

Shootout @ My Crib

Lil Durk

DJ FMCT

DJ Bandz. Aw, man

Been through all kind of shit
Bro died from dialysis
Telling niggas not to tell on you is witness tampering
Out of everything, I'm addicted, I want this medicine
Gang charge, feel like I can beat it, I got a severance
Four Richard Milles, plus India rich, it look like a settlement
You ain't from 300 if you ain't sleep with us on Eggleston
Walk into my auntie crib, see mice, this shit embarrassing
So how you sit up pissed at me and bro 'nem actin' arrogant?
King Kong, beatin' on my chest, I got my lean on
How you sit up mad? I ate her pussy, you got peed on
I don't answer my phone, I know it's you, I changed your ringtone
Bro died, sister wasn't answering, I called my niece phone
Yeah, bitch, you belong to the streets
Oh, you sold a couple pounds, now this nigga think he Meech
Now you singin' all these songs with all that pain, you think you me
I ain't follow niggas ways, I was signed to the streets

I just dead ass had a shootout at my crib, I hired guards (Oh)
I ain't sittin' down in jail doin' life, I'm bein' smart (Oh)
If I do go back in time from buyin' pills, I'll buy a bar (Oh)
I remember callin' shorty phone, I told 'em, "They killed Dark" (Oh)
Bro 'nem send me clothes online, I told 'em, "Add it to my cart" (Oh)
I done took out couple niggas who wasn't with me from the start (Oh)
I ain't gon' cap, you gon' smell Percs and lean when I fart (Oh)
Keep your strap, they're gon' give you seventeen when you caught (Oh)

I ain't gon' lie, my brother died and I was ridin' by myself
I'ma tell your ass the truth, feel like I'm dyin' by myself
You ain't slide, you ain't ride, you be hidin' by yourself
Man, I really know who did it, niggas lyin' who they killed
Even though lean fuck me up, I'll sip a line by myself
See, my OG strong as hell, she don't even be cryin' when she here
How you claim you don't get woofers, but your block just got the belt?
You don't take care none of your guys, but they do time for bein' real
I got Boonie in my heart, he did his time, he ain't squeal
Gotta beat your case in court, you ain't got time for no appeal
Deep thought on how he died, man, my slime give me chills
Don't pay attention to that nigga sayin' he ain't dyin' 'cause he is

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