# Same Shit

**JayDaYoungan**

I'm still on that same shit, they know just how I'm comin'
Pull up and we on that bang shit, no talkin', we just dumpin'
Hope you don't step in my lane nigga, we gon' put you under
Shooter still clutch on that same pistol, he'll stone your brother
And I'm still ridin' with the same niggas, we can't run from nothin'
Told 'em I won't ever change nigga, forever I love you
Me and you was in the rain but we made it out the puddle
Fuck the money and the fame, bitch I made it out the gutter

I die 'bout none your shit but all my niggas with that gunplay
Ain't have to ask for shit, make sure I get that money some way
Me tryna trust again like tryna keep straight on a one way
We thuggin' all day Saturday, ain't go to church on Sunday
Was clutchin' tools, said fuck the rules, didn't go to school on Monday
I hit the alley on [?] yeah to fuck with Donjay
These pussy niggas want be like me but it's only one Jay
And since you on that stupid shit, bitch you gon' die the dumb way

I'm still on that same shit, they know just how I'm comin'
Pull up and we on that band shit, no talkin', we just dumpin'
Hope you don't step in my lane nigga, we gon' put you under
Shooter still clutch on that same pistol, he'll stone your brother
And I'm still ridin' with the same niggas, we can't run from nothin'
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They gon' try to play you close just 'cause they knowin' that you love them
If they cross you once before, what makes you figure you can trust them?
Certain shit they'll never know, they ask me, I'm like fuck 'em
You want cancer, we on go, pull out with sticks and touch 'em
Shooter walkin' down your road, all black and bitch he clutchin'
He politely up the pole, no hesitation, bust it
Next time we gon' take his soul, that dumb shit, we like fuck it
All you niggas really hoes, gon' snap you and your brother
All my youngins in the cut, don't give a fuck, yeah they be thuggin'
We pull up and fuck shit up, be out my top when I'm in public
With the shits you say you with, I send a blitz, it's on the muscle
You a bitch, I grab a stick, here go the barrel, you can suck it

I'm still on that same shit, they know just how I'm comin'
Pull up and we on that fame shit, no talkin', we just dumpin'
Hope you don't step in my lane nigga, we gon' put you under
Shooter still clutch on that same pistol, he'll stone your brother
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Yeah, yeah
Made it out the gutter, out the gutter
Made it from the gutter, from the gutter
Nigga play and I'ma touch him, I'ma touch him
Nigga play and we gon' bust 'em, graow, baow
Nigga want for nothin', 23 shit


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