

Things Will Get Brighter

Lil Bibby

Ooh child, things are gonna get easier
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Standing on the set, kush on my breath
Shooter to my left tryna earn some respect
I was on that street shit
Dropped out of school 'cause I thought I'd never be shit
Know I got the weed, what you got? Give me three, shit
Same fuck nigga man, always on that cheap shit
Talking 'bout he fucked up but always on some free shit
You ain't got no money, you ain't gettin' no fucking weed, bitch
Look, real hustler, serving all the fiends
Man I'm all about the cream, I'll sell a bitch a dream
Street nigga, never sell out on my team
I was in investigation, I ain't tell them boys a thing
I was taught never talk, never sing
War time, youngins always kept a Glock with a beam
You niggas buggin' man, keep that shit a hunnid man
Talking all that tough shit but you ain't really thuggin' man

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Fuck a punchline, I was bagging up dimes
Trapping when it's crunch time, youngins on the front line
Real shit, tryna make a dollar out of fifteen cent
Gotta sell these Knicks, help my momma pay the rent
Light skin as shit but I'm known to use my fists
Trapping like I'm Mitch, I get money, fuck a bitch
Stacking all my chips, got me feeling like I'm rich
But then again
I'm feeling like 50 when he dropped "Many Men"
Only got myself, I don't trust any man
Pull up to the club, they like, "Let Bibby in," I snuck a semi in
Niggas know I cop jewels and I drop jewels
But the jewelry that I buy, I will not lose
Yeah I had to learn the streets but it's not school
Talking business 'round a bitch, shit is not cool

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Free James, my nigga, fight dirty
When you out here in these streets, gotta watch out for these birdies
And I keep God with me so nobody else could hurt me
But I still get nervous, so I'm gripping on the thirty
You gotta feel this
I take you through the block like a field trip
One mistake, it cost your life, real quick
Where every young nigga wanna be real rich
Only thing they know how to do, rob and kill shit

I know it's fucked up, but I'm happy that I lucked up
Got my bucks up, all my niggas, what's up?
I grew up a fucking screw up
Got introduced to the game, that's when everything changed
Self-made, nobody taught me a thing
Buying all these chains, tryna get rid of the pain
Street life, I done that, I seen that
And this one for my city, man I love you, I mean that

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