

Mmm

Mmm-mmm

Yeah, fuck it, let me pop my shit one time

Nobody got hit, spin the block again (Yeah, yeah)
I done been two-sided 'cause I don't got to give (Yeah, yeah)
Rockin' real diamonds before I got the deal
Through the grace of God, we got away, so now we gotta chill
They thought it was rap cap and I told 'em that I got a mil'
You can get whatever if you ask me, you ain't gotta steal
My lil' woadie said he fightin' demons, feel like he gotta kill
And I just left the hood to catch a vibe and that shit give me chills

One hand on my steering wheel, other arm to work the blicky
I'ma be forever gang but smart enough to keep my distance
Product of the real trenches, that's why I wear a trench coat
Damn near fucked my life gamblin', bet it all on tenfold
Rap get slow, I'm sellin' lows, can't get caught with no skinny ho
Can't get caught with no ho at all, bitch, don't slam my door that hard
I pull up like, "Oh my Lawd," she gon' shop, she hold my card
Glock four-fifth my bodyguard, I sip syrup, no noddin' off
If you know you owe me, better come and pay me, better not be a dollar short
I done took the game, put it in a lock, I ain't even try
Lookin' like a lick, tryna play slick, nigga, you'll die
Comin' from the bricks, I ain't had shit, now the new Coupe 125
Yeah

Nobody got hit, spin the block again (Yeah, yeah)
I done been two-sided 'cause I don't got to give (Ha, ha)
Rockin' real diamonds before I got the deal
Through the grace of God, we got away, so now we gotta chill
Yeah

Do it for my family, my fans, fuck how niggas feel
Told 'em it was my turn, I'm guessing that time's here
Skeleton my Cartier, makin' sure my time pure
If you were not here when we was thuggin', you can't come 'round here
Hard work, my grind real, I'm dedicated to get this paper
He okay, he's been a hater, I don't know why he mad at me
I won't let the youngins take him off, and now he mad at me
He better be lucky that I ain't out here just bad rappin'
High speed, gettin' in low gear, streets taught me have no fear
I invested in the West, their niggas know I've sold my dope there
Pretty pussy, no hair, she don't like when I put it in my song
So I can't go there, but she know I like to go there

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What's happenin', TT?

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