

Viral Moment

Lil Durk

TouchofTrent be wildin' with it

I pour an eight inside the Lamb' truck, fell asleep flyin'
I thought them niggas had my back, but I'm steady seein' signs
And I can't turn my back on Boona like I ain't see him tryin'
These tears shed, whenever he dead, it's different seein' him die
Bah, get close up on 'em, you know that shit be graphic
You gotta pop out with that ratchet, you know this shit get tragic
And you can't fumble with that stick, you know this shit ain't Madden
All that shit you did in the streets, you know that shit gon' vanish
Yeah, I pop these pills, they try to read my thoughts
And you can't dig back in your past 'cause you got time you lost
And make that time up for your kids 'cause you know time ain't bought
Booka brought me a diamond cross, but he know he won't cross me
They turnt their back and said they'd kill me, yeah, that's when they lost me
I put baguettie inside the Cartier because I'm feelin' bossy
They feel some type of way in the county jail, I told them, "Call me"
I built a relationship with the real with niggas who never saw me
Yeah, I seen my chance and that's when I grabbed it
Fuck bein' a hunnid, I spent a couple hunnids on niggas' tablets
Lean gave me chest pains, that's when I popped the Perky tablet
I tried to get that family vibe for niggas who wasn't established
You do that shit again, what you did to bro, gon' get you a casket
I did shit for niggas without them askin'
I broke pounds for niggas without them matchin'
I don't fuck with you, I'ma tell y'all now even though I got it

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

This shit was different, we was together like ten years ago
And I don't talk to a lotta niggas, but they still the bros
The one I ain't talk to like that back then know they still hoes
And some niggas try to hide their hate but that shit still shows
I never fucked on block hoes because I call 'em sisters
One hate me right now as I speak because I called her a hooker
Cut the loose ends, I cut 'em off, they try to stay I'm a butcher
Bitch, you a rat, never mind, I changed my life, I'm Muslim
I talked to Chops on FaceTime, he say, "Damn, you back smokin'"
He say, "That back door damn near closed," I say, "It's back open"
I say, "These blocks could be back one," he say, "You back hopin'"
You gotta watch the niggas you love 'cause they still backdoorin'
He ain't got no hope in beatin' his trial because he lost his motion
Bro got life, he don't know how pussy smell, that's why he fuck his lotion
I know some real niggas would lose it all for a viral moment
My dreads swing, I feel like Wayne, show me my opponent

And I like talkin' to the streets, like
When you say you the voice, you gotta, like, open up, like
Tell motherfuckers like what it is, like, you can't hold nothin' back
You gotta relate to them, relate to the poverty, you know what I'm sayin'?
Relate to the trenches (Yeah, yeah)
You know what I'm sayin', I can't be talkin' 'bout a Richard Mille all the time (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Know what I'm sayin'? (Yeah)
Some of the guys don't even know what the fuck a Richard Mille is

Know what I'm sayin'? You gotta relate, all angles, know what I'm sayin'?
The voice
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah