

Don't Cry

Fredo

He's got a Rollie on, he's talking bout a house on his wrist
That's a house, it must be one room and out of the bits
We're some trap boys, turning straight drop into hard
Make that coke bubble like there's Radox in the jar
They was raiding my cell, I was raised in the Hell
He was fucking with the other side, I'll stain him as well
They don't ask how I feel G, that's crazy as well
They're either asking if it's true or for favours and help
They wanna see me lose but every day I prevail
Before I snitch on my goons you can take me to jail
Nah I don't do nothing basic, left them days up in Felts
Everybody gotta face it, I ain't taking no L's
No more wondering what's next or stressing it now
No more hand-to-hand sales, no more pressing the white
But my block's like my ex-girl, the best of the times
I love them both but can't be there for the rest of my life

Don't cry, don't feel sorry for the guys
My youngun don't shoot, he put bodies on his nine
My girl know it's hard, I'm sorry but I try
My life changed fast, heard you worried all the time
And it's them same hoes that never had no time of day
That be the same one's that's telling me it's time to play
I'm wasting time in jail, I ain't got no time for games
You know that feeling when you can't leave but time escapes?

Lost a .44 long, now I'm copping a Smithon
I was left back wrong but now it's proper positions
Where I'm from you've gotta turn them sorrows to living
I've got money and it turned the word borrow to giving
Think twice about popping my chain
Cause if it's not you, your friend's gonna drop in exchange
Feds found fifty racks when they were stopping my Range
I told them "Officer, that shit up in my pocket is change"
Better stop with the games
I'm getting double that to hop on the stage
Or you can triple that
I'm making money like them niggas kicking ball
But I'm kicking back, spitting raps, flipping packs
Chasing this bag, there's no way I can miss a rack
I like this life but it's hard to be me
I've gotta switch the whip and keep the tint darker than C
Still up on the ends bro, it's hard just to leave
I never cried when bro died but it was hard just to sleep

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I've seen time escape, in jail it happens any time of day
You know bout when your body's sleeping but your mind's awake?
In case a nigga tries to creep in when you're sleeping

They don't even do it now, them niggas sleeping just for speaking
They don't give a fuck bout the stuff that I did
All that matters is I'm up, now they're sucking my dick
I got nicked for a shooting that happened on
I weren't even in the country, I just
Yo I'm driving in this foreign, came from back of the whips
Opp block setting, jump out, we're slapping it quick
You ain't never touched an opp but you're slapping your chick
My trap's twenties, no tens, like a packet of cigs
Never thought one day that I'd be actually rich
Yo I'm so far from it but I'm patterning it
It's just a matter of time, B109 slapping the nine
Bullets in your front shatter your spine

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