

I like that

Uh, uh, uh

Uh-huh, uh, uh

Ooo, uh, yeah

Flashback, digital dash

He used to run with a gun and a mask

He used to take all your shit in a stash

Now he a good boy, used to be bad

Flashback, digital dash

Go on and run off his 12 on his ass

Load up the chopper if they tryna clash

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Huh, shit

Nine times out of ten, he gon' die or he gon' go to jail

Let's not pretend

Huh, look, everybody starts as a kid with a pure heart

Then they turn to him

Papa died, mama died, all the nigga know is sin

Traumatised, freedom jeopardised, he just wanna win

What's a smile when you dodging strikes, dodging every pin?

Fifteen on his head, he ain't tryna go in

Fifteen on his head, make the po-po grin

Five years later, all that po-po talk is just a

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I've been sinning away all the feelings inside

I'm feeling the feet and feeling the miles

Running the streets, dodging the signs

Run from the heat, stay with the iron

Come killing me, that's not a crime

I'm selling weed, I'm doing five

I'm selling weed, I'm doing five
I'm selling weed, I'm doing five

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Fully auto with the chopper
Make a op a drop up
That's the same shit that's sending niggas straight to lock up
That's the system put in place they use to try to stop us
The same system put in place that niggas always fall for
Far from where I was
Guns, drugs, 12 con run
But I'm still a felon, if I fuck up then I'm done
Where I'm from, niggas that don't tough up get stomped on
And niggas that get looked at as a target get locked on
I ain't going back to jail, that's a dub
Five years later, all that jail talk is just a...

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