

Catch Up

Kur

Pussy ass rappers playing on my phone
I only answer when the money call
Niggas start beef, then they want plead though
Y'all niggas got us fucked up we ain't one of y'all
We don't fear none of y'all
Fuck that, we can't wait until we running y'all
I hear a lot of niggas talking 'bout the summer's there's
Naw fuck that, you ain't know the summer's ours
Get your money up
The bitch that you stalking on Twitter nigga I don' fucked the monique up
Paint the city white, like fifty bitches in our van
They like "where y'all going shit we wanna go"
Honey Sherry in the section looking hella bad
Nigga we got hella swag
Spent ten grand and that was just on clothes
We just do it for the child that we never had
A year ago, nigga said I was the runner up
Now shit changed young boy running shit
Niggas always talk that money shit
You see them out and you wonder where their money went
You ain't making fucking sense
I don't really give a fuck who you run and get
You put a laser on a motherfucking Glock 40
My nigga I'll put that shit like he don't wanna miss
Nigga what

G Weezy my fucking dawg
That's the girl that I left for her
Last year I was fucked up, I was buying clothes at the thrift store
This year I'm on some new shit, I just buy belts when I get bored
Niggas always on my dick, put your bitch to use that's what your bitch for
Balling on these in Burberry
Bitches tell me I'm the worst eerie
I ain't never tripping off on hoes
You let my bail catch you know catch these hoes vary
I don't give a fuck about no nigga
Especially no broke nigga
Walking around, oh nigga I don been a lot of shit but a old nigga
I run shit just like marathons
Louis on just like Ferragom
I go through backdoors while y'all stand in line
I don't backtrack I am ahead of time
And still entry B, free Lil that's my fucking dawg
Rap niggas so fucking fraud screaming fuck 'em all
Coups what up

Do you know how it feel to hear your mom fucking niggas that she barely know
You hear her moaning off them heavy strokes
This the side that I never show
This the realest shit I ever wrote
When I was young I always wanted to be an astronaut
'Cause when my mom was high she used to say she on the moon
I used to cry, I used to beg her can she take me with her
She say don't worry I'm a take you soon just stay in school
And I'm happy that I grew up poor
'Cause if I grew up rich, there wouldn't be no core
There wouldn't be no struggle, there wouldn't be no flaws

I would've never have to worry 'bout if we gon' starve
I remember all the times I couldn't brush my teeth
I remember all the times I had scuffed up sneaks
All the Muslim brothers got girls
So when the girls came around I act like I was Muslim and I cuffed my jeans
No disrespect though
I'm the type to live my life with no regrets though
Dealing with the fact my sister having sex though
When she graduate, I hope I ain't on Death Row
It's sorry shit that I should let go
Fucking nine to five we made thousands off the Metro
Off the juice, off the coke, off the XO
The trap house had nothing but stoves
We was in that kitchen like we chefs yo
We was tryna be Esco
Learn most of the game from Lil, followed his steps yo
Learn most of my swag from Rein, he got me fresh though
Coup he was like my right, long as my left though