

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 night

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