

I'm hopin' I don't look down
Ayy, long enough to see me drown
And if I ever come down
I'll be fallin' on the solid ground
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Today, I had a conversation with one of my bros
My homie, he's been close to me since we were six years old
He calls my mama, "Mom," he seen all of my highs and lows
From school fights to sharin' clothes
From B-ball to fuckin' hoes
He sat me down and let me know some things he never told me
Things he never got a chance to say or even show me
He said, "I know that I don't tell you often, maybe not even at all
But I'm so proud of you and your success, broski
And I admire how you chase your dreams, that shit's courageous
Thank you for never switchin' up when you got rich and famous
Thank you for never givin' up on me or havin' lesser love for me
Whenever we lose touch and be on different pages
I hope you know I'm here for you the way you there for me
It's crazy, you done more for me than all my family tree
And when I say I got your back, just know I really squeeze
And make some niggas really bleed, that's really what I really mean
I'm proud of how much you matured and grew, but you still you
The world knows you for your talent, but I know the real you
And all your trauma's behind closed doors, you'll never heal through
And all the pain, you act like you don't feel, but you still do
I love the fact you keep your shit together, mentally
You work hard for your respect, don't need no empathy
When people look you over and shut you out intentionally
You always said, 'If they don't fuck with you, they will eventually'
But remember when I went through prison?
When I did a bid and you the only one that came to visit?
Put money on my books and sent me pictures of some bitches?
They don't make 'em like you no more, my nigga, you just different
And bro, you ain't have to pay my niece's tuition
Or set me up with that new job and try to teach me the business
Always quick to hold me down before you speak your opinion
What goes around, comes around and that's the reason you winnin'
But listen, I was thinkin', maybe
Since you my broski and I been there since we was babies
You can hit the bank and break me off with somethin' wavy?
Maybe just a couple hundred-thousand? Nothin' crazy
'Cause I been hurtin' lately and I deserve it, maybe
And if you can't do it, that's cool, it ain't like I'll be angry
You still my broski and I love you, but that's kind of shady
'Cause I been goin' through some shit, it ain't like I'm just lazy
So maybe you should pay me
I quit my job 'cause I don't wanna work for no other niggas
What maybe works for some, don't work for some other niggas
Yeah, they pay good, but you know I'm a stubborn nigga
Plus, I know you got my back, right?
If not, then fuck it, I ain't askin' again
Just don't forget who walked with you when your back to the wind

And don't forget who's ideas that got you rappin' again
When you lost your passion and got lazy, and was slackin' and shit
And please don't treat me like them niggas that be askin' for shit
'Cause I never asked you for a damn thing
I'd rather pull a hamstring and then run across some fan blades while jumpin'
' out a airplane
While sittin' in the damn rain, while beggin' for some spare change
I'm sorry that we all can't be talented and rich like you
The little people still struggle, we ain't lit like you
And if we bein' honest, it don't really seem like you want me to chase my dreams so I can get like you
And lately, you been on some sucker shit, that's what I see, broski
I hope you know that hater shit is a disease, broski
'Cause last time I checked, we was a fuckin' team
And just because you got paper, don't mean that you better than me, broski
I know everything about you
I know every single secret
I know where you rest your head at
I know every bitch you sleep with
I know where you keep your bread at
I pretended I don't see shit
You a greedy motherfucker, you been hopin' I don't be shit
You been gettin' fat while I been starvin'
You been buyin' every car and house while I been in the garbage
I deserve everything you got and more, and that's a bargain
You just wanna shit on me and see me fall, and that's alarmin'
You just hopin' I'ma tarnish
You don't want me to be nothin'
You don't wanna open doors for me
You did a lil' somethin', but you could've did a lil' more for me
No wonder why your father turned his back on you, unfortunately
No wonder why your niggas set them traps on you to sorcery
You ain't nothin' but a phony, you a liar, you a snake
And you can rap but you ain't Kendrick, you ain't Cole, you ain't Drake
Can't believe I called you family, I should shoot you in the face
Used to act like you was real, but always knew that you was fake
You let the fame get to your head and all it did was made you whack
I always knew the day would come when you would stab me in my back
One day, your money gon' be gone and I'll be happy, that's a fact
And then you'll move back to the hood and I'll be laughin' when you back
But you my nigga and I love you
And I wanna see you win, I wouldn't place no one above you
And you always been my friend since we was steppin' in the puddles
Real niggas don't pretend 'cause you're my brother, you my double
You my motherfuckin' twin, and I wanna let you know how I appreciate the things you show me
It's kind of hard to trust niggas, that's why I keep you closely
And look, I know that I don't tell you often, maybe not even at all
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Can't take care of later—
Only intended for playin' cards—