

(L Beats)

My nigga seen somebody snitchin', put a face on him  
We killed the witness, now we call this blick the case burner  
I'm rich as fuck, I'm in my money good  
No matter what, I can't stay out the hood  
I love to know how all of my people doin'  
How would they feel if I go Hollywood?  
I love my niggas so much, I let 'em cut me  
He used to love me 'til he got some money  
He went commercial, I stayed on the ugly  
He met a bad bitch, she took her from me  
Might've sold him muddy and I'm from the mud  
Since elementary, I was in the club  
Me and my friends grew up buckin' cars  
Yeah, we was kids, but we was thuggin' hard  
Me and Lil Wiz, I don't know where to start  
The shit you did, it really broke my heart  
Raw jacket cat won't never bend  
Project pooh pop out a brutal kid  
Like every year, I'm always doin' big  
I'm tryna chill but they won't let me live  
This for the projects, Miss Ruth to me  
I'm so smart to be my age but I got foolish ways  
I tote .380s and I tote .38s  
I hope the jakes don't find my dirty K  
Got on a chase, I had to swerve away  
Glad they ain't catch me with my dirty K, yeah  
I'm out the way, but I'm servin' Yay  
I'm thinkin' 'bout my next murder play  
I love my country to the streets, I can't even think  
I'm always in and out of beef, I can't catch a break  
As soon as I deal one of you fuck niggas, another come  
Ain't got no money, baby, just hard dick and bubblegum  
Got a daughter on the way but I want me another son  
I'm tryna have a hundred mill' before the summer come  
I'm poppin' a lot of pain pills because I got me some  
These days, I'm never sayin' still, you'd think I'm on the run  
The race was ridin' 'round, I think they on to somethin'  
We beef a lot, but, dawg, you still my mama oldest son  
You stand up for me, I needed you but I gotta forgive you  
Fuck how I'm feelin', you my siblin', I gotta forgive you  
Man, them niggas spoke up on your name  
I took it personal, I got out there to do my thing  
And I be wonderin', like, when is you gon' do the same?  
It's been thunder in my window pane, gettin' hit with rain  
Feel like the alphabet, boy, you tryna squeeze a Z  
I'm droppin' hits and I do PPPs and easily  
Surprised I made it in this rap streets, had me in too deep  
I keep a scrap, I be ready to smack shit, a DVD  
She callin' out different numbers, I put my phone on DnD  
Got a couple rubbers, leakin' bitches in the BnB  
I be dressin' dirty, I don't really care 'bout fashion and stuff  
Still be carryin' myself like I ain't havin' this stuff