

Letter Under

Lil Double 0

This my letter to the streets, I don't show my feelings I rap on beats
I don't rock with niggas, they don't rock with me
Hit his block with a chop like, now that nigga deceased
Every day I think bout quis, whoa
Every day can't get no sleep fasho
Pop perc this shit there feed my soul
D-o-u-b-l-e double 0 lil hoe

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I'm tryna go get ms up, my young nigga tryna get murders, uh
GLE 63 Benz truck hit the gas on the car, hoe swervin
First time on a mission, I never been nervous
Pop choppas and we pop perkies, aye
I don't call him Lil Ricky I call him Lil Curry
Lil double gone score, you could call me Klay
I was just broke, I made a way, he still broke, he ain't gettin paid
Said he maid a diss now he in a grave, uh
[?] niggas for days
Broke before double 0 went through a phase
Pockets on envelope stuff em they full of blue hunnids
Niggas ain't havin motion, they ain't gettin money
Say he really trappin, whole time he get fronted
I done been there and done it

Hundred thousand on this jewelry, big ass gun you can't get near me
Strapped with that fye, fuck the security
Cuz a nigga gone die, if double a hoe why the fuck he ain't try?
I ain't worried, even my bih tote fye, she be carrying
Whackin shit back to back you would think that we purgin
Can't eat can't sleep till the opps get whacked and a fuck nigga ass get buried

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