

## Right Here

Lil Poppa

I ain't even gonna lie  
Think the reason I fuck with John Wick so much cause...  
Cause he was really chillin, you know he was really minding his business (just like me)  
Till niggas came fucking with him and killed his dog and stole his car  
So it's like at the end of the day, he really had a reason for... for fuckin  
g all them niggas over

Tell me how you wanna change it  
I got a mind full of evil thoughts, so how the fuck a nigga gonna tame me?  
You can't even blame him why his heart full of anger  
Can't send the addy to no stranger, that shit put us up in danger  
Life of a gangster, try to tell my momma she don't get it  
And that's the same shit I try to tell my sister, they don't hear it  
Like I done seen death so many times to the point that I don't fear it  
But it's like now I got a kid and that's the reason for me to live

As long as the pressure gon build, smoke gon' clear, I'll be right here  
Just going through every pain that I feel, tryna hold back tears  
'Cause my son right here and I got a wife here

Gotta let 'em know to toughen up, we built for this shit  
Somebody better tell that hoe, that "bitches get killed for that shit"  
Like eenie, meenie, miney mo who dropped the lo? That's who I get to  
I don't take these pills because I'm suicidal, bitches make me sick  
Bitch get off my dick  
Shit got hard, you praying to God that he fix it  
Even looking at the stars got you wishing  
Realizing it was probably better in the trenches  
Where there's a young nigga down to do whatever for your position  
Without the weed I be trippin, sipping the lean, a addition  
My habits are expensive, my license are suspended  
I can't take another ticket, ain't gotta live this way I'm trippin'  
Stack it, was 5K I spent it, but I ain't taking care of my business  
Been screaming free of all my niggas, but they got kids I ain't visit  
Been stressin RIP to Desi and ain't see his in a minute  
A couple days ain't talk to Chevy, I done ran out of minutes  
But nan one of my brothers can't say I ain't send 'em candy  
I got water thicker than my own blood and that shit fucking with me  
P.O. keep fucking with Q3 and that's who druggin with me  
They know don't touch light at the door 'cause that's who clubbin' with me  
I'm really alone on the road, I don't need you thuggin' with me  
Can't let this internet shit get me, I'm already knowing it's undefeated  
I'm usually good when it come to war but on IG I can't beat it  
I can't type, like "why tweet?" and when I do I delete it  
Then find a way to get this message through so you can read it  
Get them niggas bluefaces  
They hit a nigga block, they gon bleed it, slide  
If they don't catch something, they ain't leaving  
My favorite cousin lost her mother, we doing a different type of grieving  
Spinz say if he make it through this storm again then it's a reason

But as long as the pressure gon' build, the smoke gon' clear, I'll be right here  
Just going through every pain that I feel, tryna hold back tears  
'Cause my son right here and I got a wife here

Tell 'em everything gonna be alright (alright)  
Tell 'em everything gon be alright  
Told 'em everything gone be A-OK  
Like Malcolm by the window I got my AK  
If there's smoke up in the city, I get that up out the way  
Like who really fucking with me? I ain't even gotta pay  
Young niggas don't talk to me, yeah they lying that's what they say  
Think it's safe crossing me, end lying in the grave (end up dying)