

Lobby

Jim Jones

True story
They tried to lock me up for doing just this
Making a mixtape
The rest is history (niggas know)
Trend setters

Gettin' in this shit
Guilty till you innocent
And they never understood us, couldn't tell me nothin'
Used to hop the train, now we stumblin' in dealerships
Got blessings for this fearlessness, you tell we

Never gonna die, we multiply, that's on my soul
If you ain't ready for the smoke in the glass house, don't throw the stone
If they say anything about me, know I got it on my own
Back then when I ain't have nobody, no one pickin' up the phone, nigga, yeah-
yeah

Yeah, I'm guilty till I go and prove I'm innocent
Take a small step inside my shoes, I was in the shit
We was kids, but the ghetto robbed us for our innocence
Grew up in a warzone, that's why my vibe militant
Money plus drugs plus niggas equal bloodshed
We was gettin' locked by the locals way before Feds
Stories from the dealers, I got wisdom from a cokehead
I survived on the corners where they end up most dead
Scars on my soul, all them nights tryna find a bag
Blood on my hands, yeah it's true, I got a violent past
In life you got a choice, body shit or be a bodybag
That's how I turned into a lobby boy, if you gotta ask, hey

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This ain't the place for you to lack
Don't get caught up in my city relaxed
Haddy Racks, it don't get more gritty than that
I grew up around OG's
You grew up around old niggas that used to ass bet
That's why they OG's
I'm where the murders kept on
Niggas be cuttin' throats, keep a bulletproof turtleneck on
When it's war, the fifths get drawn
And we don't run, we walk around with flip flops on
My homie gassed his CO to bring some onions there
Now he tryna gas him to bring his gun in there
Loyalty, they lackin' in that
We graduated from the streets and threw bricks

Like a cap and a gown, racks!

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Uh, expel the Lazarus if I ain't back from the dead
I know it was a few niggas that wanna see me clapped in my head
The keep on watchin' my IG, gotta see me stackin' this bread
They keep bringin' up my crimes like they wanted me trapped in the Feds
It's funny, I been gettin' money since the 1900s
I remember at nineteen, in a nice thing, gettin' blunted
I ain't worried 'bout a thing, I got that thing by the stomach
You see the whip, you might get sick, boy
You might wanna vomit
I'll make sure the last thing you see is a white light like a comet
Shit, remember scrubbin' them pots and cookin' that white like it's Comet
Now we, we hit it with the Ajax and the Brillo pad
I remember fantasizing about the cars the drug dealers had
I, I admit, I learned a lot of lessons in the lobby
This is not The First 48, we ain't confessin' to no body, fucker

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