

Thug Tear

IDK

Uh-huh, uh

Uh

My nigga up high but he lookin' down
He try to talk to me but he won't make a sound
Maybe he be speakin' when my trap jumpin'
I gotta get this money, I can't want for nothin'
Everybody talkin', man, it's always somethin'
But when I'm pullin' up, man, it's never nothin'
Everybody talkin', man, it's always somethin'
But when I'm pullin' up, man, it's-, mm
They always frontin' (They always frontin')
I'm leadin' all my niggas like I'm Harriet Tubman (I'm Harriet Tubman)
They pull up on yo' block, get to d-d-dumpin' (Brrt-t-t)
And them niggas cookin' rock right above the oven (Above the oven)
Now mama keep smellin' rock like Dwayne Johnson (That shit be cookin')
And now they wrestlin', with that Smith & Wesson (Wesson)
Choppa, Glock, or FN (Bow)
Now you need a reverend (Praise God)
I grew up where them teachers scared to teach a lesson

Ain't no debate tonight
I'm 'bout to slide on a nigga then slide to the movies
And go to a date tonight
If they come after me, that be my alibi
You know that I'ma be straight tonight
Bitch nigga tendencies, that be the death of me
Everyone know that's my Kryptonite (Uh-huh)
So you gon' get hit tonight (Uh-huh), aight?

I got a new bitch (Yeah, I got a new bitch)
She ain't finna snitch (She ain't finna snitch)
They ask her, she pleadin' the fifth (She loyal as shit)
She be like, "Where my lawyer and shit?" (She quiet)
Other niggas would tell off the rip (They movin' they lips)
When I slide, make 'em fold, make 'em trip (Bye-bye)
That's what you get when you slip

When I see him, man, you know it's on sight (It's on sight)
Set him up, yeah, make him take a flight (Flight)
Stripes on my shoulder like I'm wearin' Off-White (Off-White)
I lost my brother, ask me if I'm alright
I say that's the way it go, yeah, that's the way it go (Go)
We comin' right back but we keep it on the low (Low)
'Cause either way it go, man, them niggas gotta go (Go)
Yeah, that's the way it go, man, that's the way it go

Bitch, don't push no buttons
I got oppas all over the place
But my shooter gon' say that it's nothin'
If I see choppas all over the place
Then I'm catchin' a case, no runnin'
I gotta get out of the hood
I got faith just as long as my trap keep jumpin'
Most of the niggas that trap be fumblin'
That's why these niggas be constantly hit with the football numbers
Put a white boy in the jail, they put a black boy under

They say, "That boy, the black boy, wanted"
Then they go switch the subject
Keep actin' like it's nothin', it's nothin', huh

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