

# Ruthless

Lil Tjay

No, no  
Lil Tjay, yeah  
Yo, yo, yo  
RellyMade  
Two, three bands and you thinking shit sweet, little nigga  
I ain't never gon'

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I ain't never gon' extend my hand  
If we two deep verse your whole block deep  
Swear to God, I ain't never gon' fail my man  
Money gon' come like the money gon' go  
All these fake niggas started getting too close  
So I stay with my guys that been by my side  
'Cause I know they gon' ride 'til the car can't drive

New drip, had to pick up some sauce  
New kicks, I don't care what it cost  
Ruthless, I don't care who you lost  
Stupid, I done turned to a boss  
And I know they don't wanna see the young boy win  
They don't wanna see the young boy win  
They don't wanna see a young boy win  
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When I come home, there's a whole lot of gang shit  
As a youngin, I just wanted to be famous  
Hopped in the booth 'til we scream that we made it  
Other day I was recording in the basement  
Now I pull up to a show in a spaceship  
How you screamin', "Day one," doin' fake shit?  
Nowadays bad bitches wanna taste it  
Pull up on the S, show love, that be gang shit  
And if they let me in the game, I'ma change it  
Ain't a lot of niggas say ever basic  
Pop out, I'ma stain, Balmain and some Bape shit  
Niggas see me, they ain't never gon' say shit  
Bustdown, ain't never gon' take this  
Money I got, lil' nigga, can't make this  
Countin' blue strips, broke niggas gon' hate this  
Mama so proud, I'ma take her on vacation  
I be goin' hard, remember used to starve  
Remember selling nicks right on the boulevard  
Going downtown, tryna steal a nigga car  
And if I call Tut he'll pull a nigga card  
I don't play the field no more without a hammer  
Brodie on the news, whole face on the camera  
Free all my day one niggas out the slammer  
Opp nigga told, black and white, he a panda  
Got me finna run up in his crib like I'm Santa  
All of this designer got me broads in Atlanta  
Honestly, I ain't playin' games no more  
And they been on my dick 'til my thing feel sore  
Bitch said I'm trash, shorty, change your drawers  
I ain't worried 'bout you, why you worried 'bout me?  
I'ma still pop out with a fresh white tee  
With some retro J's and some fresh Nikes

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Check up, they don't wan' see me win  
Flex up, I'ma jump out the gym  
New water, watch that young boy swim  
I got it the harder way like I'm Tim  
In that Maybach, you can't see through the tint  
I ride foreign but bro in a stolie  
Had to make me some plays on my dolie  
Think I made it, these bitches all on me  
No, this is not a chain, this a trophy (Hey)  
Boss up, he a baby like Jody  
Used to go hit a stain for the OZ's  
When I put on the ice, it be odee  
I'm talking money, put that cash on a threeway  
Doin' the dash on a freeway  
I knew I would get it, they didn't believe me  
Baby, I make it look easy  
Your bitch keep callin' and sayin' she need me  
I know she see me with Tjay  
I'm sippin' fours of that drank, movin' slow-mo  
But my whip do the speed race  
She wanna link up a ho, that's a no-go  
I been stackin' my cheesecake  
Yeah, I get to the racks and I'm above the rim  
Collecting the bag and I do it again

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No, no

Gang, gang  
Yeah  
They don't wanna see the young boy win  
No, no  
Yeah, yeah  
Gang, gang, gang, Lil Tjay