

Handouts

Lil Durk

Trenches, the trenches, the trenches, the trenches
I do it for poverty
A lot of street niggas in fuckin' with me you know?
(Shoutout my nigga Snapdogg you know?)
Real gang man

No I don't want yo' apologizes
No, I don't drink on no Qualitest
My bitch get the drink, she a pharmacist
I'm thinkin' 'bout the hood, yea stealin' it
How you trade on me how you trade?
Was my brother but you left, you shoulda stayed
I had so much so much my shoulders couldn't wait
I sit back and look at the people that you played
Yeah I ain't lookin' for no handouts
Ain't lookin' for no handouts

I was addicted to shootouts
I'm in the trenches with Pluto
I got a stick at my bitch house
Now I take shits in a big house
I never carried the field
I gotta outwork my pills
I gotta suck up the tears
I'm in the gutter for real
I love my brother for real
Never depend on the slut
Can't force it if he is my cut
Them choices will make you a mutt
Few years in the state
And the feds gave 200 months
Off percs and 200 blunts
I get head for 200 bucks
I mix Chanel with the Fendi
Shawty will kill you for singin'
Shawty be lit with the Benjis
And I fucked twice in the Hemy
FNs tucked in the denims
High speed high speed
I lost guns in the rental
And I put drugs in my mental

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We gon' ball with a anthem
Auntie went balled for the cancer
My uncle had died from stabbin'
I moved to the A now I'm dabbin'

Ride 43 with no license
The opps is thinkin' we ISIS
Fuck whoever don't like it
I nut her face 'cause she triflin'
You left me to die in a rot
You left me to die on the block
Wouldn't think I would rise to the top
But I'ma ride with the Glock
I kill for my brothers who for me
I hate when niggas say you love me
Deep down wanna plug me
See me down be above me
He were my nigga 'til the end I can't trust 'em
If I ever see 'em now I screamin' fuck 'em
I ain't fuckin' with no fool shit
He see me now he won't do shit
I'm ridin' with my gang

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