

# It All Happened

Kur

Don Cheese, Don Cheese, Don Cheese

You know the money don't mean nothing at all  
Bitches don't mean nothing at all, all  
I ask myself was it worth it, was it worth it  
You know the money don't mean nothing at all  
Bitches don't mean nothing at all, all  
I ask myself was it worth it, was it worth it

You know the money can't bring Rain back  
It could pay for layers, bring strings back  
I want the chain back  
I miss how we use to chill all on Bre's step  
And chill bring snap, [you know brain  
That's some sisters, so for him we respect  
And free 'F' I have some shit on my chest  
No matter what we went through  
Hate that you calling collect  
I talk about you the best, you know am doing good  
But shit my mind, she depress, still getting high off that wack  
I hope God lead the steps, I die for success  
I still think about Ian, I still think about Jeff  
I just noticed the other day, is like five of us is left  
Still holding on, and all five of us still holding chrome  
I guess that street shit is in our chromosome  
I want the love, although I know it's gone  
Dave bash it for the reasons though we know it's wrong  
Free Malik Carter, Kay Kay won't see him still she grown

You know the money don't mean nothing at all  
Bitches don't mean nothing at all, all  
I ask myself was it worth it, was it worth it  
You know the money don't mean nothing at all  
Bitches don't mean nothing at all, all  
I ask myself was it worth it, was it worth it

Who remember chilling at Atmos?  
Or that one foot shit we be rapping, was young and misguided  
We never run from all our lessons, sprint and last them Polo  
We was just tryna feel special, lived the life like Yo-Lo  
And kill niggas that's disrespectful  
Pops wasn't in pictures, Mom she never hate us  
People ain't understand us, all I had was my niggas  
I be quick to call bitches, forget to call my lil sister  
Say good night and I miss her (words unclear)  
To be honest I never cherish it  
I cherish times like when I use to run on Aaron grass  
And Make Miss Carol piss, she'd be mad as shit  
Me and Mikey [use to walk in Miss Liza's  
Split a bag a chips all on her savage shit  
Ain't child now, which I could have picked him up when he fell down  
Is 5AM and I'm thinking bout my fuck niggas (hey)  
Am bout to roll me up but I don't know

You know the money don't mean nothing at all  
Bitches don't mean nothing at all, all  
I ask myself was it worth it, was it worth it

You know the money don't mean nothing at all  
Bitches don't mean nothing at all, all  
I ask myself was it worth it, was it worth it