

## No More

Lil Poppa

I just put three-five in the Backwood, this shit smoking  
I ain't gon' lie, it got a nigga chokin'  
I'm on all these drugs, got me movin' in slow motion  
Don't think a nigga slippin', bitch, you trippin', I be focused  
I came from the block, it was a lot of pistol totin'  
I came from the house, you hit the lights, you see the roaches  
Whole hood told me I was gon' be that golden, chosen  
I came from the bottom, bitch, stop actin' like you know me  
You talkin' like you 'bout it, pussy nigga gotta show me  
Shawty creepin' like a mamba but he shootin' like he Kobe  
Doug say he just booked a show, I told him put it on the Rollie  
Quaylo just say he straight, told my nigga that's for surely

I'm living lavish, baby, I never had it, baby  
Turned to an addict, baby, now I'm a savage  
Pockets got cabbage, baby, I gotta have it, baby  
Used to be tragic, we was shootin' in traffic  
'Member when the sun ain't shine over here  
I swear now I don't see the rain no more  
I don't see the rain no more  
I don't feel the same pain no more

Yeah, heartbroken, all the killers I lost  
We giggle 'bout 'em when them niggas get off  
Look how my driller got off  
Tear up the mall, we don't care what it cost  
Bitch, I used to get my drip out of Ross, it was embarrassing  
Granny used to take us to school, that's how they caravan  
Hated being broke, I'm selling boxes of Airheads  
That's first grade, fourth and fifth grade, seen it kick in  
That's when shit changed, by the sixth grade, dope game, stuck on cocaine  
Pigs know me by my whole name, this is folk's game  
Mama know I gotta run away to serve 'em dope chains  
You don't know no pain 'til your brother 'nem get smoked, man  
And I got whatever, bring my lil' niggas home, man  
You know how we operate, obligated he gon' gang  
You know how we operate, obligated from close range  
Rappin' ass niggas ain't active, they goin' both ways  
Wide bodied bulletproof truck takin' up both lanes

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