

Out The Gutter

Heembezy

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh, Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Who is you, nigga you wasn't around in the struggle
Throwing Glock's up out the window and went down with each other
I ain't had shit, I got it out the gutter
Ain't gotta worry 'bout a thang 'cause we up now
I just poured a six in the wock like a touchdown
Ain't got a car, but you worried 'bout a buss down
I got snaked by my dawg, I can't trust now
Bitch ain't wanna talk when I was broke but wanna fuck now
Choppa with the monkey [?] make a nigga duck down
He seen the beam with the strobe light and shut down
I got paid, now watch bitch change
I can't hang with you if I ion know government names
I was down on my dick, smoking blunts for the pain (mh)
And I can't talk if it ain't 'bout BOA
I got tired of being broke I got my pape' up
Gang changed on me but I still show the same love
Still think about all the times we was laid up
Used to know you now you acting like a stranger
Still fucked up in the head off the same drugs
I ain't gone lie, ion wanna be here no mo'
All these bitches want is Chanaynay, Dioyoyo
I can't give a bitch not shit if she ain't loyal
I can't get up in my feelings I get noted
Brody said he got the perc for me for the lotion
I gotta keep my guard up, these niggas plotting on me
I seen too many niggas backdoor, they all homies
In these streets it get wicked so I keep pole on me
Can see it on my face, I got it tatted, I'ma trophy

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Can see it on my face, I got it - yeah
'Nother [?] that just got shot for giving his hypothesis
Water on me like a fucking hippopotamus
Louis, Prada mits we switching diff' but I ain't don't drive no stick
Doing turnaround, in front of banks, but I ain't modeling
Made 20 80 same jaugins without showering
Feet up, getting chauffered, like moccasins
Boy I hope they still outside, we finna spin on
Blew him down, his mama cross, still in the impound
He was moving all loose, I bet he stiff now
I need the call can on advantage 'cause my [?] loud
Under influence, pouring duces feel like Chris Brown
Mama look yo' baby Kidd became a rich child
Aye, never show yo' hand, gotta keep 'em guessing
We is not carpoolin', but these niggas telling
Pull up this lil' hoe, start choosin', had these niggas jealous
He just lost one of his foots, call him Cinderella
It's whatever, dawg, I stay ready, you can pick whenever
Threw so many bullets at the opp's [?] interceptions
I'm in Cali, with an AR, four glizzy's
How the fuck I got more gun's than you in yo' city
I don't give a fuck who get busy, we get mo' busy

Cut her off for rolling lil' blunts, I ain't yo' old n*gga
She gave me 50k and cried, that was a proud moment
Glock with no safety leave a nigga wide open
Got the head and put her out and said my guy on it
Please don't tell me these the same hoes niggas dying over
Put that boy in ICU like he wear bifocals
She just wanna road-runner like a coyote
Kept it real and they still switched sides on me
My man, I'ma die, at the top lonely
Ice hang, of the drip, like my house frozen
Water drippin' in yo' face, like yo' eyes swollen
Shit tatted on my face, they know I'm chosen
Ask the president, JFK, the shit mindblowing
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, I just hop up on the beat and I just start floatin'
Where would I be without them dark moments
Where would I be without my heart broken
Where would I be