

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Lil TJay

Boy you fine with a Glock nine
Ain't even gotta talk, I'm up now
Young real street bitch from the southside
Don't fuck with broke niggas on the outside
Same hoes in my face, they snake eye
Leave niggas in the past don't say bye
Top floor condo is yay high
Street team gon show up with the gang hide

I remember throwbacks in the stoley
I done ran into some racks by my doley
17 but they treat me like a og, niggas know me, book a show when I'm
ot
Everything fell in line like it's supposed to be
Dicksuckers online tryna roast me
Two blunts, fell asleep, now I'm toasty
Big bro said "Grind" okey dokey
Work hard cause I'm waiting for my trophy
You could say what you want, don't approach me
Hollow shells in this Glock if you nosey
I remember on the block like a goalie
Had to keep my head up like a nosebleed
And it's hard for the law to control me
Go hard for the gang them my homies
Double R seeing stars now all on me (stars)

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These niggas ain't tame, they eaters
Lost him, play finders keepers
Head shots red dots, we don't feel nothing
Caption for the clout, here's the info
Body bag get locked, get zipped up
Got numb to the pain, don't feel nothing
Seen shit alot of youngins ain't built for
Get money with the niggas I kill for