

No Hook

JayDaYoungan

(Man y'all know what the fuck it was before it even started
2 times
RuffWayy on gang
The Real Jumpman 23 shit)

Young nigga
I was born to go and get the cake
18 years old I was born to make a way
Lil nigga
But there's plenty shit stay on my plate
Every night I gotta grind and see a better day
Ain't nobody perfect but I just wanna be great
Chew a perc and sip the lean and then I meditate
Twist the leaf and light the green and now I'm outer space
Ain't no more room in my circle shit I'm outta space
Ain't no remorse for a pussy if he tryna play
Famous gon leave him where he stay soon as he squeeze the K
And that's some for you gotta go bitch you go meet the grave
Just praying for my dawg hoping that he beat the case
Look at the blunt when I hit it like this shit might be laced
The way I'm strapped up with them dicks they say he might be gay
Kill all 6 with the stick and this bitch can slice yo waist
Or use the .44 bulldog when this bitch bite yo face

I'm like you must wanna lose your life today
Load up them pistols with extendos then remove the license plate
Whip down with the cutta make it studder you die right away
Cancel any witness just so I won't have to fight the case
Gamble with yo life don't die tonight yeah that's the price you pay
Sipping on that lean looking mean ain't got shit nice to say
I said sipping on that lean looking mean ain't got shit nice to say

Growin up in that south I had to go out and hustle
Shon my brother I love him came from the same struggle
I walk some long miles me and Famous just tryna bubble
I cry so many nights I shed some tears can fill a puddle
My heart turned cold like the freezer swear the shit made me tougher
Ain't tryna go back to trapping on the block serving butter
Yeah I got people counting on me I can't let em suffer
It's only right I grind hard to take care of my mother

Cutta with a stomach where the bottom at
Gotta lotta money and I really know ain't how to act
Don't cross that line pussy bitch we gotta lotta straps
Ain't hitting at yo legs bitch we focused on where yo collar at
Bitch you go needa pamper since yo ass been talking shit
Ima turn you into a dancer Glock burn like a pot of grits
Know I ain't got no handles but I don't know how to miss
They go think I had a camera how I'm shooting at yo shit