

Peach Snapple

Kur

(Ooh, J Sparkz, it's the beat for me)

Okay, Kur and Sparkz, feelin' like I wasn't up to par (Ayy)

Fifty-five hundred, they charged my car, I think you should tuck your broad
(Come on)

The AMG Benz got red seats, catch up, baby, no mustard, y'all (The fuck?)

They askin', "Is somethin' wrong?" It's nothin', I just don't fuck with y'all
l (True that)

I don't connect with y'all, they only there if a check involved (Ayy)

It's drugs involved, it's hoes involved, it's sex involved (Come on, what else?)

God threw the oop, I had one job, catch the ball (Ew)

Okay, I caught the ball, the battles I faced, I fought so long (I did)

But I had knew I was strong, I took two and I knew I was stoned (I knew I was stoned)

Okay, I knew I was wrong, I was too scared to tell you I'm wrong (Okay)

Right now, I'm all alone, granny, your baby, he all alone (Granny, your baby)

Right now, I'm writin' these songs, gon' buy a house off all of my songs (Granny, your baby)

'Member, I slept on your couch? Month at a time, I'm on my grind (Granny, your baby)

You had died before I got signed and I lost my mind (Granny, your baby)

You was the only person that'd tell me that I'm out of line (Damn)

You was the only person that would tell me I'm right when I argue with moms
(Uh)

Your grandson got through the darkest of times (Real talk)

Your grandson, he self-

made with a name, I couldn't stop it, it changed (Come on)

I had to go through the, go through the, go through the, go through the, go through the rain (Ah)

Granny, you told me don't play by that fire, but now look, I'm burnin' in flames (Let's go)

The tables is turnin' again (Come on)

The pages is turnin', I'm on a new chapter, I feel like I can't even explain
(Uh)

I feel like I can't even eat (Come on), I feel like I can't even drink (Ah)

I feel like I can't even breathe (Ooh), I feel like I can't even think (Ah)

I'm fallin' back, smokin' my weed (Damn), I just ordered food from the trench

I'm mixin' the mint with the bean, it's yellow, the other one pink (Ah)

This Snapple I had to get peach (Yeah), I got me some whips for the gang

I'm slappin', I'm out of your reach (Yeah), and all of my denim is Saint (True)

And all of my woman is tens, nines, eights (The fuck?)

Four plus four 'cause you eight (Ayy)

I go by Shakur, I got cake (Ayy)

I started off small, and then I be evolved, and then I started uppin' my weight (Ayy, true that)

Bitch, get the fuck out my face (You knew that)

I was taggin' up an eighth

They was laughin' in my face (Uh)

Now I'm maxin' in the bank (Come on)

Now I'm taxin' for a verse (Uh)

Dog, I'm everything you ain't (Ah)

I ain't fallin' for the bait (True)

I don't never do clickbait (Ayy, real talk)

I had failed too many times, now I think it's time that I run it up (Ayy)
Boy, I'm a hundred up
Thinkin' I'm good, but I ain't done enough
Provin' I'm wrong, I finally shut 'em up (True that)
I know I'm off my rocket, blast, I done took two of them Oxys (Ew)
Lot of these bitches, they care about cash, "When you gon' take me shopping?" (Ayy)
I ain't the first, but I ain't the last, I had to weigh my options (Uh)
I'm makin' bank deposits, niggas ain't real, they'd rather be fake about it (Wow)
My eyes still water whenever I think about it (True that)
I was thinkin' 'bout my dogs, thinkin' what I gained, thinkin' what I lost (Uh)
I don't see too many people speakin' on what it take to be a boss (Goddamn)
Lot of the shit niggas on I been off, I get the money and spin off (Damn)
If I was doin' what them niggas was doin', then I could've been on (What?)
Welcome to the fuckin' member hood, you need a membership, I put my friend on (Ah)
And I'm puttin' that shit on (Yeah)
Sinclair vest with my Timbs on (Okay)
I don't get put in the friendzone (What?)
I got the Rick on
And I got the cargos to match
And I put the gang on my back (Yeah)
Make sure that we all stay intact (Uh)
Make sure that we never fall apart
Make sure that we got each other back (Come on)
Make sure we don't hold each other back (Yeah)
Make sure when you speak, you know the facts
I do not wanna beef, I'm tryna rap (Yeah)
Made it out of the streets, ain't goin' back (What?)
As soon as niggas not on the train, they be tryna throw you offtrack (Come on)
A lot of bitches talkin' 'bout a ring, but they out here sellin' asscrack (Up)
And that's ass-backwards, graduated from the streets with my master's (Yeah)
They tried to pull a fast one on me, but ain't even know I was faster (One)
I'ma get you what you askin', she want some Shark boots, so I grabbed 'em (Okay)
I got the heart of a lion, the shit that they sellin', I'm buyin', I'm cashin' (What?)
Louis Vizzle on my jacket, I feel like Dizzle Dizzle, I been whackin' (Come one)
But let's get it crackin'
These bitches is agitatin'
These niggas, they counted me out, now they walk around with the saddest faces (Wow)
I took a break, now I'm activated (Okay)
I had to work on my vibe, I ain't been snappin' lately, actin' crazy (Yeah)
Niggas is sellin' these lies, and most of it's fabricated (Goddamn)
Still waitin' on y'all to congratulate me (Real talk)
Where my congratulations?
Where my?
Where is my?
Where my congratulations?