

What It Was

Lil Gotit

Ayy, yeah

I sip out the cup, it ain't driving me crazy (Damn)
This shit I took up, it ain't making me lazy
I pop me one up and I keep going crazy
I'm filling it up and I keep going brazy
Man, I'm just a hood baby

I done came out the gutter, I came out the street
Got my dawg off the leash, got a cutter on me
I been drinking on mud and they crucify me
But I'm staying a thug, yeah
Stepping in Gucci, I'm stayin' down ten toes, yeah
I came from the dirty, I'm turning it all into gold
Anytime you come from out of the trenches
You get it, you go and get paid
Had to go out and shake it, I stood in the rain for it, yeah
Had to put them diamonds in my ring
Had to put my niggas on game
Ain't never gon' change up
I'm going outta sight

Hit the bullseye

I been down bad in the field with no clicks barely gettin' by
Came up from nothin' and when I progressed my niggas can't look in my eyes
Like you don't feel my pain no more
All them times I was broke, had to go on them licks, man, you forgot it
Made a nigga heart more cold
I done missed out on love, yeah, it could be the drugs, yeah
Gettin' it in, I'm a hood baby, maybe that's what it was, yeah
Bitch, I could get down you know what I does

My dead presidents in quarantine
Have a trap on Conley cooking nosebleed
Walking [?]
Make 'em run it up like where the dope be
They respected the bosses, I came up
Never gon' change and that's why they toast me
He talking tough but I ain't going
Nothing but paper cuts is what I'm showin'
I'm just a hood baby, baby, that's what it was

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I can't change lanes, maybe that's why my chain swing
Won't 'ccept shit from no lame, went and bossed up a no-name

Made a couple thousand, these cold case
Sipping syrup in the pouring rain
Remain the same when the hoes came
Fuck the bitch, crashed her love lane
How you steady spinnin' with no aim?
My lil' catching charges from dodging these cops in the projects
I'm straight from the 'partments
I had niggas wanna see me down, they couldn't wait to [?]
Rolling Loud, had the tool on me, had the shooters rolling up exotic
Don't say you love me 'cause I doubt it
It's just your vibe, I don't feel it 'round me
Came out a stomach to a star
Took the Bentaga to the Mars
Whipped up the fresh [?] job
Came from the dirt with scars
Trap me good before I trap me a slut
Geeking off raw no cuts
Popped the first 22 in the cut
Jumpin' off the roof with a bust

(Pluto)

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