

Same Ol

Mick Jenkins

I got bitches, I got money, I got drugs
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Yeah that's all I hear
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Well I got money too
And I got common sense
We all know niggas that got guns
I ain't gonna talk that shit my nigga
I'm on southside
On some parking shit my nigga
We not parallel
On some narcissistic shit I'm taking care of self
I be way too paranoid
I got on my Paramore
See it with some brand new eyes
I told you 'bout the Perrier
Told you you can catch me out in traffic off the Mary J
Bumping DJ Ferris getting carried away
I carry thrash on my situations damn near everyday
Writing all my sections with the city like who is he
If that nigga never keep it that real with me what's your story
All our shit like allegory
If you tell it nigga told me

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