

Riding Solo

Joyner Lucas

Some boi no knew nutna bout nutna
Nutna bout nutna
Nutna bout nutna

Aye, what you know about stunting?
What you know about lame ass niggas always talking bout money?
What you know about stray bullets hitting when you never seen it coming?
What you know about Joyner Lucas all up in the streets to the flooding?
To the bass, ba-ba-ba-ba bass till you running down a motherfucking tunnel?
What you know about the cops on the corner tryna knock a nigga hustle?
What you know about Illuminati, everybody working for the devil?
Feeling dead but I'm working for the living
I be in a spaceship getting-getting-getting litted
I be Trinidad James, nigga-nigga-nigga, listen
What you know about riding?
What you know about a check even though a nigga really don't got it?
What you know about the boys at your door while you hiding in the closet?
Pray to God they don't ever catch you slipping or falling
Balling on a budget with my windows tinted
And you ain't seen nothing, nigga, you ain't seen nothing

What you know about money from the chop?
Hustling on the grind nonstop
In the street, but the heat make it hot
Looking out for the cops on the block
You know nothing bout slanging them rocks
Taking hits from nothing to the top
Lock it down and setting up shop
Getting all that paper and stock

Don't you know that I be riding solo?
Making money, staying high with pure dro
What you know about the dough that we blow?
Don't play no games, I tell these niggas lay low

Yeah, what you know about rhythm?
What you know bout an east coast nigga with a sound so trilla?
Don't you know I'm Mike Jack, call you looking at the man in the mirror
What you know about a party? Everybody throw your hands to the ceiling
To the bass, ba-ba-ba-ba bass and you feel it in your motherfucking fingers
What you know about Picasso? I think another picture being painted
And what you know about drinking to the pain? All you do is get faded
What you know about rapping all day and you dedicate your life to a dream th
at ain't paying and knowing there's a big chance you could never ever make i
t?
That's fucked up, ain't it?
And what you know about waiting even if a nigga really impatient?
I got love for the hood even though I wish I was really in Vegas
With bad bitches in the water, I be deep sea swimming
To wake up in the car with my windows tinted
And you ain't seen nothing, nigga, you ain't seen nothing

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What you know about pain?
What you know about living on the edge, ain't nothing gon' change?
What you know about standing on the corner, tryna hustle all day?
What you know about scraping up change so your supper get paid?
At your door, knock knock knock-knock-
knock and your landlord banging for the rent
What you know about waiting for a prayer that ain't never get sent?
What you know about trusting nobody? We ain't never been friends
You ain't never shook hands with the fans
I be in the bad bitches put they ass on my hands
I be on that low soul, d-d-d-d-d-d-damn

What you know about Joyner? (what you know about him?)
Nah, what they know about Busy? (Busy, what up my nigga!)
Dead Silence! Joyner!
You ain't know about it

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