

Candlelit Dinners

Fredo

Nah, this ain't a song it's a lesson and plan
I was broke, but bein' broke don't make you less of a man
What makes you less of a man is not tryna change that the best that you can,
whether that's workin' or stretchin' a gram
Catch me warmin' up my cocaine [?] like stretchin' his hams
Goin' away, game down in country with several 'fends
Drippy, young nigga, they could always tell it was man
Yeah I looked flower when I was broke but I look better with bands
I was a kid but felt like less of a man
So I skipped my test and went to Loose's instead, had a test in the grams
There's one or two good but streets and the rest of it's bad
I saw more feds and yard workers and less of my dad
But I didn't need a dad, no lie, 'cause I had the streets for that
My brothers loved beef, we pull up everywhere and feast on that
Caught him by the pizza shop and gave him more slices than his pizza had
Real life, me and mine don't need to cap

My life's crazy, I'm talkin' 'bout them wooden handle grip spinners and candlelit dinners
Handle the whole block while I handle my business
Rise them hand things fast, you put a hand on my niggas
I won't even lie, lot of rage I'm holdin' inside
Fuck designer, got a clothing range I solely design
I used to dream 'bout drivin' a Range now I got a Range I won't even drive
And if I saw the hoes I'll probably hide

It's crazy, sixty grand car, this as flee as can be
But last time I drove that car felt like a Prius to me
Look what this lifestyle is doin' to me
I want money for stuff others do it for free
But if I weren't me they wouldn't do it for me
I must remember they're due a fee, they don't do it for free
I left my ex girl now the only thing I'm doin' is me
And you're so soi, would've thought I left you in a seat
Crazy how what I had done started to turn you into me
But I'm still risky and more
Bend a bitch over the sixtieth floor
Only risk I'm not takin' is not takin' any risks anymore
Where I'm from, if you don't risk it you're poor
I know exactly what I want
Real riches galore
But I got APs, rollies, riches and more
Man it comes like my wrist isn't sure
Man I told you that I'm sick and there isn't a cure
There isn't a place for the guns to be hidden, then it isn't at all

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