

Eh, okay
Ay, plug step on these niggas neck
13

Like 13 we was children den know how to love
Had to watch your favorite movie to learn how to fuck
You really meet in the hood that I be throwing up
I just wanna thank God for how you growing up

Nice shape, with a attitude that's outta space
Realist nigga you ever meet so you know you safe
And I know you still like girls you ain't just playin' gay
And when you die yo wave them hoes know you ain't come to play
Let's hit the mall and do some shit that we ain't do before
It kinda hurt my heart I did it with another hoe
Do you forgive me, if I take you to get fendi coned
Day sipping Remy, that's just me I'm from the city
And I meet a lot of bitches that ain't similar to you
Won't do the shit you do and hold it down like a screw
You'll go out yo' way like yo' soul leaving yo' body
That's why ion never trip even though you like to party
Throw on that lil' red dress Chanel for the rest
Show you don't need em' even though he think he next
Life is like chess you gotta King amongst
Feel yo' head with them lies and you just wondering who best
Cubans on my neck they be choking me in my sleep
That's why before I go to sleep hope you say a pray for me
Cause you know I'm in then streets all dese Glocks...
Since a jit was with the shits but I be chillin that's just me

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(I just wanna thank God for how you growing up)
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Ay, 13 lil homie on the scene
Think I meet my firstlove at that Hadley by the swing
I was posted up, couple homies from the team
Had that black and gold on with the championship ring
And I just thank God for your heart and who you are
Grow up in the same hood so, I know about scars
Back in school copy yo' paper been knew that you was smart
Years later still see you looking good, like a star yes you are

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Uh, ay, look, ay
Ice Berg live that was starting words of that freestyle, 'round the time we
start slidin'
I meet her when I was younger, she was younger
We was shopping down the street from her people, she seen the come up
A face to kill for, fat ass, no stomach, pussy tight wet, no smell, no nothi

ng, in love I fell that summer but you got missing, now how I miss you could
n't settle for nothing under
But the last time I saw you, I was slightly disappointed
Don't let the fast life take you under, you the one girl
Wanna see happy rather you with a boss or a runner
Still a hit you with facts and the package if you want it
I'm the King of the Spring and, I'm known to fuck the summer up
I remember dreaming about me and you, counting these hundreds up, but it's n
o beef I'm always free for a blunt and fuck, who knows where it lead us mayb
e we'll even fall in love

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