even afford this belt  
I ain't had the best drip, but I wore it well  
Yeah, I brought that pain with me  
I'd rather sleep alone than have the wrong bitch layin' with me  
Different walks of life, but niggas is from the same city  
I take him out the game for good, that nigga keep on playin' with me  
I been through all type of shit  
Fake friends, new opps, the wrong type of bitch  
Goin' live, ShadeRoom, I lost likes and shit  
I got famous, friends died, I lost life to this  
And everybody actin' funny  
Always get mad when I tell 'em that they actin' funny  
And they gon' hate me with their soul, but they gon' ask for money  
And when I tell 'em niggas "No," they say I'm actin' funny  
Like I don't know the real truth  
Like I don't know the shit that I survived would've killed you  
I got rich, but when I was broke, I was on them pills too  
To walk a mile in my feet, you had to steal shoes  
We got the same twenty-four hours, nigga  
Why what's mine gotta be ours, nigga?  
Talkin' 'bout niggas need help, nigga, I was "niggas"  
But I rose out of the dirt, give me my flowers, nigga  
I see you hatin', nigga, just admit it  
How you playin' victim to a crime that you committed?  
How you mad about a life that you ain't livin'?  
And how you tell me how to spend a bag that you ain't gettin'?  
Even my family couldn't stand me  
I feel like only Instagram understand me  
They kill me in they raps, but I don't believe the cap  
'Cause every time I'm out, I'm never hidin' where I'm at  
And they be talkin' crazy every day behind my back  
But every time I see 'em, niggas always give me dap  
Can I live? All that stupid shit I did  
I iced out the gang before I iced out my kids  
I packed out a show before I packed out my fridge  
And they sayin' they need more, that's some disrespectful shit  
Like bitch, I pay the rent, how you put my bags out and shit?  
I brought you back in my life, how you want me back out the crib?  
I'm tryna be a good nigga, why you wanna spazz out and glitch?  
Actin' like it's nothin', I don't just pass out this gift  
Damn, this what I waited for? Huh  
To get money and get hated more?  
Everybody I thought loved me is wagin' war  
If I knew this what it was, I'd have been stayin' poor  
If I knew this what it was, I'd have been stayin' poor

If I knew this what it was, I'd have been sayin' more  
If I thought it was a game, I would've been playin' more  
I'm really hot 'cause I grew up without the fan on  
I'm really 'bout to pull my Glock out on the landlord  
I'm really like that, tell my mama we ain't stayin' poor  
I feel like the G.O.A.T. every single time I cut that Lamb' on  
Urn be on my dresser since he was present on my standoffs  
My granny house a mil', she ain't even know I could rap my ass off

You shittin' me? I was super broke, I took that cast off  
Started sellin' work, you hit this shit, you probably blast off  
Auntie, she got seven homies, three, and I still passed off  
Knowin' she won't pay me, but I'm knowin' I'm a rap star  
Switchy on they block got niggas runnin' like they track stars  
You spin too many times, we drill your whip up like it's Nascar  
Ff-ff-ff, shoot your shit up on the dashboard  
My youngin' tryna crash and he can't wait to go on this crash course  
Ff-ff-ff, shoot your shit up on the dashboard  
My youngin' tryna crash and he can't wait to go on this crash course

Huh, Fivio Foreign, Meek Mills, nigga  
Viral  
Moral of the story, though  
I got no sympathy for you bitch-ass niggas  
Yeah  
Oh, yeah, when you, you niggas pick a side too, nigga  
Ha, you bitch-ass niggas  
And when you pick a side, stay there, nigga  
You know what time I'm on, you know my side, nigga