

# 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  
Sandwhich 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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