

(Wes)

(I miss you, Gray)

That shit funny how they talkin' on the net

Niggas talkin' like they know me, but I don't let it get to my head

I came out of jail, I went and hopped inside a 'Vette

Niggas wanna come around now 'cause they see me with some bread

I'm 'bout to drop a tape, I had too much on my chest

Too much on my mind, but one tear, I won't shed

I could rap about a lot, but you don't know nothing 'bout respect

You don't know nothing 'bout the struggle when life is a mess

I take my time with this shit 'cause I ain't makin' none nothing

Niggas talking 'bout the streets, niggas ain't really out here gunning

Niggas talking like they got money, niggas ain't really out here pushing

Nigga like me, I really ball, I'm out here dunking

Niggas talking out the ass like they know me or somethin'

I let a nigga talk they shit like, "Let me know when you done"

When it's time to really slide, I ain't playin' with nothin'

Niggas say they getting money, I don't think they getting enough

Niggas be on my shit, like, be on shit with your funds

I got a bitch licking me up, she got me holdin' her bun

I just wanna fuck, ain't 'bout to give her no love

Ain't 'bout to give her no daughter, ain't 'bout to give her no son

I got the lil' bro on my shoulders when I walk around

I keep straps, I don't say it proud

Don't you tell me that you down if you ain't really down

I was on my ass, now I have a crowd

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