

Roaches

Maxo Kream

Remember roaches in my ashtray
And roaches in my cereal
Airforce knockoffs
With the Gucci print material
Way before the iphones
Twitter gram socials
I'm talkin bout nextel chirps
And Boost mobiles
Back when the face tattts was for OG killas
Now I'm seein' tear drops on you soundcloud niggas
Remember back when music had content and metaphors
Way before the mumble nonsense and poppin handlebars

All these rappers junkies talkin like they dope dealers
One song they scammers the next song they killers
First time I shot the gun the neighbors called the peoples
I was watchin 12 search for shells like Easter
That's around the time they shot my daddy for the Rollie
Round the same time AI lost to Kobe
Platinum fubu summers rockin iceberg in the winter
Gold bag hermans ain't no Sprewell Spinners
Fuckin up computers usin limewire bear share
Bootleggin boostin sellin cd's at the daycare
Savin up gwala for my stash spot
Momma still ask me how the fuck I get that xbox
Round the first time I saw my uncle smokin crack rocks
In the flintstones smokin pebbles like it's bedrock
Round the same time my pops was scammin on that laptop
Still remember when my uncle Sidney took that headshot
I was tryna get those Jordan 17 deadstocks
Used to hoop dream pushin rock on the blacktop
Started home invadin kickin combination padlock
Puttin crackrock in the finger for leg lock
I was hella young watchin Triple H & Ric Flair
Bust my head open play fightin with a steel chair
Tryna be a wrestler almost put me in a wheelchair
Thankful for that medicare welfare hell yeah

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Nowadays I can't even walk in the store
Without these crazy-ass fans and boppin-ass hoes
Back in 04 a hoe said I wouldn't blow
Now every show I go 3 or 4 give me dome
I was up in vegas at the mayweather party
Then my momma call me bout hurricane harvey

Said the house got flooded water covered up the sofa
Impala Range Rover she need me to come over
Nowhere near so it was fuckin up my night
Like they gon be alright tomorrow book a flight
Book a 40 mins call she was callin all night
Said there's no more food and lights
And she been fightin for her life
Told Toby book the plane I gotta be there by tonight
But all this hurricane rain made the airport cancel flights
I'm like "what the fuck how?"
I'm thinkin like wow
Prayin that she don't drown
Dear lord just get her out
She worked her whole life to move the family out the hood
Just to lose everything she had in the flood
Donald trump and red cross actin like some hoes
People drownin in their homes cause they couldn't get a boat
Pops got a bad heart last year he had a stroke
In his bed off meds couldn't swim sink or float
On the roof for three days before rescue by FEMA
12 years later same day as Katrina
If you was in my shoes you ah prolly be stressin
But sometimes got He ah bless you with tension
Every day I say my grace because I coulda lost my people
I still got cases me and my brothers fightin RICO
600k for the bailbonds people
Another 100k I pray my lawyer got the cheat code
Organized crime, dope and money launder
5-99 and that's the only offer