

Back Then

Kur

I come from Vernon road, I got it popping
And I can't wife none of these hoes because they thotting
Tell 'em catch up, I'm too far, I got it popping
And when this shit got so hard I had to lock in
Really meant it from my heart, I said I got you
When I had to get it gave my all, so we get out it
Everything I put on hard I'm getting outta
Look at me, I came so far from the bottom

From a place where they exposed, we're just digging for gold
Man this shit is so cold, you can't get swallowed
Send him a few hellos if it's a problem
Shit like why you came so close, I'm tryna holler
Why you spend so much on clothes, wear it once then it's old
That's the way that it goes, I'm bout a dollar
Seen her, she like hit my phone, I didn't bother
Looked up and his paper was gone, now he sour
Baby can you please slow down, I'm tryna holler
Toilet paper talk for me, I'm bout a dollar
I just gotta reach my goals, I gotta help my bros
I gotta catch this flow, I'm getting hotter
Already had them hoes so I won't bother
Came to the crib, act weird, I kicked her out it
Nothing that I do is wet, I'm way too solid
Back then my family was scared, that's why the doubt it

I come from Vernon road, I got it popping
And I can't wife none of these hoes because they thotting
Tell 'em catch up, I'm too far, I got it popping
And when this shit got so hard I had to lock in
Really meant it from my heart, I said I got you
When I had to get it gave my all, so we get out it
Everything I put on hard I'm getting outta
Look at me, I came so far from the bottom

From a place we shake your soul, niggas ain't gon' fall
We gon' get back up and keep on trying
Walk in and all heads turn, I move, they eyeing
Lotta bullshit getting sold but I ain't buying
I'm about to go on the road, doing all of these shows
Gotta get to the dough, I feel excited
Bro crib barbecue shrimp, I got the itis
I was too sick when I got the call that Greg was dyin
I'm like whose bitch? All on my dick, think I'm a piper
They like who's this? That's young Kur, feeling like Michael
Lotta these hoes getting recycled
These boys are nothing like me, this game is something shiesty
Bust plays I wanted Nikes, I pray when it was Friday
And I gave niggas the light
I pray when it was Friday, put pain inside the mic
And I gave niggas the light

I come from Vernon road, I got it popping
And I can't wife none of these hoes because they thotting
Tell 'em catch up, I'm too far, I got it popping
And when this shit got so hard I had to lock in
Really meant it from my heart, I said I got you

When I had to get it gave my all, so we get out it
Everything I put on hard I'm getting outta
Look at me, I came so far from the bottom