

# Had To

Icewear Vezzo

(Damn Max, this one's too hard)  
Yeah, drank God  
Oowee  
(KCG, boy, you killing 'em)

Yeah, had to cut them bitches out my life 'cause they was leeches  
Had to get the Diors, not the Chucks but the sneakers  
Had to up my price, takin' change I was tweakin'  
Hit the seal and pour a liter, ice my Cubans for no reason  
(Iced Up records)

Had to throw the blicky in the stash 'cause they searched me  
Left them pussy niggas in my past, they was worthless  
Gotta check them drugs, they put fetty in them Perkies  
I bought my baby a new ass, spent a bag on her Birkin  
Had to leave that 42 alone, I want Patron  
Gotta throw the money in the air 'cause this my song  
Had to put a hundred in that chop, now it shoot long  
Make sure I keep one up in the top, that's for the dome  
Had to tell my label "Cut the check, and what's the budget?"  
Told that ho keep quiet, she be screamin' when we fuckin'  
Always put the twenties in the bank and keep the hundreds  
Up a roll and slap her with a stack, bitch, it's nothin'  
Had to come new Maybach, yeah the car a extra forty  
Had to take them Ruccis off my shit, we ridin' Forgis  
Dog shit in my pants, all my 'Miris look like toilets  
Crack open the seal and drink a line before I pour it  
Gotta know you want the ice I rock, this shit ain't cheap  
Had to take them bow's, dog was movin' way too sweet  
Put them hitters on, now all my shooters look like Meeks  
When y'all was climbin' up them charts, we was movin' through the streets

Had a step I gave up, I was broke, I had to blossom  
In the octagon cookin' coke, I had to lock 'em  
Had to make some haters understand I wasn't playin'  
Had to get it by myself, I didn't get a helping hand  
Had to make some wine to clear my mind and help me think  
Got it up in the stores now, Earl Stevens that's my drink  
Unconnected not disconnected, I'm in the loop like a hula hoop  
I probably know who the victim is, and who the nigga that's finna shoot  
Every nigga that's on my team had a digital beam  
Used to serve that candy wet on magazines  
On the 1300 block, born to ball  
Back then it was yola, now it's Fentanyl  
In the thick of the trenches, hustlers and thugs  
Now it's prescription pills, white people drugs  
Had to climb up over the fence and make it out  
Never did the front street, took the scenic route

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