

(Hardbody)

(Ain't that DJ Chose over there? Look like DJ Chose)

Mama, I'm a stepper, I can't walk by fate
Every day, I wake up to some brand new hate
Every nigga opps, every nigga want some, it's on everybody top
All these storms that I weathered, most couldn't take
I got problems with some niggas 'cause I won't be fake
Every nigga opps, every nigga want some, it's on everybody top

I beat a case 'cause I wouldn't talk
You heard that side of the story, but that shit was false (False)
The only ones that want revenge is the ones that lost (That lost)
I got niggas mad at me 'cause I wouldn't cross (Cross)
Solid as they come
You niggas ain't bust shit, how long you had that gun?
Why I'm getting so much hate? I ain't mad at them
Fuck they feelings, now it's up, I throw a bag at them
Damn, had to turn my thug up, had to put my love up
'Cause I don't know who hate no more
They say I'm dead, I don't even wanna wait no more

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Mama, I'm a stepper
Seen my cousin die in front my face, I couldn't help him
Your close homie'll try to backdoor you if you let him
I just hit the text, a hundred and fifty if you catch him, stretch him, mmm
You ever been on the other side of the barrel, mmm?
You tell your shorties go and slide, you gotta prep 'em, oh
And when you fall out with your brothers, just don't let 'em go
And I ain't tell him before he died, I wish I let him know
Standing over your body, I got my tears together
I just let you know I got your kids forever
Taking all these drugs, wish I could live forever
I ain't gon' even tell 'em what we did together, mmm

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