

Rest in peace to Georgio Tyson
Rest in peace to Demetre Tyson
Billy Mchullun
Reon Buckly
Ahmed Abdullahi, my niggas

R.I.P. my guy woo (Woo)
All them steppers gonna slide for you (Slide)
I'm just sittin' down really wonderin' how many's gonna die for you (Die)
Swear I love this life and hate this life at the same time
Just look at everything we have to sacrifice to keep it real in this active life
'Cause life's a test
Some people live at night, some other life's a mess
My life was a mess, so I cheated on my test, and now my life's the best
At seventeen we bought them first burners, gav them knives the best
Now, they say kill them with success, past them guys, my .9's the best
You should know just what these hoes are like (Know)
I got everything and still know I ain't the only guy
You ain't got shit, I think that she ain't told you lies
You're a fuckin' fool, we all won't money some chase it, some don't even try
And got the cheek to look at me, and wonder how I'm speedin' by
All this pain I got, I need to cry (Cry)
Instead, I hold it deep inside and only get to release the relief when other people grieve and die
I need to try stay away from how I roll and get some peace of mind, but them Ki's are mind
Eight-seven and a half, and I release the .9
If I forgot to mention, now, it's a million chillin' in my watch collection
Never had no watch, I got insured, my shit is block protected
You wouldn't understand what I'm talkin' 'bout 'cause you're not respected
I got neglected 'til I got money then that got reflected
I been rappin', but my realest niggas know and they don't forget
All the times I risked it right there, ridin', leavin' pussies all soakin' wet
With no regret (No regret), how I stay with killers and robbers
And I hold respect and my fros protect
You can't be a boss 'cause you never been a soldier yet
Them boys are hittin' gym but broke, them boys ain't got no common sense
That back and bias, but your trap inside, that shit ain't got a pen
I'm a skinny nigga, but on inside, I got a lot of spots that's hench
You never trap, you sent them tracks, your only spot was on the bench
They knew that it was trap money when I was buyin' Loubs
Five thousand on two pairs, it's like I'm in there buyin' boobs
No, I don't try the shoes, I drop the Ps and leave, and buy the shoes
Nah, I'm a size ten but I bought more fuckin' .9s than I can use
I got them kind of drugs you'll walk in and you'll never find in Boots
But if you hit my youts or hit my blocks, that's what everyone's tryna move
And by the time I drop this song, I bet we got the drop on Don
And got him gone 'cause it's not a game, we're not the ones you wanna pain
So, fuck what you heard, I'll die 'fore I let a brother bump me
My life used to be another trap, another junkie
Now, it's another watch, another holiday, another pumpy
Rappers diss me but they're hidin' in different cities and 'nother countries
I'm on these blocks, don't be actin' silly
Two niggas just got clapped and killed, but no one's packed
I bet my niggas spin back like all my straps are dizzy

Them .9s clap, left a pussy on his back flap, like, "Nigga, that's for Billy
"

Another one got cancelled too, like, "Nigga, that's for Woo"

Like, nigga, that's for you

Like, nigga, that's for Woo