

Discipline

Larry June

Ayy, check it out, man
You lack, you lose, you gotta stay on your toes, for real
Good job, Sledgren
Sledgren
The Port of San Francisco, nigga
Let me talk to you for a minute

I be always at the bank, I never see you niggas (I never see you niggas)
So much money in this safe, I need a camera in it (I need a camera in it)
Low-key, thirty days in this Honda Civic (Uh, sock it to me)
200K in a month, bitch, I gotta get it (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
Four whips, paid off, that was somethin' slight (That was somethin' slight)
Fuck your record deal, bitch, ho, you see this ice (Fuck 'em)
This really me in real life, you just rap about it (Rap about it)
And if this shit don't work, then I'll trap about it (Tap in)
Tryna snatch a nigga chain, then I'll clap about it (Nigga, off top)
I'm not a Soundcloud rapper, bitch, I'm really 'bout it (For real)
Next year, I'm coppin' somethin' with a water fountain (Big house)
I live in San Francisco, bitch, you better check the prices (You better add it up)
Not a flaw in my diamonds, ask Isak 'bout me (Nigga, VVS)
You never see me in the city, I'm always on the flight (I'm always on the flight)
If them numbers on point then we can go tonight (Off top)
Send that tracking number and put it on a flight
What's happenin'?

It's 7 in the morning, I thank God for waking up
Thirty day run, get ready then roll up (Let's run it up)
The more L's I take, the more that I do numbers
No matter how much money I make, I stay humble
Discipline, yeah, man
No matter what, nigga, you gotta have discipline, straight up, yeah
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy

Check my bank statements, yeah, I gotta triple that (For real)
I'm always by myself 'cause these girls'll hold you back
And it's vice versa, niggas'll do the same (For real)
You majoring in minor things, living for a chain (Damn)
I need that real estate in Sausalitos, on the gang (Gang)
All my credit cards paid off, ain't shit changed (For real)
I never ask for favors, bitch, I'm self made
So don't compare me to no industry nigga, we not the same (For real)
I never fuck random hoes, 'cause baby, this dick golden
If you see me with some snow, for sure, the bitch goin'
She got a trick in San Ramon and his wife'll never know it
Spittin' scriptures like a poet, I really lived it, you a phony
And I don't hang out in the 'jects, I got a bird eye's view
And all my guns registered, so I'm ridin' with two (Two piece)
And I don't wanna be famous, I just want four more coupes
Like number four on Colorado, my lil' bro go stupid, what's happenin'?

It's 7 in the morning, I thank God for waking up
Thirty day run, get ready then roll up
The more L's I take, the more that I do numbers (Good job)
No matter how much money I make, I stay humble
Discipline, yeah, for real, you gotta stay on your toes, man, for real

No matter what, nigga, you gotta have discipline, straight up
(Nigga, don't buy that whip yet, stack up a lil' more), yeah (You'll get it)
Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy