

## 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 crazy  
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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