

Yo

I walked in the barber shop lookin' rough, then came out feelin' all ten-ten  
 Man can't question my ting, my work come nothin' less than ten-ten  
 I don't beg no girl, I don't beg friend  
 And that's probably why I'm always lonely  
 If you wanna buy bricks, bring cash  
 'Cause I don't tick like my rose gold Roley  
 Young days man wore fake Roley  
 Fake Prada's and a fake Stoney  
 But I still got unlimited pussy  
 Thank God that nobody noticed  
 The police keep takin' photos  
 The obbo got me feelin' famous  
 We made life changin' money in the streets  
 But we still never let it change us  
 I'm gettin' all this love off strangers  
 And I'm gettin' all this hate off day one's  
 My part of town is dangerous  
 Best friends turn into traitors  
 And your own family turn into haters  
 Family homes turn into bando's  
 Then Feds kick the door then raid it  
 Then lock us up and put us in cages  
 This lifestyle got my head hurtin'  
 It's Get Rich or Die Trying like Curtis  
 Broke times, man felt worthless  
 Bank account lookin' unfurnished  
 Had to take that risk and put work in  
 Kick a mans door down and burst in  
 And you know your beefs real in the hood when you nearly get killed 'cause y  
 ou took the wrong turnin'

Moneys on a high demand  
 Bro has to ride with man  
 He wants to fly Dubai, he can't  
 I know it's the third time  
 But please give us a second chance  
 Wanna touch me? Wait, wo, wo  
 Bro got the wo, wo  
 We can't go nowhere without the wo, wo  
 Wo, wo, wo, wo, wo  
 We no have no fear when we got wo, wo  
 Wo, wo, wo, wo, wo  
 Wo, wo, wo, wo, wo

Yo

I'll let you bite all my bars and flows  
 And if you can, take my girl off me  
 But try take food from my kids mouth  
 I promise you it's gonna be World War III  
 I pull up to your location like Dave with the burner and ski mask lookin' li  
 ke burqa's  
 With murder on my mind like I'm Melly  
 And I won't go home 'till somethin' get's turned off  
 My young boys'll never go broke again  
 That's 'cause I taught 'em how to move a pack  
 They ain't got hairs on their balls or chins yet

But they got the OG's doing a dash  
They'll kill a man and put it on Insta  
And put it on the Snapchat and YouTube that  
So everyone can watch the full ride  
On their mobile phone like a Uber app  
I just hit a lick for a brick, bingo  
Doors get popped like Pringles  
If not, man's comin' in through windows  
Have a man under my stick like limbo  
Du du du, du du du, du du du, du  
You would love that ring tone if you got a brick phone  
I'm in my [?] in a big grow  
Puttin' up trees like I'm doing up Crimbo  
[?] makes your brick dance like disco  
He distribute wraps like he works for Ditto  
I'm my YG's boss, I'm their big bro  
I break bread and give them a slice like Kimbo  
Them days I was broke as a big joke  
My cash flow used to be slow like limp mode  
I used to walk around with holes in my Hi Tec shoes  
Showing off my big toes

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