

D. Brooks Exclusive

We too, hella lost  
Sat at the round table with, hella bosses  
I had to leave niggas alone who double crossed me  
Take care the situation if you cross me, uh  
You know I just wanna spazz  
You know I need money fast  
All blue cheese, I need my cash  
Play with me then that's your ass, yeah  
Bro 'nem be trippin', they smokin' on gas, yeah  
Nigga be snakin', he smoke his own guys, yeah  
If he do, don't be surprised, yeah  
Looked the devil in his eyes

Two or three chokers, I'm chokin' myself  
You want a handout, you lookin' for help  
Your son be watchin' you, he tryna take your steps  
He wanna be just like you, he hope you don't get killed, yeah yeah  
I might finger your bitch with a three point ring  
We up on the opps on a ten point lead  
I'm for real about it  
Niggas 'round me, I'll kill about 'em  
I told Pluto I can't live without him  
Now I gotta live without him  
These niggas finesse, they come around, I need two, three pills out 'em  
I know three niggas fucked up, locked up, they need like three bills out you  
You told a bitch you gon' kill me, don't know how to feel around you  
You know he told, his heart is cold, and he still around you  
You'd give them niggas anything and they still'll down you  
I'll give my family anything to keep 'em smiling  
Bitch-made, bitch-made, snitch K, snitch K  
I be hopin' for them better days  
Cash out, nigga fuck good grades  
No mics  
She say I can't get nothin' 'til I'm dead in my grave  
I won't say no no more, I'ma give you anything when I bet on my wave  
Every time when I see my brothers ride past, I throw up the treys  
My brothers get on your ass, you grass, niggas can't be saved

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I just brought a watch, I put the carats in  
SSR, RIP Fredo, died off medicine  
I can shoot you in my head, step in my residence  
If you don't talk to me face-to-face, you better not at me then

Just off my labels, I had two plaques, that's a million  
Always in trouble, devil on me, can't prevent  
They get that call, they on that corner, then they bendin'  
If they don't fuck for who I am, she fuck for Remy  
She suck my dick, ooh ooh, my bad, I mean my jimmy  
I say my bad, can't talk like that, my kid be listenin'  
I just put like fifty racks in my Amiri jeans  
They had me questioned for somebody, didn't tell 'em anything  
Ooh, I ain't tell 'em nothin'  
If you did then your head is gushin'  
My lifestyle, you can't rush it  
You ain't gon' shoot, stop clutchin'  
Sad to say what my niggas'll do for that money

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