

Yo

Everyone's trappin' and everyone's shootin'  
Fake rappers sound real, it's confusing  
Three things in common, let me go through them  
We rap, we're alive and we're all only human  
Most of these rappers are a mystery  
Done a background check, no history  
But they got a friend that's official on the roads  
So they write about him and tell his story  
Then they blow off a cap like a knee shot  
They ain't never sat in no trap by the sea shore  
Bagging up packs 'til the feds kick the door  
Now you're running for your life, hearing seagulls and nee naws  
I trap but this shit's done, bats or a brick shot  
That's me and Shrimpos, strapped in the ding dong  
Pack man and dip off, I'm actually pissed off  
'Cause bro got bagged in a big crop  
Now it's free 'em up until it's spelled backwards  
Why you tryna go back to your ex, that's backwards  
I'm strictly movin' forward in my life, not backwards  
Where I'm from its evol, like love spelled backwards  
(Now it's free 'em up until it's spelled backwards  
Why you tryna go back to your ex, that's backwards  
I'm strictly movin' forward in my life, not backwards  
Where I'm from its evol, like love spelled backwards)

Yo

They look at my life, they think it looks nice  
But it's been far from easy  
I remember them days, I remember them nights  
I starved, when mum couldn't feed me  
So I went out and got it  
I went and took risks and made somethin' from nothin'  
When I made my first tenner with Joey back then  
We just both fell in love with the hustle  
It's been a long road on the streets bruv  
It's been a lot of ups and downs  
Used to show a lot of man love in my hood blud  
But they never showed me love back  
They took my kindness for weakness  
So bruddas got dropped out and put on the bench  
And I earned my respect 'cause the work that I put in  
You earned your respect 'cause you're pushin' a Benz  
That's a joke, the feds took my brother off road  
And the judge gave eighteen years for a move  
Only God knows how he copes  
But I ain't been tryna get in beef in the streets blud  
I just been tryna get money  
But he dissed my brudda, so he dissed me  
So I'va get the drop off and bun him  
I cut a crop the feds runnin'  
I cut a crop the feds runnin'  
I had to bolt out the back door, jump the fence  
I had to guard on a bucket of jargon  
And I'm gettin' away, but they're comin'  
And I'm gettin' away, but they're comin'  
I'm three miles away from the crime scene

But that weren't far enough, I kept runnin'  
And the amount of times I said "Fuck it."  
The amount of times I said "Fuck it."  
I keep showin' love, they don't show it back  
So now I've had enough of all of that love shit  
Right now I'm on some fuckery  
Right now I'm on some crud  
When you see me  
Don't be puttin' out your fist tryna spud me  
'Cause right now I ain't on spuds  
Right now I'm on loading up guns  
Take me to the shotters and plugs  
Right now I'm on kicking off doors  
Take me to the money and drugs  
Them bruddas ain't puttin' in work  
Them man are just runnin' their gums  
You better have bullet proof skin  
If you think you can run up on us