"See the goal, is always gonna be get out the streets. You'll s ee quitting while you're here means ending one chapter and star ting a new one. I'mma keep the trigger off safety and, my eyes on the prize. God got my back and, my balls gonna make sure I s tand 10 toes down. Middle finger to the muthafuckin' world! Dur k, end this chapter!"

Summertime shootouts Everybody a shooter Glock poppin' now before this Everybody had rugers I was broke and I was down, now I'm all about the mula Vet bitches super desperate, I call her ass a cougar Hit a cape got no traffic, bro call my ass a uber Can't starve I gotta make it, I'mma turn this shit a movie Black opps, niggas know I'm the wack opps I'm the face, no mascot 300 pounds of jackpot and I used to sell-Dummy bags for the ps you come short Dope doin' 20k, got a choppa on the porch I got a choppa on the porch and a yopper in the crutch I got fo nem in the bush You ever had to wake up to yo' mans like he's somebody else The trick I'm lookin' up like, Lord somebody help I can't feel my face I swear I feel I'm by myself I've been to war nobodys left

Street life

I'm tryna make it out this street life
I'm tryna make it out this street, oooh
Yea, yeaah, street life

Hermes sneaks, I'm just kickin' flavor
A booth tryna make a hit, like imma kick it later (aye)
30k a show, I'm tryna get to 80
And get my mama a new crib, and brother new Mercedes
And get my niggas out the trap, my sister out the Navy
And get Zayden from his mama, I know them bitches hate me
And yeah the streets raised me, can't count nobody out, (?)
I might take p's to the lam, and get the keys to the lamb
Appartments to a mansion, school pants to fashion
Razor scooters to Banshees, dog food not a pantry
Fo nem learned the hard way, dog food and the hard way
I used to trap up out that hallway

Street life

Rest in peace to my niggas that never made it out of the street life, cause everybody don't make it out

I'm tryna make it out that street life Yeaah, make it out the street life