

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 strugglin'
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 sa
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 spinned the block for my bruddanem

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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