

Bruddas

K Camp

(This that QC RARE Sound shit)
(Lil Marlo, what's happenin'?)
(Bobby, that shit hard)

Treat my brother just like fam
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I slide, you slide, we slide, we slide too
My dawgs, no flaws, let me remind you
Stay solid, stay trill, and I'm right behind you
Treat my brother just like fam

I'm tryna ball forever, ball forever (Go)
We came from the mud, you know we all together
You give them some smoke, I got you, call whenever
You fall out 'bout a bitch, you know you fall forever
RARE Sound, 4 Pockets Full in this bitch, yeah
Put it on God, won't stress about no bitch, yeah
Ever since a jit, all I dreamed about is getting rich, yeah
Lame ass nigga, get the fuck off my dick, yeah
Shout out Bo, that's my right hand
Nowadays, fifty racks, that's some light bands
You been lookin' for the G.O.A.T., you found the right man
Backwood full of green like a Sprite can

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You my brother if I know you ridin' with me
You my dawg if I share these Percs with you
And you my man if I know you won't squeal in a jam
You'll do a thousand years 'bout this shit, a nigga really did
Fuckin' bitches together, Glock-40's, Berettas
And the Drac' come with a coolant system
The opps, we be tryna kill them niggas
'Member Tweak bought me the Hellcat, that shit was for Christmas
Then I turned around and bought him one for being a real nigga
Have a nigga squeezing on the real pistol, I be in the field with him
If you ever try my dawg, then we gotta deal with you
You know, shout out to the niggas that ain't never went against the grain
Shout out to them niggas that held me down, I know y'all feel my pain

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Tryna ball forever, ball forever
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We came from the mud, you know we all together