

# Green Light

Jay Critch

Is that  
Hey

I ran up the money I found better ways  
Crazy how they treat you when you came from the bottom  
Seen his brodie just the other day  
Then he got the phone call that them niggas got 'em  
Won't see his son again  
Toolie on me 'cuz I gotta see the sun again  
These niggas be frauding we ain't one of them  
She with showers not like her other man

These niggas want problems then what's up with them  
Lotta cheese no government  
I could blow her back and then I'm up again  
Sleeping off the drank but then I'm up again  
Think you running down and then I'm up in it (broke boy)  
Young nigga finessing had to go get his bucks up  
I done seen these bitches do it all I can't trust her  
I done seen some niggas lose it all that shit fucked up  
And I need that dough mamma raised a real hustler  
'Bouta get that milli get the team right  
In the V like, man you niggas slow and I ain't stopping seeing green  
lights  
Beam up on that Glock last thing he saw was just the green light  
Fuck the police they don't care unless they see white  
Money cleaner than a quarantine wipe  
Get it out the mud bitch this the street life  
Push me in the mud I said I need ice  
So I could pour it up  
They could never keep up so they always tryna slow us up  
Quiet when we dying but they crying when we stolen some'  
I don't see nobody swear I never even noticed them  
Chopper got a loaded drum  
I got shots for all of them  
And it ain't no one-on-ones  
Gang with me I came out with all of them  
Can't fuck with no lame bitches I swear I hate all of them  
Police tryna hang niggas that's why I hate all of them

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