

Well Off

Fivio Foreign

Yeah

See, the places we at
Niggas don't really get to come
Yeah, look (Fivi')

I wasn't lit, but I got lit, I thank God for that (I thank God for that)
'Cause I evolved from that (Brr), 'cause I'm way too smart for that (Yeah)
I was broke, I had to stomp and scratch (Yeah)
.40 on me, make 'em all relax (Baow)
Pay the money, make the dogs attack (Baow)
I'm tryna rack, I need some sauce with that (Yeah, look)
I need somebody to come here and look at my life
And to tell me I fell off (I do)
I know the feds listen, they talkin' too hot on the phone
I don't answer no jail call (Nah)
But a nigga need somethin'
Just mention that shit to the homies, I'm gettin' it mailed off (Yeah)
And if bro get in trouble and he need a lawyer
They callin' me up, 'cause I'm well off

Yeah, It's not a figure of speech (Nah)
I got the plan, I'm listenin' to me
I love the fans, I listen to the streets
God bless the man that give me all these beats
Planet (Planet), planet (Planet)
I'm on a Perc', I'm off the planet (Planet)
Before I do a drill, I gotta plan it (Plan it)
And when they catch a gun, they gotta plan it (Grr)
Damn it (Damn it), yeah, look (Baow)
I play my cards better than gambit (I do)
You don't want a nigga dead, don't amp it (Nah)
Just let a nigga die organic (Boom)
And I'm ignorin' you bitches, stop callin' my phone
I don't answer the third callin (Uh)
And if I ain't want the respect I was earnin'
Then why would I put in this all work for? (Uh)
And all of them niggas that's talkin' to bitches about me
It's gettin' me slurped on (Yeah)
And you know that you chosen when you do a track by yourself
And get lit on your first song (Yeah)
And the tat' on my stomach say "Love me or leave me alone"
In D.R. with my shirt off, life changed, when I took my first loss
Damn (Damn), damn (Damn), look (Look)

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