

91 Cadillac Deville

Injury Reserve

Check it
Damn, I ain't see you in a minute
I know I need a cut, man
Yo I ain't tryna hear it
And I ain't tryna hear that 'Is you signed or independent?'
I ain't tryna answer questions
Now I ain't tryna stress you out
But honestly, I got some shit goin' on
Outside of this
So maybe inside's more important
Or more accurate
Just need some ears in front of me
A bit of head-nodding and some laughing
Even if you acting shit
I just need to get away and get past this shit
Yeah, run away like it's my last offense
Even if it's just laying in the sun and just bask in it
Even if it's only once, like the Mavericks
See, that's where you're supposed to just laugh and shit
Yeah, bring something up from our past and shit
Yeah, but I ain't mad at shit
I was just needing some love since you were asking, kid

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Love
1, 2, 3, 4
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1, 4, 3

My first car was a Cadillac
'91 Deville, I wish I got it back
Paid it in full, couldn't tell me a damn thing
Dash was woodgrain
Painted with champagne
Asked mom if I should cop
She said, "Hell no"
About a month later
Bruh I got my shit towed
It was fun while it lasted
Yeah, we got down
Teego still had the box, so we got around
415's, waking up the whole town
Had 'em breaking necks
Speakers in the grill
That's my brother for life
He always kept it real
Now we both fathers
Like, niggas gotta chill
Finally getting love from the music I'm releasing

And frontin' like we own my new whip
I'm still leasing
Never got my hand out on some fan shit
Taking care of mine on some grown man shit

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