

(Section 8 just straight cooked this motherfucker up)

It's hard to find loyalty these days, that shit rare  
If I was down bad with nothin', would you be there?  
Missed my daughter birthday for three years, wish I could be there  
I done had my heart broke too many times, I need repair  
I'm not doin' roots, but you know I'm rockin' Dsquared<sup>2</sup>  
I just want your love and dedication, is that too much?  
I done been used so many times, I swear I'm feelin' used up  
I done been hurt so many times, I swear I'm feelin' bruised up  
I done lost my heart in these streets, it's ice cold  
Had to shed some blood for this Rollie, a two-tone  
Had to shed some blood for this Cuban and honeycomb

12 tryna harass a nigga, but really I'm just walkin' home  
Yeah, I'm with the gang, but on some real shit, I can survive alone  
Lil' chicks hit my DM tryna holla, had to hide my phone  
So much shit I had to get off my chest, I had to drop a song  
We got in a shootout, how the fuck you ain't return fire?  
Down in Jacksonville with twin FNs, I feel like Urban Meyer  
This a crossbreed of the strongest strain, I need the highest buyer  
You ain't send that show deposit yet, so why you make a flyer?  
Got a partner, he just need accounts and he gon' send the wire  
Got an Arab, he be bustin' checks, no ID is required  
Come here, girl, I just want your everything  
Just to free my dogs, I'd give up everything  
We used to be friends, now it ain't the same  
You turned your back on me for some change  
I'm dosin' shrooms with the weed for the pain  
If your brother knew what you did, he'd probably turn over in his grave  
Yeah, I use my credit just to run my bag up to the sky  
'Fore a nigga tell the truth, he'll probably go defend a lie  
My girl mixed with seven different races and she from Dubai  
Some of the shit I seen inside the streets will probably make you cry  
Niggas tryna blindside you and take your life for no reason  
Catch you on the highway and put a fifty in your Trackhawk  
When my garage open, that's a McLaren I just backed out  
You can learn from me, I got some stories from my traphouse  
Doin' numbers, I do numerology  
I stand on what I said, I don't do apology  
Knew I was gon' be somethin', that was my prophecy  
Ain't picked up in a month, but she keep callin' me

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(What's happenin', Chi Chi?)

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