

A Lot

Kur

Try ya luck
She might be fine as fuck
But she probably line you up
High as fuck
Don't even know what it's called
But it got me tired and stuck
Bout a buck
I wear Amiri and Butta's
And no I ain't tying 'em up
Grind it up
That shit was harder than ever
I'm telling you, times was tough
Die or cuffs
A lotta shit come with the streets
I still was like sign me up
Finally up
These bitches gon drop to they knees
They all be dying to fuck
Lying for what?
These bitches throw dirt on your name
When you don't be buying 'em much
Fire it up
I stop responding when she told me
It was her time of the month

She kinda skinny
I think I should buy her a butt
I'm smoking, I'm wired, I'm up
They might be fly
But niggas ain't flyer than us
You bitches is liars and sluts
I told my mom I took acid
And she like Shakur
Why you keep on trying that stuff
Walked in the mall wit my plastic
I can't stop swiping
I can't stop buying this stuff

Buying a Benz or buying a truck
Tying loose ends, it is what it was
Lost a few friends and they was like blood
I don't depend, this shit from the mud
I gotta win, this shit for my cuz
Nice wit the pen, and got me a buzz
Food stamp pin to get me a grub
Now I eat steak, I needed it well done

I'm making my way to the top
I told you it came with a lot
My options, I'm weighing em out
I got to the door it was locked
I told you it came with a lot
I fucked but ain't pay for the box
On TV, I came from the block
I told you it came with a lot
Them CDs, was passing em out
On my own I was trapping it out

I told you it came with a lot
I told you it came with a lot
Start making my way to the top

I been told you niggas that I was on top of my game
No luggage, I hopped on the plane
I let niggas tell it 'cause I ain't got time to explain
I been thru the sunshine and rain
I just wanted to hang, and I couldn't even do that
Watch all ya friends, cause they be the ones
The ones, that's turning they back

I don't depend
I get off my ass and get it, I know how to trap
Spitting I know how to rap
If I'm giving, I don't want it back
Gotta listen way more than you chat
Pedal it's to the floor, in the Cat
Niggas be in a war, with no strap
I don't fight over whores, give 'em back
Tryna put the whole 4 on the map
Smoking, while I'm recording this track
Got a 100, need more than that
Ima try to enjoy these racks
Ima try to avoid the crabs
I just want all my boys wit bags
You ain't making no noise, you trash
I be thanking the lord I'm gassed
I be thanking the lord I'm blessed
I ain't paying these whores for sex
Gotta work, can't afford to rest
Niggas hot, but Kur the best
I was popped, was more than stressed
Woke me up, she want morning sex
It's mimosas and K57s
I'm still coping that Reem up in heaven

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