

9AM

Kamaiyah

Yeah
You know what I'm sayin'?
Huh
It's Worthy
(La música de Harry Fraud)

9:00 in the morning, bitch at my door
Bangin' on my shit, but I don't know that ho
Bitch, what you want? Get out my face
Let my young out the door, didn't leave no trace
I hit the switch on the Chevy, let me bounce that shit
Get the money off the blade, let me count that shit
I got an ounce in my pocket, pistol close in hand
Breakin' fools in craps, let me shoot that back
Back in the streets, soft burg' and gray
Blood, I represent like every day
You could never tell me I don't be on no block
When I can tell you all the homies that done got shot

We the turf babies, the hood brazy, know the hood maybe
Late eighties, that's when I'm bored, so no, you can't fade me
Crack era, now I slide down Fig in a Panamera
110 with Freeway Ricky, I'm in the redhead
Blood gang, sawed-off shotty, I'm out the red Benz
No girlfriends, just bitches who pay me, I'm tyin' loose ends
My best friend still locked in the pinta and servin' life bid
Trife shit, still visit his mama and see his wife and kids
Still thuggin' on the block, that's how my life is
I'm waitin' on my turn so I can do the right shit

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9:00 in the morning, who is this? It's some bitches
Bitch, mind your motherfuckin' business
Feelin' like I'm Future 'cause my fingers keep on itchin'
For paper, that paper, they itchin' for that chicken
All my ex-niggas and my ex-bitches tryna get back in, well
Eatin' lemonade out in Glendale, hit up papi
He got that work and he know that I'ma spend well
Drop a ten here, another ten there, I been well
These hoes ain't even friends, they pretend well
And I can't fake shit, a real one, sweatsuit and ASICs
And it ain't four yet, but I'm knowin' I'ma make six
Cook this, bake this, made millions 'cause I take risks
Red pill, blue pills like I'm livin' in The Matrix
Contemplation on how to build a new foundation

I need expansion, ocean views from my mansion
Smokin' on my ex pack, I'm laughin' and ashin', you bastard

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