

Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh, uh, na-na-na, yeah

I ain't really fuckin' with the winter
Cause when I leave it's really dark
Lookin' at the hands of a sinner, it's been the scene from the start
They told me that your mans was a winner, they been feeding you the starch
Playing for the gas it was cold by the spark
Waiting for his ass to get old and depart
I been turning trash into gold and it's doubt in the heart
I been feeling cold
On this road so alone
So I go, put my eyes on the gold
Them niggas had stolen your hope and I know
Just pray you don't fold, yeah
I spent some days in that room
I wait for the moon
I don't want you to stress
I'm you soon, please do not wait for me dude
Stayed in the room, my face full of doom
I'm shaking the room, my face full of doom
My face full of doom...

Yeah, mm, bumdundata, yeah, yeah

I swear Tjay that's my nigga, shoutout Daedae man he pickup
He be crazy off the liquor
Derrick finna hit a lick, I been cooking so much work
Man I'm finna hurt my wrists, Jodi know he with the shits
My son Mason, he legit, that boy Darell he so lit
I can't wait for him to blitz
Why these niggas on my dick?
You with my clique or you a dish
Yeah my niggas out here lit
Niggas don't want it
Niggas know I'm it
Niggas don't want it
Na, na, na, na, and I get this, aye-haha