

# Born With It

Jay Critch

Ayy

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He got him some money, now these bitches won't get off him  
She just going to the biggest baller, it's an auction  
Niggas never wanna see you winning so be cautious  
You came with the fire, he talk hot and then we scorched him  
I'm born with this shit, ain't gotta force it  
Step out with the water and I'm making bitches nauseous  
Suction and I'm looking for the money like I lost it  
Niggas workers, only hang around with bosses

My life getting epic, now these niggas tryna cross me  
They won't find a weapon let it off and brodie toss it  
Don't get up too close, you know the gang is worth a fortune  
Now I make a movie but I used to paint a portrait  
My bitch got a bag and she bad so she bossy  
We up at the top floor 30s in the office  
Rest in peace to [?]  
Rest in peace to Pop Smoke, diamonds on me flossing  
And I'm still go get it out the mud when I'm exhausted  
I show love to niggas and a lot of shit done cost me  
I'ma shoot my demons if they coming back to harm me  
They don't wanna see me with my brothers on the floor seats  
She want shots of '42 and now this bitch is saucy  
Hit the store for cups but it ain't even for no coffee  
Nigga think that shit sweet, but we already peeped all the red  
lights  
Lotta shots make 'em get light  
Used to think it was make-  
believe, had to focus up, get my head right  
Pulling out that AMG hoes can't see from the headlights  
If getting all this money was wrong you niggas be dead, right  
Fuck the head, if she getting money there I'll be there every n  
ight

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