

Dedication

Lil Durk

Running' duckin' law, smoker got no wind
Pull up on 'em, pull the trigger, shoot, is he dead
And no one [?], one for them, is you scared
If I get back in that jam, I'm goin' fed, yeah yeah
Stress politician, lil' cousin fucked up, want me to pay tuition
I'm so moody of medication, this shit hard workin' dedication

[?] call me a devil, ran the streets all night
I ain't really got no levels all my bitches all type
These niggas ain't count no check, these lil' niggas be all hype
I was fucked up now I'm back, told 'em I'ma be all right
Top ten flow, ballin' like I'm Kriss Dunn
Chicago, pick a gun like which one
You ain't ever live in a crib with a junkie
Goin' to sleep, gotta hide your money
Wasn't no food, gotta hold my tummy
Jumped in the streets, ain't talkin' 'bout [?]
Couldn't keep no joggers, I was clumsy
And I told my teacher I wasn't no trouble
And I hate when a fake nigga say he love you
I grew up different, I'm from the city of Al Capone
I got caught stealin', them people say I grew up wrong
Don't blame me, blame poverty
Thirsty to get out and want my property
Fast seven think about robbin' me
You gon' have some wings like them Robin jeans

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