Yeah, for sure nigga We came from nothing nigga, from shit nigga For real Dolo and the pour Got me tore up from the floor up Gang signs, gang handshakes every time a nigga show up All the real niggas know us Back in '09 me and Lam we was looking for a way out But ain't nobody want to show us Riding round' selling blow, shotgun doors out his Volvo Must have sowed a whole O up And you stuck it out with me, I love you like a brother If it wasn't for you I wouldn't have a record deal or nothing I know you hate the fact that I'm so loyal to my street affiliation, but my niggas need a pack? I'm out here thuggin' Willie and Diego need a pack? I'm out here thuggin' My nigga Butter hit me for a pack? I'm out here thuggin' And now the DEA they checking on me when I'm getting on a plane, double life it got me ducking under covers I just want to be legit man, shit man And every time I touch the dope I say that "this gonna' be my last flip man" I got a shorty that's willing to sell it for me She my lover, my homie, the devil cursed me with a pimp hand I hope my daughter never lives this type of lifestyle Creeping under street lights as a night child My uncle still can't put the liquor or the pipe down Meanwhile I'm in this kitchen whipping up the while gal Plus I got addictions of my own, boy The pills into laced blunts got me gone, boy The Oxycontin & heavy syrup got me looking in the mirror saying, "Is you a d ope fiend or a dope boy?" Smoking on some shit that I can't pass to a nigga Eyes shiny than a bitch, glass to a nigga Down to kick in the door, .44 Mags to a nigga Got some habits I pray that I never pass to a nigga All about the dollar signs, fuck the sympathy And fuck police cause' they killing you and killing me Slanging and banging, my paper stay getting fatter so do black lives matter when you're about to kill your enemy? I need to know it, drop that paper boy don't be heroic You'll get a trip to see your Jesus if you're reaching for it A real solid street nigga, never been extorted You pussy niggas shouldn't be living, should have been aborted It's Freddie Kane, Freddie Corleone, Freddie Gordy Just left the studio and served a birdie for the 40 I bet my niggas kill the witness if I get reported The shit I spit is so realistic shouldn't be recorded [x2] Dolo and the pour Got me tore up from the floor up

Gang signs, gang handshakes every time a nigga show up

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All the real niggas know us

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