

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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