

Downfall

Lil Durk

You my downfall, I hope you know that shit
I can't be around y'all, 'cause I can't show you this
You gon' do what you gotta do to sell that dog food
And if you got a good bitch, you gotta send her to law school
'Cause you might need her, tell the feds leave my niggas alone
You my nigga, you my dog, you my dog fa'sho
You my nigga, and you right here for long
You my nigga, you my, you my nigga

You my nigga, that's a fact, and you can't lie to me (aye, woo)
What I get paid on that block, that's like your salary (uh, woah)
Mandatory rules to the trenches, keep your gun on you
Before the money even be involved, they be one hundred
Fuckin' all these hoes state to state, I ain't see love comin'
Slow down on that viagra, push from it, uh
Not what you do, just how you do it, ain't what you say, it's how you say it
You can think about the money, but it's how you gonna chase it
They freed a couple killers, now they city goin' up
And you only call me when you see me pourin' up
And you snuck in tall, you don't know if we know or not
And you brought me drinks, only time you threw a shot (wow)
My other homie told my other homie
That my other homie other homie tryna kill him
That's why I only fuck with a couple niggas
Get out this dope game, get a couple figures
Make my bitch cum and then I'm cummin' with her
Real niggas only, ain't no competition
We dropped Bloodas, now they sayin' "Bloodas"
If I don't know nothin', I know our fans love us
I learn through rappin', get some bands from it
You be around the fake, but I'll stand from it

You my downfall, I hope you know that shit
I can't be around y'all, 'cause I can't show you this
You gon' do what you gotta do to sell that dog food
And if you got a good bitch, you gotta send her to law school
'Cause you might need her, tell the feds leave my niggas alone
You my nigga, you my dog, you my dog fa'sho
You my nigga, and you right here for long
You my nigga, you my, you my, you my nigga

Don't even fix your mouth to tell me that you loyal (keep that)
They only reason I spare you is because I love you (I swear)
A whole lot of choppers, couple Jewish lawyers (yeah)
Straight dope boy (yeah), Richard Porter (trap)
Took a lot of losses fuckin' with you nigga (trap)
Seen a lot of crosses fuckin' with you nigga (damn)
Yeah, we did dirt (yeah), yeah, I front you work (yeah)
Plugged on the syrup (yeah), but that shit was curse (shit!)
You like to get high, I like to get paid (okay)
I been on some hustlin' shit since 6th grade (aye, who dat?)
I'm the one your mom and daddy told you stay away from
But I'm the one who that told you fuck them hoes, let's get this paper
Count a million, smoke a nigga at the same time (hey)
Rich nigga, me and you ain't on the same time (it's Dolph)
On the stage or in the trap, I'm the same nigga (it's Dolph)
You ain't ever elevated, just the same nigga

You my downfall, I hope you know that shit
I can't be around y'all, 'cause I can't show you this
You gon' do what you gotta do to sell that dog food
And if you got a good bitch, you gotta send her to law school
'Cause you might need her, tell the feds leave my niggas alone
You my nigga, you my dog, you my dog fa'sho
You my nigga, and you right here for long
You my nigga, you my, you my, you my nigga

You my nigga, you my dog since the sandbox
I been runnin' with some killers, we got hand Glockes
Sippin' syrup, I'm movin' slow like a grandpa
Kept it real from the jump, these niggas changed up
All these diamonds on my neck, they gettin' tangled up
Hearin' rumors 'bout my main man snortin' dust
We ain't have no ride, we'd steal a car, we'll catch the bus
I wish Lil Juan could see me now, a nigga rich as fuck
Fuck a nine-to-five, I'm sellin' while things
I was down bad on my dick, I didn't have no dreams
I swear to God I had a hundred racks at eighteen
Sittin' in the cell, goin' hard, they tryna mace me
Every nigga who do gon' have to face me
Told my bitch that she can leave, she won't replace me
Doin' what I'm post to do, I know they hate me
Let me stand up on they ass until they take me

You my downfall, I hope you know that shit
I can't be around y'all, 'cause I can't show you this
You gon' do what you gotta do to sell that dog food
And if you got a good bitch, you gotta send her to law school
'Cause you might need her, tell the feds leave my niggas alone
You my nigga, you my dog, you my dog fa'sho
You my nigga, and you right here for long
You my nigga, you my, you my, you my nigga