

Throw your dubs up
Throw your dubs up
Throw your dubs up high nigga
Throw your fours up
Throw your fours up
Throw your fours to the sky nigga
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It's good I got niggas starting to believe
You be surprised what we achieve
If we came together, split the fame and cheddar
Make it rain together
All we do is point the blame, niggas claim they better
Nigga fuck your chain, it's that name that get us
Meanwhile twisting fingers, yelling holler if you with us
Cause we ain't all killers or drug dealers
Just young niggas spitting on J Dillas, praise the RZA
Shit like that raised the nigga
Better than textbooks and the grades they give us
Now that the stage is bigger
Food for thought like Lays I give you
The story of a young nigga
I'm from the streets where niggas lust for shit they can't afford
Life on the fort, I have a nigga pushing for more
Get that old school Chevy mounted up at the store
That match my Hot Wheels set back in '94
West side, and every day I thank the Lord
I got homies that ain't lived to see 2004
But here I am, it's 0-11, so rest in peace
And what I need is a 2-11, a couple of freaks
I do this for the 7-0, this one for my peeps
And I do this for the drug dealers, old niggas
College fund tripping so she gold-digging
Niggas trying to eat
It's niggas on the streets without an ounce of soul in 'em
But I know bitches who tweet that got a lot of ho in 'em
And niggas no different
And yeah we ain't the same, but our goals ain't no different
I'm slow tipping, like what's the mission?
To overrule the coalition
Like what's that rap shit you talking nigga, what you spitting?
What's that rap shit you talking nigga? Take a listen

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