Yo, outside her Brooklyn apartment
She got a new crew now and I ain't part of it
Tattoo on her wrists, so the scars are hid
And I ain't trying to lose you like an argument
Fuck beef and everybody who started it
Walk in to the bar and they card the kid
Good, cause I'm twenty-five, but I only look twenty
I'm trying to survive in this world that we live in
There's truth and there's lies and not every decision you choose can rewind
You might blink in a moment and this shit be over
I'm fucking it up if I'm living inside
Wasting my time on the internet
This job never ends, nowadays
It's the only way we earning respect
It's hard to leave when we're earning a check

Working them late nights, every night
Motivation, super high
Double shift it, over drive
Make that money, multiply
Oh lord not this, walking home I wanna quit
But I stick around for the benefits

Clocking in that overtime, clocking in that overtime Clocking in that overtime, clocking in that overtime And I'm getting paid for it, paid for it, overtime (2x)

I'm pushing back when push comes to shove Deep down, wondering why they ain't pushing us I got friends with deals, I got friends who front But just keep it real, cause who gives a fuck If I was Pusha T, I might push a brick Working 24/7 just to push my shit Cause if I slip, there'll be twenty other rappers, quick Trying to fit in my shoes, but my feet just too big I can't relax, I can't even sit back With my girl on my bed, got my face to my Mac And I know she act disappointed in that But how the fuck we gonna blow off a rap So I stay grounded, never catch an ego As far as we go, it's good, just believe, yo Love all my fans, without you, where would I be though? Where would I be though?

Could it be so easy, well don't believe me
Cause you know good things take time
And please don't leave me, cause I need you with me
And there ain't no shortcuts left in this life
And the great things take love, love
Are you putting in work?