

This 'N' That

Huskii

I've been wearing Gucci in the flats (Gucci)
Way before I ever put my music on the map (True)
I've been moving stupid with a shooter on my lap
I'm never moving with a crew I'd rather do it on my jack
Paranoid about some dudes I knew we're gonna lag
They'd ruin what I had and I'd go back to tuna noodles out the pack
I don't believe in cupid, I seen bitches do it for a bag (I have)
I'm really in the trap, I hate it though so who am I to brag
I'm tryna patent up a ship and dock and cop it in containers
I can tell already rapping not gon get me famous (Fuck it)
Free my brother Celly, he been locked up in the cages (Free him)
They can take us off the street but they can't stop us getting papers
I just made a stack I'm boutta drop it all on trainers
I just got a pack it taste like chocolate when I blaze it
I remember days of chopping hot up with a razor
Now I keep on selling shows out every time I hop on stages

I've been doing this 'n' that (Don't worry)
Tryna feed my family till my kids are fat (Trap!)
We ain't going back to them commission flats
I be on a mission with a dipper tryna flip a bag
I've been doing this 'n' that
Tryna feed my family till my kids are fat (Trap!)
We ain't going back to them commission flats (Never)
So I'm out here risking everything to get a bigger stack

Everywhere I go these people recognise me
A couple years ago these peeps would never like me
Paranoid I'm reaching for the weapon by me
Don't make me go and do something that's gonna jeopardise me
I've been tryna change but I swear that these roads love me
I just hit a lick, let's flip it and go country (Later)
Fuck all of my opps I've never been so comfy
If they want it, I'll comment RIP on the pic of their GoFundMe
I ain't got time for the scene and all these rapper games
My china plates only come to gigs tryna snatch a chain
I rack my brain for ways to never go back again
I wanna keep doing music, I swear that the trap has changed
I miss the days with my brothers before I had a name
Starving but if I had food all my brothers had a plate (Always)
Started making money taking trips into Adelaide
Now we bout to buy cribs of the shit that this rapping made

I've been doing this 'n' that (Don't worry)
Tryna feed my family till my kids are fat (Trap!)
We ain't going back to them commission flats (Never)
I be on a mission with a dipper tryna flip a bag
I've been doing this 'n' that
Tryna feed my family till my kids are fat (Trap!)
We ain't going back to them commission flats
So I'm out here risking everything to get a bigger stack

I've been doing this that, people tell me kick back
Devil want me dead, I gotta always keep a shiv dacked
Scales in a cling wrap, neighbours tryna ring jacks
I could make a phone call, get their baby kidnapped
I'm really on the road I'm tryna leave my kids some real estate

Hungry I come from nothing, that's probably why I feel this way
I used to pop a seal a day, pour it up and peel away
I'm tryna get this money it's the only way to heal the pain
(Trap!)