

Outside

MoneySign Suede

I've been in my zone, I've been on the road
I finally understand I'm the one that God chose
I got a smile on my face for all them days I was low
I went up, they ain't wanna see me grow
Sister, why you crying and we so damn close?
It was me, lil' Spade, growin' up, sharin' clothes
I wanna win this case, but it's lookin' like a no
So if they lock me up, please put money on the phone
I've been on the road, so my whip a lil' dirty
I'm out on bail, so I'm wakin' up early
I'm lurkin' in these streets, he a demon, it's concerning
But instead of hatin', all you niggas should be learning
I try to act cool, but I got shit that really hurts me
A couple niggas switched, but my plan still workin'
My lil' homie thirteen and he already servin'
I'm tryna stay focused, but my vision be gettin' blurry

Told the opps, "We outside"
All my niggas gon' step when it's time
Stuck in the trenches, still ridin' with a nine
He got got, he the talk of the night
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Fresh out of jail and I'm slidin' with a strap again
Shit is bad, then it's good, then it's bad again
I can't change, I'm just a product of my environment
You gon' die 'round here with that designer fit
I couldn't wait to get a foreign and just hit the block
I stayed down for a minute just to hit the top
I open doors for my people, yeah, I'll break the lock
Still to be livin' everyday like, "Fuck a knot"

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Fresh out, tell the opps we outside
My lil' drummer got a chop, now it's slide
No nine-to-five, but I got some 9-5s
We stand on business, put in work, we all die
Which one you from? Is it the projects or the block?
Get easy money, it ain't hard to get you shot
This for my nigga that was standin' in the lot
Let Fucca out, they need to free my lil' La
This one for my niggas writin' kites, snortin' lines, doing sentences
And the ones that don't get high who got a knife on the premises
Who tried relyin' on the word and never made it past genesis
Start relyin' on the turf and squabble up with they nemesis
All my niggas makin' wine and they think that they chemists-es

All them pussy niggas lyin', actin' like they got businesses
Your bitch wanna suck me down, now they feel in their feelings-es
This for my dogs who sit it out, but they ain't never been witnesses, ayy (Ayy)

Mr. In and Out, still finna bust, I'm screamin', "Fuck the world"
Prison, plenty bitches gave it up, so I can't trust a girl
Bendin' over bowls just like a spoon inside of Malt-O-Meal
I been up the road so fuckin' much, feel like a trucker feel

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