Man the streets so cold, yeah-ah

I swear to God these streets, they ain't got love for anyone My momma praying for my life 'cause I'm her only son I hold my breath in just in case I ain't got another one 'Cause these days the streets saying I'm lucky I reached 21 I swear to God I thought I told you that this ain't for fun Don't be playing with your life, they'll take your only one And for my safety I got niggas totin' load guns 'Cause these days the streets saying I'm lucky I reached 21

These might not be my hardest lines (No)
I ain't even in my prime
Fuckers got my little bro so I got murder on my mind
I done gave too much of my heart to these people that ain't got slime
I got niggas in the trap and I got niggas doin' time
I was walking home from school and I got stuck up with the .9
And they ran off with my phone 'cause I ain't even have a dime
These niggas like to hate on me but shit, at least I'm trying
I was down bad, in the trenches looking for a sign (Yeah)

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You ain't never seen no bullets in no dash of a rented car You're lucky you ain't hit but you gotta take it back tomorrow I was hustlin' through the night, just tryna make it back to mom Solid with my niggas, peace and loyalty will take you far I can't even sleep now, all I hear is grrt-bow Streets is getting fucked up, oh they shootin' kids now? Yeah I got some niggas moving packs to pay they rent now Pour out for my bros in penitentiaries, still 10 down No, I don't wanna do this shit no more but I got to Grew up with some demons, probably smoking their patu Drivin' past the jakes, a lucky day if they don't stop you They gone try to book another nigga if it's not you

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