

Tryna make a wave like a speedboat, we slidin' like a ski slope
s
For the love of the C-notes, only love my people
Black and Filipino, not to the police though
To them I'm a target, stealin' from Target
They burn your whole city and hate on your come up first
And it's a lot of town niggas that ain't come up first
I got dirt on my hands, I got blood on my shirt
Too many hands in my pot, I can not hold up the earth
Brother tryna hold me back, baby, tryna hold me down
Niggas tryna hold me up, God seem like he holdin' out
Priors tryna hold me off, women wanna hold all my valuables
When I can't even hold myself accountable
Oh-oh-oh-oh
Sometimes I fall inside this drank, and show my life away
I talk to God at night, I pray, for golden tidal waves
Wash me ashore to another place
When I'm not at home, tucked off alone
Somewhere out on the road, I'm in survival mode
Forever stuck on ten (Ten), yeah
I still live on ten (Ten), yeah
Fuck just what, I'm on ten (Ten)
I miss when I was just ten (Ten)