

Benz on the track
Yeah
Free them real ones in the can, man
You know what I'm sayin'
Fuck the rat niggas, man, fuck opps and shit, man
This for the trenches, man, this what I'm feeling

Roll me a eighth
Just got that call, my homie good, he beat his case
I couldn't wait
I swear to God I just wanna see my homie straight
And I know they wanna kill me, but I won't go away
I know they wanna kill me, but I can't go today
I know they wanna kill me (Oh)
But if I go I know I left a legacy, oh

Smacked again, fake wanna sip act again
Lotta shit been changin' in my life, I'm like "What's happenin'?"

Trap boy, all I know, crazy I'll never sell packs again
Crazy I'll never lack again, nigga talk hot, I'm smackin' him
Oh, catch me an opp, swear to God I'ma shoot for the brain
Ain't no tuckin' no chain, I put that on gang, stupid you think
I'm a lame

O for the buck, for the brain, grtt-
boom, that's how we cock it and bang
The police ain't stoppin' a thing, grtt-
boom, just 'cause they stay on my game
Gang-gang, gang, gang, gang, gang, gang-gang
I come from the trenches, where they bang, bang, bang, bang
Knew my ass was never ever lame, lame, lame
I come from the trenches, where they bang, bang, bang
Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang
Bang, bang

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