Cut Throat

Kur

I done been in cars that was shot up, I'm a survivor
I done stood on corners for hours, ain't make a dollar
Filled up so many apps, never got hired
Used to write so many raps, I felt inspired
By Jadakiss, State Prop, Major Figgas
While niggas ball I sit and watched, I played the bench
Was running sprints
Cops came I jumped the fence, I was young as shit
Mom talking bout punishment, man that's sucka shit
Told my ass to stay in the house and I said fuck that shit
Told me not to hang with them guys and I still hung with them, told me to ke
ep my head in the books, was on some other shit
Was tryna double shit
Fuck the money and the fame, this that struggle shit
This for all my young niggas out there hustling
Learn how to tuck your shit
Learn how to bust that shit, man I come from shit
I'd rather get my ass whopped I never run from shit
If I could have one wish
I'd call Ream and tell him all about this shit
All about my bitch, all about my trips
And them designers sneaks we talked about, I copped them shits
Remember that bitch we used to stalk, Oh yeah I fucked that bitch
This that cut-throat shit
This that up top shit
This that we don't do no talking we gon bust Glocks quick
We gon bust Glocks quick, for real

I go off, I show off
I sold weed, I sold juice
I sold pills, sold it all
I had packs, by my boss
I go off, times was hard
Mom struggled, had no job
Sold me dreams, told me lies
Strange guy, all the time
Almost cried, almost died
In the gutter, I survived
And this barrel, yeah I climbed
To the top, yeah I rise
Made mistakes, I can't lie
Ran game, I can't lie
Got pain, I can't lie
Shit I changed, I can't lie
I guess this is a new chapter
It's fucked up cause we was just at the Stu laughing
Fucked up, cause we was just rolling woods happy
Last time I seen you, you and Jeff was in that wheel crafty
I know you looking down like ''Gwan get that deal rapping"
I know you up there with Reem playing 2K snapping
When you see him tell him I became a real rapper
Yeah, and a nigga out here still snapping