

# Bruddanem

JID

Mm, mm, mm

Mm, mm, mm

If you my nigga you my nigga then, twin  
Thick or thin, I was a kid when my brother went in  
Now your lil brudda the man  
Kinda like Pac in 'Above the Rim'  
Couple Ms, cut a check, cut a film  
I got that glock from my bruddanem

I spend the block for my bruddanem  
I did a lot for my bruddanem  
You better watch for my bruddanem  
You gotta watch my bros  
I'm finna cop for my bruddanem  
You called the cops on my bruddanem  
You don't know patna nem stugglin'  
That shit ain't nothin' bout nothin'  
And if my brother say "let's slide"  
Well then my sister sliding too  
It ain't no slippin' on this side  
I got my grip and found my groove  
And if they blitzing on the squad  
I swear to God it's bye for you  
When it's nothing else they thought I would do

My bruddas ride through  
My bruddas ride through  
My bruddas ride through

Uh, look, uh  
This for my brudda, my hitter, my slugger,  
My nigga, my jugger, my killer, my dawg  
This for the women, the women my niggas  
Most of them really be realer than ya'll  
When I was little remember we literally can't forget all the shit that we saw  
w  
Jaja hit a nigga right in the jaw  
We ain't jump him we just lettin' em brawl  
Err' summer it was somebody dead  
And somebody scared so nobody saw  
Buddy in jail and somebody called  
Collecting the bill of somebody boss  
Laid off, stay in the bed  
Hell naw, what the fuck you done did  
All that stressin' takin' care of the kids  
Give us somethin' that can take off the edge  
From the minute I got in trouble  
Got a whippin' for nothin' or somethin' my brother did  
I never snitch, I never done no sucka shit  
Cause he'll hush for me if it was him  
He'll buss for me if it was him  
So you know it's all toes ten  
When it come to my brudda nigga  
Our whirlwind spin, you brudda

I spun the block for my bruddanem

I did a lot for my bruddanem  
You better watch for my bruddanem  
You gotta watch my bros  
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My bruddas ride

Took me a lil minute  
It's different my brother had game  
He gave me one of his switches  
My uncle be bitchin  
They told me he snitchin  
So when I grew up I was blessed in my distance  
We slept by the window  
Being hungry was an issue  
Power knocked out slept close to a window  
My brudda my brudda same momma this real  
What I be sayin this shit is official  
I get rich, you get rich  
I got rich, you rich now  
Fucked the opps up so bad  
They trying to stop and shut the whole city down  
Buddy can't sit (bllaahh)  
Buddy got hit (bllaahh)  
Trench baby  
Street nigga  
Real nigga  
Real killas  
Grave diggas  
Gang, gang from the block  
All that shit really gang members  
Fake percs he'll down them all  
He said they feel like real pain killers  
My brudda a shoota  
My brudda a killa  
Fuck politics I'm with the same niggas  
My brudda gon slide but two of my bruddas had died  
They was my main niggas (ohh ohh)

These niggas, street niggas  
Taught to never leave niggas  
Roll something, hold something  
Anything to disappear nigga  
Neck deep in this water  
Neck glistening to be seen nigga  
I see you, I love you  
Do you feel it  
We're still here nigga  
God gave us a war  
And this sword can't be near niggas  
You reach for it  
You reach for him  
You reach for these dreams nigga  
Under this durag

Two straps on when I'm out for dinner  
Take care of your skin  
Take care of your liver  
I won't let them in  
I won't let you wither  
I won't let you wither