

Confidence Level

Kur

Hey, real talk (Shut up, Dev, just shut up)

My confidence level went up when I hopped out a Benz, an AMG to be exact (Ew)

Nigga, my only concern is gettin' these racks, ain't trippin' 'bout gettin' a plaque (Come on)

I always knew that the tables would turn, now look at these bitches, they tryna interact

It be your homies that count what you earn, it's too many times I got stabbed in the back (Yeah)

Too many times I done slipped through the crack

Too many times I was tellin' my bro, "Man, fuck that bitch," but I doubled back (Come on)

I'm in the Gallery, trucker the hat (Yeah)

Look at my salary, I'm touchin' that

Ain't no apologies, I'm in my act (Let's go, kid)

I'm rollin' up tree and I'm tryna relax (Come on)

I'm tellin' Ave everything that I'm goin' through, he like, "Just put it on wax" (Real talk)

It's kinda hard to believe that these niggas ain't love me and it was an act (Okay)

It ain't hard to believe that these bitches is fuckin' and it's for a bag (Okay, okay)

Why do these rappers keep copyin' Kur? I see 'em, they stealin' the swag (Ew)

I took one, then took a few more, when really, I should've took half (Too shy)

Deep down, I know she a whore, but when she with me, she act like she got class (A thot)

When I fuck her, she yell out, "Shakur," she like, "Man, you dickin' me down pretty bad" (Okay)

High off the shrooms, I'm feelin' too good, and I put my tongue in her ass (Real talk)

How many bodies she got? I'm never gon' know 'cause I'm never gon' ask (Okay)

If you in Philly and you touchin' paper, them niggas gon' sit on your ass (I see you)

You wanna make an example out niggas, but don't wanna go out and crash (Ah)

I'm seein' these niggas, they goin' out sad (Okay)

Over texts, she was sayin' she shy, but when she got with me, I fucked her, I tagged (Damn)

I had to Louis my jacket, I hopped on a jet, it all happened so fast (Damn)

Summertime, I'm pullin' up in a Maybach, I did this for all, you can ask (Okay)

If it's goin' through me, I'ma put on my tax (Real talk, though)

I really show niggas love, I really gave everything I ever had (Damn)

To the riches, I came from the rags (Goddamn)

I'm eatin' bitches, I told her to pull up at Wawa, I'll get her some gas (You hard)

I'm never trippin', I told her to shut the fuck up, I'ma cover the tag (What ?)

Look at the niggas I passed (Come on)

Look at the chain, it was glass (Damn)

This shit ain't a thing, do the math (Real talk)

I'm off these trinities, rollin' a three-point-five, I'm 'bout to blast

Uh, take off, I'm on they ass (Take off)

Niggas been goin' out sad (Sad)
Actin' real tough, when PPP went broke, we ain't givin' no pass (They broke)
Niggas can't even ride past, head-tap, head-tap, make 'em crash (Brrt)
They say, "Why you be rappin' 'bout violence?" They killed my homies too fast (Too fast)
Niggas be hatin' on me, put an M on the 'Gram like, "Are you mad?" (Are you?)
He wanna beef with a bitch, he gon' die when he find out all us tagged (All us)
I got two Maybachs with a chauffeur, still call her a cab (A cab)
Walkin' on shit, me and Kur, but I been hot since George been high (No cap)
He told, he know he did bad (He told)
He bold, he know he a rat (He bold)
My youngin a rider, he slide on them opps and you know I'ma throw him a 'Cat (Skrtrt)
Been watchin' the way I been fuckin' on women, these hoes might overreact (They will)
The bros gon' overreact, from Philly, you play me, you know I'll be back (You know this)
I push a Rolls-
Royce every time I'm in the hood, you know where I'm at (You know this)
Niggas can't even walk down my block, no shiesty, start blowin' it back (Blow it)
I was just blowin' her back, top floor at the penthouse, throwin' it back (Throwin' it)
And I can't even bring broski to the white party, 'cause he tryna trap

Last week, I was just in a Lam' truck, man, this everything I'm 'bout to have (Come on)
Niggas got picks like a draft (What?)
I'm movin' swift like I'm Danny Garcia, but, nigga, I ain't throwin' jabs (Come on)
These hoes get around, I ain't mad (What?)
I held niggas down, I ain't brag (What?)
I held my sis down with the pack (Let's go)
Ain't even send me a text on my birthday, I can't lie, that shit had me sad (What else?)
I'm movin' on from it, my heart, it was broken to pieces like it was some glass (Goddamn)
SRT, I'ma drag (Come on)
Trackhawk too for my mans (I see you)
79 back with a plan (Let's go)
79 trapped out the van (Come on)
79 had to go through all them hardships, he got through 'em, never complained (Okay)
And I ain't turn my back on the gang (Come on)
And I'm back with this crack, I'ma slang (Yeah)
If I'm goin' out and it ain't a ratchet around, I ain't wearin' my chain (Real talk)
I might need to clear up some things
I looked in the mirror, I changed (Come on)
I'm reppin' Mount Airy, and that never changed, from rags to riches, I came (Okay)
Never trippin' 'bout none of them niggas she fuckin' with, 'cause I know all of 'em lame (Yeah, yeah)
This DC shit is insane (Come on)
We in the suite, we eatin' like kings, I'm never gon' go 'gainst the grain (Ayy, real talk)
Why niggas burnin' they bridges, then wanna cop out when they burnin' in flames? (Come on)
I stay to myself and I'm mindin' my business, so, nigga, don't bring up my name (Yeah)
None of these hoes get claimed (Let's go, kid)

I'm from Vernon Road, but I made it out 'cause people started feelin' my pain
(Real talk)
This feeling I got, I can't explain (Come on)
Summertime, I'm pullin' up in the uh, summertime, I'm pullin' up in the Range
(You already know what it is, Young 79)