

Industry

Moneybagg Yo

My letter to the industry life
All these words on this page
Sums up to two
Fuck you!

These niggas lame as fuck (They lame)
These niggas not like us (At all)
I can't get used to this industry shit (I can't, ain't gon' lie)
These niggas act like hoes (Hoes)
Behind closed doors (Damn)
I can't get used to this industry shit (I can't, fuck it)
Aye, this is my letter to y'all
I cannot vibe at all
I can't get used to this industry shit (Shit just way too fake)
These niggas lame as fuck
These niggas not like us (Like us)
I can't get used to this industry shit
(I can't, what happened)

I met my favorite rapper
He know he my favorite rapper (What he do?)
He played me to the left (For real?)
I damn near bitch slapped 'em (On life)
I'm thinkin' to myself
Who the fuck he think he is (Ha)
Look at this shit for what it is
So, I kept it concealed (Kept it cool)
That's why I stand out
It's hard for me to fit in (Fit in)
It's only two seats in this car
You can't get in (You can't get In)
I don't work well with niggas
It feel like I'm jobless (Ah)
When you in the public eye
You become a target (For real)
Don't wanna be friends with these niggas
Forced to shake hands with these niggas
Don't wanna be mans with these niggas
Make my folk fans of these niggas (True story)
I just want bags and big figures
Quit tryin' to act like you with us
Don't try to come stand in my picture (Aye, stay over there)
This whole industry just fake to me (It's fake to me)
I told my niggas, just have faith in me (Just pray for me)
Hoes use to pull off, now they wait for me (They stand there)
You wanna see me, gotta pay for me (Back in)
This why the hood niggas relate to me
(The streets, the hood, the world)
It ain't no flaw, it ain't no fake in me
(Stand tall, won't fold, won't curl)
I keep my gun, it ain't no takin' me
(Hell nah, can't go like that)
Uh, uh exotics stank like potpourri

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They like when I go off
Came from nothing, so, I show off (Show off)
You couldn't even get a boat off
Rappin' 'bout the shit
That was the throw off
Niggas worried, niggas green
Prop money, tight jeans
They call 'em deals
'Cause you gotta deal with 'em
It ain't live as it seems
I ain't really with the mixed signals
We cool or we not (No back and forth)
All that dick ridin' that you you doin'
You a nigga, or that? (A nigga or bitch)
You had the drop on 'em
Let 'em go, you with us or the ops? (Answer me)
Never sellin' my soul (Why?)
I'm grindin' my way to the top (Grindin' it out, yeah)

I met some real niggas in this shit too, like
Some niggas I can tell, came from where I came from
Been through what I been through, or worse
Fuck the industry
Sincerely, Moneybagg Yo