

# Do It For Em!

midwxst

(Hey, glumboy)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Woah)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Woah)  
(Big goonie, you rockin' with LJ, fuck is you talkin' about)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Woah)  
Yeah, yeah

I'm sippin' on Fanta, no, this is not Tris  
Put the Rollie on my wrist, it cover the slits  
I promised my momma that I would get rich  
And I'm not backing down, no, I'm fin' do that shit  
R.I.P. to my auntie and grandma, I miss  
I do this for family, I do it for them

I was a lil' boy, and I turned to a man  
I'm finna blow up, yeah, you know that's the plan  
They wanna be me  
I feel like I'm Kai, I got money on me  
I stay with the gang, got an army with me  
Yeah, you is not bae, you not charming to me  
So, I do not care what you say  
The memories, know they replaying  
My bad thoughts started decaying  
I'm seeing the fakes, I'm surveying  
Momma told me she proud of me, fuck everybody that doubted me, yeah  
I feel like my name is Autumn!, put my bitches in the Watanabe's, yeah  
Muhfuckers' wanna like me, I know that they really some wannabes, yeah  
I already know I'ma blow, just wondering when will the time will be, yeah  
Crazy how fast that the time pass  
I was making songs off of my iPad  
Had a hope for [?] in my head  
I was short as hell, boy, I was down bad  
And now I get the money in my bag  
I always remember the nights I was so sad  
Now I'm up so don't think I'ma go back  
My true colors is out, I'ma show that, yeah  
I ain't never give a damn  
Autotune voice, but I'm feeling what I am  
Boy said I'm not hard, but I know that he a fan  
Boy watchin all my moves, that boy really is a stan  
Check just hit, finna do my lil' dance  
Spend three-hunnid on my brand new pants  
You not like me, boy you don't got a chance  
Purple hoodie on me, I feel like I'm Prince, yeah  
Saying I'm up, but I already know  
I couldn't do this shit, do it on my own  
ShitShoutout to everybody that I know  
I do this for you, and do it for my bros  
Balenci's on me when I walk in the store  
I copped me some clothes, but I want me some more  
I'm raising my glass 'cause it's time for a toast  
I'm watching my back, know I stay on my toes  
Call my fit Benji, cause that shit is cold  
You don't know the link, no, you don't know the code  
That boy went outside, I heard that boy he tote  
I feel like I'm Ye, I might rock a Polo

I feel like I'm Charles, 'cause I'm on my ho  
When I hit my DMS, tryna get in my show  
You mess with the gang, and that choppa gon' blow  
Put the foot on the gas, 'cause I'm not going slow  
Hop in the Benz, I hop in Mercedes  
Off of the drugs, so they cannot tame me  
Got a lil' thing, know I got a lil' lady  
She stay at my crib, she been here a lot lately  
Oh you think you funny, you not entertaining  
Been in the stu', this is my form of training  
Know I'm not thin, baby I'm concentrating  
Finna drop a lil' song, 'cause they tired of waiting

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Yeah, yeah, yeah (Woah)

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