

Fight, fights
Trouble, trouble in the streets
Fight, fights

Why I got 'em stressing?
Mama showed me, walk the earth and still blessing
Why I walk on any turf and get respect
You the type to be coughing up your necklace
Scrambled thoughts that I struggle to collect
Never knew until you told me I was precious
Long travel give me time to reflect
Talking to my genie 'bout a death wish
Got comfy with feeling the neglect
See nothing when I look into your message
Bump me until I run into the check
The first thing I'ma spend it on is essence
I could hardly finish up my sentence
It's hard moving forward with regret
Papa told me keep an eye on who you let in
Don't be riding with some Gs you gotta question

Yeah, yeah, can't hold me back
You can't hold me back

I'm sweet as a lie in your tongue
And the streets is climbing above, you weak, your mind in a dump
You see, whining really can't compare to the love
I ain't sharing my bud with niggas who clearly is slugs already
Barely a part to pay me, scariest times I'm sharing
Carry a conversation, various compilations
And vary your observations, there with no park to play in
Airy your wand to payment, die like a burial on my
Brothers, they got the nation, and in that calm my patience
Sinners be lost and vacant, this energy odds are taking
Dark where the laws is breaking, part of my armor's placed
The reason you are mistaken, watch when I get a bag
Shots in the cup 'cause the opps didn't send us that
I see you with me sober, it's harder to mention that
The cards that you dealt was trash, but I promised to help you win
You was a helping hand
(A part of my helping, pass 'em, bark in the zealous path)