

PROCEDURE

GloRilla

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On the gang

Ridin', bumpin' gangsta music
Back when I had the Buick
Back when I worked at Checkers
Prayin' I make it through it
Still be wit' my same bitches
Fast forward, we lane switchin'
Me and Gotti solid, the same vision, the same mission

Roll up by the pound now, poppin' out in yo' town now
Be humble when you up 'cause that cocky shit take you down there
Go hard and put my bitches on, that's all I'm on, that's all I want
But some shit I just don't condone
That sucka shit ain't in my bones

Money, I speak it fluent, hunnids on me the bluest
Diamonds on me the clearest
Don't play with me, I'm T.I. serious
Damn, Glo, you global now
Damn, ho, you notice now?
Police pulled me over, caught me slippin' but I'm sober now

Shit feel like a dream, I'm overseas with the team, huh
Finishin' my album, I'm sippin' Bahama breeze
It's just me, myself, and I
Hold my head up to the sky
Yeah, I make mistakes, but don't nothin' beat a failure but a try

On the gang, gang, gang
Y'all made me feel real crazy
And I want y'all to know that
So I came back with a, with a vengeance, you feel me?
But chu know, I love criticism
You know what I'm sayin, learn from your mistakes and you do better
I'm really here to tell y'all I'm on det, I'm back on det
I'm never getting off of det, you feel me?
It's always gonna be what it is
At the end of the muthafucking day, the day gonna muthafucking end
On the gang