

Seasons

Kur

I try to embrace the good
I'm way too relaxed
I just faced a wood...
She want me to taste her goods
But keep it a stack
I don't think I should
Don told his case was good
I told em, I got em some racks
When I seen em

I was grand coupe
Floating in the back of the Beamer
I might wanna fuck
But don't need her
I'm uptown nigga
They love my demeanor
Sneaker box
It's full of money
No sneakers
Thankful, the coach let me come off the bleachers
This for my folks
I lost all them people

I'm far from broke
Blow a dub, for no reason
Letting shit go from a grudge
It ain't Easy
She asking before we fuck
Can you feed me
Why not? I'ma feed you
18 I been spitting crack like I'm peedi
Telling you, It's nothing like it
Like beanie
I be wit young guns
That spray for no reason
I'm on the freeway
I'm turnt and I'm speeding
Dawg I'ma get to a bag
Cause I need it

Man I'mma stay on they ass
Undefeated, driving
And it's a massage, in the seating
Models that set up Menage
And they tweaking
She said she gon make some time on the weekend
B 30, In my diors
Plus I'm decent
He sturdy, he never folded
No creasing
When I fuck his baby mom
Well be even...

It's that season-
Season where niggas hop out and they dumping...
The season where niggas trail you, hit ya bumper
The season where niggas is hungry ah trunk you, the season

Season where it's kinda hard to make money
The season where niggas get buried they under
The season where niggas don't care bout nothing the season
The season where niggas get aired out for nothing
The season where people tear up cause of struggle
The season where hoes double back, cause you bubbled
The season, I'mma give you a reason...

I put the town on the map, is you kiddin?
Don't know that I got his back, while he sittin
Give her some racks, he gon' act a lil different
I stopped them zacks
Now they back in my system
29 dimes in my pack, I was pitching
Momma said you gon' get grabbed, I ain't listen
They say you got check the grass
For the hissin
I ain't have nothing
But had the ambition
Most of these bitches
I fuck em and ditched em
Some stick around, I invest
And uplift em
I had stick out my chest
And stop bitching
Feel like these niggas too pressed for attention
Can't forget nobody that helped with the vision
Niggas they know
I'ma threat, I'ma menace

Look how I thumb the check
I had pennies
Look how them hoes double back
When you winning
I don't even look for it back
When I'm lending
I don't even look at the tag when I'm spending
Telling you, I went from rags to the riches
I had to go, had to go
Back to the trenches
I got too distracted and lacked on my business
It ain't no more slacking
Can't go back to benches
Was 8 for the khakis my taste is expensive
Grew up in the hood wit the craftiest niggas
Just give me a year and I'm passing them niggas

I'm charging you niggas, I'm taxing you niggas
Don't argue with niggas, can have all them bitches
My all is still in it, I'm passion to get it
Some niggas that talk
They be asking to get it
It fell in my lap she just asked me to hit it
I was in the A, now I'm back in the city
My shirt was stack
I be mackin these biddies

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