

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
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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