

I really live this life
Ain't none of that fairy tale shit homie
Iso

I'm riding bumping Nipsey Hussle, fucking with the locs today
Them niggas got all the guns, I know they tryna smoke today
My first strap I ever had, I bought it from the other side
The way I'm good in every turf, you'd think a nigga colorblind
Lately I been beefin' on some in my inner circle shit
The same strap you give a nigga be the one they merk you with
The streets sold me all the game, what that mean? I purchased it
Blood I kept it bracking from three seventy to Irvington
Fuck you niggas learned me then, y'all wasn't concerned with him
They locked a OG up, that bridge you had you burned it then
Then my ass got hit, laid up with a dirty bitch
This time I had coming, I done prob'ly did like thirty six
Instead of money on my books, I ain't talking nerdy shit
Not a dollar from you niggas, y'all left me on some thirsty shit
Putting all this fuck shit on my name up in the turf again
Said fuck respect right, I guess I wasn't worthy then
Fast forward a few charges, homelessness and murder shit
The big homie caught word like, "ISO, you heard of him?"
Taught a nigga how to go legit and keep it permanent
Y'all was still hating on a young nigga earning his
Now I'm on tour hitting hella cities thirty in
Making money every night, that's how it go, you on you spend
Same niggas claiming they was down tryna work again
Make a nigga wanna move and never hit the turf again

Y'all ain't show a nigga nothing
Solo while I'm pistol tucking
A little jail then prison fuck it
Y'all niggas don't know me
Thought they was family but them niggas fronting
Went to the other side to get me something
Show me love when you niggas wasn't
But y'all supposed to be my OGs

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Note to self: Who was there with you when you did ya dirt?
Five seats, one person in the whip to get the work
Legit days, who did you depend on to get to work?
And who put the money in yo whip when it didn't work?
Starter went out, hit the ignition, it didn't jerk
Who got you over that barb-wired fence when you ripped ya shirt?
When you hit a lick with the homies, who got the shit to work?
And when them boys slid with them questions nigga who didn't smirk?
The same nigga who took all the time to rip this verse
I'm more than true, them undiscovered words fuck it's picture perfect

Swimming with piranhas, all you other niggas Phin and Ferb
I drown while you other niggas watch me but I clench the surface
I really made it out the hood this shit ain't inadvertent
I'm really living what I rap when I spit these verses
The same nigga on these tracks when you click and purchase
Be the same nigga autographing all them pics in person
You rap niggas turn to cold cases, missing persons
My girl died, she a cold case, I miss her person
My soul cried the whole pain so the semi bursting
It was '05, eleven years past, her killer lurking
The homie told me, "You knew who did it? We'll freakin smirk him"
It took time but death the only thing that's really certain
We can't choose our own view, just pick the curtains
I taught myself that nigga, through some wicked learning
Damn

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Man, shoutout to my nigga Snake
Shoutout to all my real mo'fucking OGs out here
Showing niggas how to get it the right way and not the wrong way
There's not a lot of goddess out here no more you feel me
Shit, shit is not the same no more homie you feel me
Taught a nigga how to invest, go to a G
Get up out that bullshit that mo'fucking system nigga
Ain't nothing in these streets
Just trying to get this money, provide for our family nigga
If a mo'fucker ain't helping you do that
Shit he ain't yo OG
He yo mo'fucking enemy nigga
Brain...