

Made Me Do It

Kur

DAT BE MAALY RAW!

Marina Del Rey by the boat dock
Ankles showing, my Givenchy's low top
Free My Dawg, He be home in no time
Straight weed, I don't do no coke lines
She was yours, fucking me the whole time
They got money, but they can't post bond
They ain't ballin', watching from the sidelines
Man I used to wanna be like [?]
I done came up, Got my name up
Game 7, Feeling like I'm Bron Bron
I was happy when we copped that Glock 9
I got Nickels out and I got Dimes
Kicking bitches out, I don't got time
Do you got yours? Cause I Got Mine
I ain't have time, now I got time
I was at work, I was outside
With the tough guys, been through rough times
In the middle room, writing punchlines
I ain't pullin' over till I Tuck mine
Motorola trappin' by the stop sign
Sent the Uber, text her like it's outside
She just text me back like nigga bout time
Niggas talk shit until them shots fired
Ace'll have your fucking homie mouth wired

Have my savages run right in this shit right now nigga
Turn into fucking Wendy's dope

Come and shop, everything must go
Everything must go
In city full of crabs, every nigga that I meet cutthroat
Niggas doing all this crime shit, now a days any thing goes
Had to fall back from my hoes cause I had to get a bank roll
Reem & Al looking down on me
When they died, It was painful
Really are my angles
Anything goes [x8]

Lil' used to have a silver Cherokee
Fucked what's her name at the double tree
In her feelings, wanna lay up under me
Bitches gon' leave, when the money leave
Niggas gon' hate, they ain't nothing new
Look at what the rap game coming to
Nigga you a bitch, what you gon' do?
Wore jeff kicks when I went to school
Niggas know what my block get in to
Niggas baggin' up rocks in my room
Bitches all on my top, give me room
I know rapper shouldn't watch all my moves
Lot of rappers couldn't walk in my shoes
I know labels talk about me in them rooms
Remember I ain't have no cable in my room
Mom sold her food stamps, where the food?
I ain't waste no time, I was gettin' to it

Sellin' dimes on the side, making music
I rode in a wraith, I rode in a Buick
Yeah I got this fame, I know I could Lose it
Pusha gave me game, I know what I'm doin'
I was on them school buses like a student
I don't make excuses, I'm just gettin' to it
Sandwich bag full of reggie, tryna move it
Paranoid, got a mac in this uber
Lately I've been learning how to deal with rumors
Came up from the trash and the sewer
Running laps around these rappers in my Pumas
Ain't wanna do it but these niggas made me do it
Ain't wanna shoot em' but the boys acting stupid

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