

Thirteen

Maxo Kream

Oh my god
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Thirteen years old when I jumped off the porch
Y'all was playing Playstation, I was playing with the torch
You got a whooping with a belt, I was whipping with the fork
I was trapping skipping school so I had to go to court
Thirteen years old got down with the set
Robbing niggas with the tech, myOG's smoking wet
You was running on the court shooting shots at the net
I was running up in spots with the Glock on Bissonnet

I was twelve years old when the cops kicked the door
Had the gun to my momma, baby sister on the floor
Pops caught a fed case so the jury had to go
Had to get the ten toes, as a man I had to grow
Had to show my brother how to trap and get dough
Digiscale with the cup, we was bagging up the dro
One year went by we was selling out the 'bo
Had packs in our straps we was posted by the store
To my big bro Tu, showed me how to get mo'
When the weed got slow showed me how to whip the stone
Microwave or the oven he ain't ever use the stove
Showed me how to hit licks he a kick-door pro
My cousin Steve Dolla showed me how to break a ho
Mo flip, Chelsea Jordan
That's a long time ago, finessing little convo
She make dough pronto
Robbing niggas, selling drugs
Getting money, all I know

A lot of y'all bluffing, I'm pimping y'all cuffing
Same bitch you be loving, be sucking and fucking
She ain't got no money then we not discussing
I'm shooting up niggas no fighting no fussing
Seen niggas get killed over making assumptions
The pistol I'm clutching this gun ain't for nothing
My mom know I'm evil, so she call me pumpkin
Been fucked up, corrupted since I was a youngin

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I was only thirteen when a nigga tried to jack
I was trapping on a bike, it was for a 20 sack
Sold the nigga through the gate, but I shouldn't done that
He only gave me two dollars ran off with the sack
Nigga had me fucked up so I came right back
Everyday on his block posted in the cul-de-sac
Ran up on the nigga shut him down took his packs
Just pistol whip the nigga I didn't even shoot the strap

Tall tee du-rag, Astros fitted cap
I was fighting in school everyday I had SAC
Couple years went by started busting off gats
Had to move to Fort Bend didn't know how to act
Everyday still came to the swat with the crips
With Lyndo and little Jordan smoking dro hitting licks
I was plotting everyday for a scheme to get rich
Big Madu and Ali made this Kream Clicc shit

Never switched up my clicque
Never switched up my crips
Every lick that we hit was quick cash just to flip
Doing petty ass shit on the dream to get rich
Now I'm moving them bills just came from half a zip
Never trust a dumb bitch don't put ass before chips
You get killed if you slip keep that thing on your hip
Side talk from your lip leave you dead in a ditch
Went from robbing for chips now we robbing for bricks

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