

# OCEAN

## Future

I got enough tears to fill the ocean for all these losses took in this shit

Got a cousin I ain't seen in years, when we came up, sleepin' on the same bed

And my main dog maxed in the fed, kept my lil' one names off warfare  
Junior Boss went out, his gun blowin', always said he'd take a nigga with him

Rider squad goin' on a rampage, 700 Block kill niggas, madman (Murk)  
We gotta fill up this pain, it ain't no comparing what made niggas feel (700)

Lil' homie just threw back three pills, he starvin' for bodies, he ready to go kill (Yeah)

Hide the Draco, the TEC match the weather (Woo)

Red tomato, tonight is inferno (Grr)

Had the powder goin' crazy in the kettle

Had the stylist copyin' me and Abel

Man, this loyalty rap shit is real, you hold on a nigga, you fallin' like Jenga (Hey)

Took an Indian ho all my pesos (Hey)

Had to pop me a bean, pour some Tris (Yeah)

Took some niggas off that I forgot

Hope the Carbon don't catch a baguette

To the DA, he done brought up a test

Everything tens or fours or checks

My doggy was slidin', I was still on a jet

Thought of my granny, my tears on my chest

Been with them killers since I was a jit

Raised in Lil Mexico, niggas in trenches

Tell 'em fuck 12, addicted to steppin'

I know that gutter shit run through my flesh (I know that)

Don't speak on my fam 'cause it'll get tense

Ho leakin' my name, I might get her spint

I'm runnin' my hood from a whole 'nother state now, Skyami the playground

I done ran up a check, I done bought me a cake now, I can go buy a case now

All the shit I done did to come up out of state now, plus a nigga get laid down

Soon as Josh got out, gave him bag of that blue shit

Couple Cubans, some rocks, and some new shit

Plenty hundreds, don't know what to do with 'em

I was happy my bitch got a new nigga

I'm a street nigga, I'll never be cool with 'em

Ho get out of pocket, nothin' to do with her

Plugged you like a socket, kept it true with you (Freeband, Freeband Gang)

So many tears, I could fill up an ocean

'Fore the fame came, I was already in motion

And some my young niggas play, best believe niggas soakin', yeah

Out of state, up a stash, two hundred, I'm coastin', yeah

Can't forget about Man, he was there before all this, yeah

Uncle Snoopy got killed, he the reason I'm an artist, yeah

I was posted on the corner, I was goin' my hardest, yeah

Walk you down in broad day, niggas know where my heart at, yeah

On the avenue, yellin' out, "354 shit," nigga, kick in your door shit

I was servin' my auntie when she was a dope head just to go and cop Dolce

And my shirt button open when I do this, I'm focused, you can feel my emotions

Get to trippin' on niggas, I know I'm the chosen 'cause when I was the broke  
st  
I'll go solo on a mission, a nigga gettin' active  
Nigga ain't never gon' bap 'bout it  
Cooked a four-way right up at the crack house  
Any problems with niggas, gon' crash out  
Cooked that nigga, we gave him a smackdown  
When I send 'em, I know they gon' tell shit  
Out the kennel, my dog like a hell-pit  
Left me dead, I survived, but you left me  
Every day, I preach self-destruction  
Don't come lookin' for me at the wrong time  
Got a thirty like Curry right past nine  
Fuck with G, niggas know I'm gon' frontline  
Sit on niggas 'fore we get 'em hunted down  
Realest shit ever said, ain't no punchline

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And some my young niggas play, best believe niggas soakin', yeah  
Out of state, up a stash, two hundred, I'm coastin', yeah