

# Go In

Lil Tjay

JD On Tha Track

Niggas could say what they want, say what they want, they must not want me to win

This shit not cap, you a ten, I lost a friend, I see an opp, I go in  
Got me some shit that extend, you just all talk, how you ain't never come spin?

I told my mama to grin, we at the top, I ain't been broke in a min'  
Father, my bad for the sins, since I begin, I just got lost in the wind  
I had to save up for bro, he need a lawyer, he gotta come home again  
I need like fifty a show, that's how it go, I pick up half at the end  
Young nigga settin' a trend, copped me a Bimmer, truly, I wanted a Benz

Everybody grind, everybody eat  
I been on my grind on my two feet  
Butterfly doors, it's a two-seat  
They teeth finna punch, call it Bruce Lee  
We'll spin a nigga block only two deep  
Nigga ran out his socks like a new feet  
Mini Mack got knocked, but he loopy  
Wanna see my whole block livin' Gucci  
And the good die young, sip Poochie  
Walk around with two chops, Lil Ducie  
Outta town, finna cop Lil Uzi  
Know a lot of pussy niggas wanna shoot me  
Wear my hat to the back, I ain't woopy  
Had your main bitch eat, she a groupie  
I remember block days, it was 2P  
In the cell writin' bars under two sheets  
I remember when the crib had no heat  
I remember when the opps wanted no beef  
I remember spinnin' blocks in a stoley  
Seen a nigga get burned with a bogey  
I done seen a good kid start ODing  
I done seen bro die front of police  
So I try not to cry every day now  
Swear I still feel the pain when I lay down  
If you hit, pussy nigga, better stay down  
You ain't never moved guns through the Greyhound  
You ain't never gon' spin when it came down  
And I really wanna hear what you say now  
Keep a pole every day, we don't play 'round  
Backpack got a stash, it's a spray ground  
I remember tryna jugg on the playground  
In the stu' goin' hard every day now, no, no

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I hope my mother forget, shit that I did, she ain't expect from a kid  
It's just the way that it is, stick to your biz 'fore you start runnin' your  
jibs  
I know some killers and goons, I send 'em lurkin', they finna get you by noo  
n  
You could get swept like a broom, heaven got room, you finna go up there soo  
n  
What you assume?  
Had to eat, I ain't start with no spoon  
Feel like brother just got me in tune  
Now I'm finna shoot off to the moon  
Numbers goin' like Sonic, they zoom  
Bitches feening to give up they coon  
Made a milli', so long from a goon  
I'ma have me a billion soon, nah, nah  
I'ma reach for the stars  
I soon cop me a new Audemar  
Had to let got like five at the bar  
Told the dealership go get my car  
I be the man, two milli' plus on the 'Gram, learn what you don't understand  
You just a fan, soon as you saw me, you ran, bro caught a hit off the Xan'  
Boy, I'ma blam, that's what you don't understand, no, we ain't finna throw h  
ands, no, no  
Nigga tryna steal my shine  
I'ma clap 'fore you try to take mine (No, no, no, no)  
Lately I been on my grind, for a fact, we gon' all be fine (No, no, no, no)  
Haters tryna waste my time, for a fact, I don't pay 'em no mind

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