

Treacherous

Lil Durk

Chase Davis on the beat, yeah
When I talk, I like to talk to souls
Drop that shit

Knife in my back, hit a artery
Home invasion to a robbery
And I told you, give me honesty
You filed my taxes, got me audited
You hang with them, I don't want part of it
You wanna fake 'cause you ain't start with me
I said sorry but you started it
You confused, you can't hang with us
I put the dope in a Ziploc
They stole my style, wow
What the fuck happened to hip-hop?
Free Sheety, he gave me the Crip walk
My brothers addicted to stick talk
The J's addicted to fentanyl
I count up a check, I got big talk
41 M on a wrist watch
Careers be goin' on a rapture
Frontier was hurting my back
I was dyin', now I'm flyin' private
I put my gang over the whole mob, I told them niggas I'm biased
Black truck came with a drive through
My name, it came with the violence
My name, it come with the violence
My name, it come with the sirens
My niggas got grills like Pyrex
Kid drill was a fire fighter
On the corner, we was fightin' fire
In Chicago, I was at a rival
Gettin' picked up in a Stryker
You can tell that I don't like you
You can tell I'm gon' try you

Yeah, this for the savages
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You don't know what the fame took
Ain't been on the land in like two years
Why they got me in the gang book?
But I ride with the same hood
And this money won't change nothin'
Told bro, open the lane for me
Don't give up my name, beloved
You fuckin' a lame, beloved
Her rib got my name above it
Kiss Bernice on the cheek, I'm bogus for it (Sorry)
And I be takin' narcotics
A big shoot out on Cottage

Dropped out, ain't make it to college
I'm not no good role model
I like to take care of my toddler
Send money to jail for my partners
You don't think I'm a a major artist
Even though I got plaques and charted
Swallow crack, I had to vomit
Gotta do it 'cause the police comin'
I'm from where it's rainin' bullets
Nasty hoes don't wear condoms
Where the street niggas support your talent
Where the street niggas say you valid
California Queen from a pallet
And I had to get full of a salad
From the home of the gangsters
You ain't never say thank you
Only The Family, the label
I went to school for the cable

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