

Don't Get Hit

MoneySign Suede

Roll the blunt
Roll the blunt
Roll the blunt

I'm the chosen one
The golden kid. All that

Boy, that's the shit I ain't
Bitch, nigga, fuck shit

That's the shit I ain't
Fuck, nigga. Mamma's boy
That's the shit I ain't

I'm sliding with a stick
Don't get hit
Ay, nigga, I don't forget or forgive
When you see me, you know what time that shit is
Why you're acting like you're real?
You're a bitch

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I just smoked a whole ounce in a day
28 grams to the face
I always wake up early and I always be up late
You niggas want smoke
We're gon' wake and we're gon' bake

I'm in the booth with a gun in my hand
I don't forget nothing
I'm gon' trip about the past
Heard these niggas want to get me
I'm still right here with a bag
You talk out your ass
You gotta stand on shit like that

I got Chanel cologne on my polo fit
Less people, less drama
Lately, I've been on my solo tip
I'm the chosen one
I got it tattooed
I'm the golden kid
I'm 'a go hard
I'm gon' hustle 'til they notice it

If you ain't tryna help your people, what you're doing?
My people lost hope 'cause all the days I done ruined
I'm going up and ain't nobody 'bout to stop me
I used to look out. I can't believe that you crossed me
Oh, God

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We've been talking 'bout a play. Don't ever talk it to them Jakes
We been on some shit that you suckers can't relate
Yeah
We're from the P, but the P don't stand for "play"
Get 'em in and get 'em gone
'Cause the P. It stand for "pay"
They didn't wanna let us in, but you know we find our way
They don't wanna see us shine, but it's cool. We got our way

Pour some juice in my cup just to numb away the pain
In the park going insane
With the zombies and the canes
Staying away from all the lames
No. You can't merge into our lane
I swear we been through shit
That you suckers can't relate

Everybody say they're real, but, in reality, they ain't
Twenty eight grams to the face
For every single fucking fate

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For every single fucking fate

Oh, God

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I just smoked a whole ounce in a day
28 grams to the face

You know what time it is
They all know since a niño
I've been on some different shit

I know they wanna see me fall or wanna see me in a cage
How they throw dirt on my name
And then go and smile up in my face

I keep a weapon. We're "Parkside"-stepping
I do this for my brother looking down on me from heaven
Listen, homie: I forget but don't forgive
They be talking on the net
This and that always cap

I can't trust a single soul
Why you think I pistol-pack
We ain't nothing like them boys
Don't compare us
Check the stats

All the shit that I've been doing. Still not enough
Ay on P's
Just know: for my brother, we're gon' do it up
Yeah
Nigga "Parkside" babies
I'm gon' throw it up

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