

Remembrance

Lil Durk

(Young Chop on the beat
Turn me up, John)

Boy that jewelry rented, you ain't buy it
Drugs dissolving on my tongue, turned to a habit
I know some killers tatted tear drops on they eye lid
They livin large in low income, that shit so tragic
I know some niggas who did some coke, said they wouldn't try it
The hard I sold my family dope, ain't make em buy it (sorry)
And I can't believe no bitch, she say she high end
She suck my dick, I used to bag up at the Hyatt
My daddy said his first day out, don't buy him no tight shit
We make it hard for you to eat, hood diet
Right before my eyes I seen the hood dyin
Fallin victim to these streets, I wish I would try it (yeah, yeah)

Bring back the act again
Make Kanye black again
Won't shop at Nordstrom Racks again
I hope that lil boy back again
We gone show you all the differences
We killing everyone ain't no innocents
Turn you into remembrance
Headshot from this Glock you won't remember shit
You won't remember shit
We gone turn you into remembrance
Oh you won't remember shit
Ain't nobody innocent

I tried to bust down my watch, ain't know what platinum is
And he ain't from my block so we need half of his
And I peeped that fake smile through them white veneers
Before he died he was so in love, now he see his bitch with me
Sometimes I feel like Tadoe I wanna kill people
I did too much and you ain't did how you feel you still equal
How you lose that weight you let them pills eat you
Fuck around and get yo kidney up that'll still leach you
I did shit for a hundred niggas and I'm still reachin
Took my Shahada down in the Feds to the streets I'm still preaching
I don't get the chance to see all my kids I know they still decent
I stabbed my bestfriend right in his back but it was for a real reason
I need a real bag, real, real, real bad
Trynna lay my head where they dont kill at
I'm from where you got some money and you still bad
Where they let you go for a body and you still rat
Where they carry guns ain't got a gun card
Told the Jakes to eat a dick I beat my gun charge
Broski lowkey got the city, he ain't got one chart
They caught him while his head was down, he was unarmed

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