

Outro

Lil Durk

Man, they told me, um
My first-week sales, I had like sixty-
some thousand, but they don't count J-Pay
How the fuck you don't count the realest niggas, you know what
I'm saying?
That's that label shit, fuck that shit (Will-A-Fool)

Got kicked out the crib, put a latch on it
It feel good to sleep all in the trap, don't it?
I be hanging 'round killers with racks on me
I done made me some plays and put tax on it
It feel good to come all the way back from it
When you up, they gon' say that you act funny
You feel cocky, you actually got money
Felt neglected when Chino got snatched from me
If you love the streets more than you love your family, you crazy
They love you more, they adore you more 'cause you made it
They turned they back on me, I forgave 'em, I'm crazy
Them niggas gon' go, them niggas gon' roll whenever I say it
Them niggas some hoes, them niggas some hoes, they don't get attention
You would try to ignore when I'm at my lowest, I don't forgive you
I was at my lowest, I couldn't afford it, I was so miserable
I was ditchin' school, mixing lean and juice, I was off chemicals
I ain't got a choice, I got a voice, this shit difficult
Waking up to three million dollars cash, that shit a miracle
Can't let a bitch put me on blast, I'm too spiritual
They say I gotta let go of the past, I ain't hearing you