(Rippa on the beat bitch) Ya...

They ion want me to be great, I was just tryna make sure we straight Tryna put a lot of food on the plate, I know they see all the pain in my fac e

I know they hate when a nigga walk through
Swear to god I'd hate to be you
And I ain't worried about no fuck nigga I'm only worried about the blues

Whole lotta money in the shoe box Tattoo on my stomach like I'm 2Pac Stay away from the block cuz it's too hot All I heard was the shots and the dirty cops I ain't tripping I ain't slipping I ain't scared no I gotta dirty glock cocked with the head gone I leave a fuck nigga walking with his head gone Now his mama about to cry by his head stone From the same hood why you hating on me I was sharing covers back in '03 But I guess I gotta let that bitch blow ion fuck with you niggas no more Cuz the ones that said they down be the first ones to go Never switch up on your dogs that cold never ever trust these hoes Cuz bitches wasn't with you in the jects back when the showers was cold When the money ran low we ain't have no food When a nigga had to switch his clothes up but wear the same shoes I swear my children ain't gotta live like me no

3 mo Ima have 3 more 3 more Ya ya

I like a bad lil bitch who take selfies
When a nigga down bad she gon help me
And she gon ride for a nigga like by me
And she'll never ever take all my money
Relationship goals who stunt on these hoes
And we won't tell them nothing, so they don't know
I'd fuck the whole block
Hit the gas bet the hoe and her papa
You rat if you fuck with the coppers
And the police know they can't stop us
And the other side know they can't stop us
We with the beef like we work with the whoopers
With the glocks, and macs, and the choppers

This is for my unborn child ima have 3 more

They ion want me to be great, I was just tryna make sure we straight

Tryna put a lot of food on the plate, I know they see all the pain in my fac

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