

Be Honest

Hotboii

(What's happening, Chi Chi?
Section 8 just straight cooked this motherfucker up
Al Geno on the track)

If I couldn't vent to you, baby, I'd probably vent to drugs
You know I'm from the slums, you got a hood nigga in love
No, I don't want no love, lately, I'm dealing with trust
If they come and pick you up would you give a nigga up
Be honest (be honest)
If not, then I'll put VVSs where your cuffs is (where your cuffs is)
I be running to them bucks like I'm Giannis (like I'm Giannis)
I just hope you keep it real on the rough end
I'm not playing, put VVs on your cuffs

Put VVs on your cuffs and flood your shackles with baguettes (baby)
You know I'm from the mud, I get that check and make a mess (baby)
I'ma fill your commissary, just promise me you won't get big (on me)
And I took my time to write this letter to aks you how you been
I already know what it is, promise I'll feel your pain, man, I done did
Know you wanna be home, but every single plane you take, it gotta land
Favorite strategy, got a plan, hope you ain't mad at me, I'm saying
Before they capture me, you'll see every picture in my gallery, I ain't play
ing
Hundred racks on your lawyer, promise to be there for you
Baby, if you'll be loyal, I'll forever spoil you
All I ever know is you, I won't need me a hoe or two
When you eat it up, love recording you, but I just want you to
Be honest (be honest)
Rollie, it don't tick-tock, my watch, it dance (my watch, it dance)
Babe, if I'm released and you ain't out yet (ain't out yet)
Promise to keep my dick in my pants, I'm not playing, I'm addicted to your l
ove

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Visitation in court day
I reminisce in the worst way (the worst way)
They had me missing my birthday
On the phone, I do foreplay
I don't care what these whores say
And fuck what my bros say (my bros say)
Right there with me on stage (stage)
We came a long way, yes sir
From catching rides, being piss poor, now a young nigga checked up (checked
up)
I'ma go do a show in the city and I ain't gon' vest up (vest up)
Talking 'bout a RICO, no, not me though, leave my name out that stuff (leave
my name out)
Kut Da Fan On

Say I love you, never told you why (why)
I'm fucked up 'bout you, ain't no surprise
I want the world to know you mine (mine)
Oh my God (oh my God)
Can't even rap when you be on my mind (mind)
No disguise (no disguise)
I got feelings I can't hold inside (inside)
No disguise for 'em (no disguise for 'em)

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It ain't nothing to ice you up
Ice on you like hockey puck
When we fuck, she like it rough
We be doin' all kind of stuff
Might Rollie you up
Just to tell these bitches that they time is up
(Time is up, time is up, yeah)