

Pump 93

Lil Skies

Ayy, yeah yeah
Ooh, ayy

Nigga I'm the one in fact
I put my town on my back
They'd rather see me broke but I'm thumbnin' through a sack
They never show me love, I don't know how to react
So I always gotta keep my eyes open for the rats
I came up from the bottom, I ain't even gotta lie
I scream fuck a job, I don't do no suit and ties
I'm always with the guys, rollin' dope, gettin' high
If a nigga think I'm lacking then he's in for a surprise
Smokin' Pump 93, that's that fire flame
Shawty say she fuckin' with me, I don't know her name
Niggas beefin' over bitches, they some fucking lames
Shawty wanna take a picture wearing all my chains

In Morgantown, hit the club, blowin' hella dubs
And I'ma turn his girl down if she ain't tryna fuck
And niggas hate but when they see me tryna dap me up
I got my brothers with me, they be on that savage stuff
Two pills in the hills with a foreign jawn
Shawty say she really love me but I know she don't
Countin' money, layin' low, the type of shit I'm on
She like the way I freak a beat and how I make a song
And I'ma always be that nigga, they don't understand it
Crash Bandicoot in the whip, I'm a bandit
Fuck her good, before she go she make me a sandwich
She call my phone like beat it up, I come and do the damage
Niggas talkin' like they know me, they don't really know me
I be ballin' left hand up, I hit the Ginobili
Twenty-four stepback, they thought I was Kobe
I'm to myself, I can't trust you, you is not my homie
And every time I wake up I see some fuck shit
Check my phone, roll my dope, start the function
Nowadays everybody so reluctant
I can't blame you, got no time for that fuck shit
'Cause I remember back then, mobbin' on the low
We still hustle, we still grind, I ain't never goin' broke
I got people talkin' down on me like I wouldn't know
I confront them every time and they mad 'cause they get exposed
Boy you know we got it goin' on, my niggas gotta eat
I'll be damned if I'ma starve so we can take it to the streets
Niggas foldin' under pressure, swear these rap niggas weak
I ain't changing for nobody, when you switch you get deceased
And I ain't gotta flex, I got money in the stash
You say she hard to break, bro I already smashed
2017 I need a Rari, do the dash
The real gon' survive and the fake will never last
I pull up in that coupe, I'ma flex with your ho
I swear I'll never fold, on my brothers that's a no
We smoke it by the O, get the package for the low
Westwood with the flow, countin' up my C notes

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