

That nigga told, he been rockin' wit the rollers
Chain gang slimey bitch Rocky Balboa
I be on dope bitch fell into a coma
Really from the four's had to get it off the corner
Aunty and them smokers on the porch playing poker
Fo' nick hefty, too bulky for a holster
There's all type's of bitches on my Motorolla
We pulling out the corner store wit hella baking soda
Another cold summer I ain't seen a summer colder
Gang enhancement charges when them people roll up on us
They throw the hold up on us plus they boosting up the bail
The crime rate quiet all the shooters in the cell
It's Hell Gang bitch I'm going straight to hell
Just made it harder for yourself it ain't no way that I could tell
It's either a maney jumpshot or hit the NFL
We fucked his career off he got possession's for them sales

One day I'll be balling, yeah
I'm outside by the corner
I'm trynna get this money, yeah
I just flipped another quarter
Started off in a stolo, yeah
Now I'm sliding in a foreign
Touchdown city solo, yeah
From the bottom I'm scorin

Blood!
Started off buying plug, ten for forty
Outside me and Dirt he was carrying the 40
Had Linden St. barkin rolled coke on the third
Trynna touch these five racks from the first to the third
Crack dreams bitch what you know bout cookin
Instagram flippin black gate we juggin'
Got whatever you need, just bring your lighter
Been out here all day and I'm pulling an all nighter
Pants dirty, black hoody I'm on a mission
Fuck these bitches, gotta get it I'm chasin chicken
Boiling water, add the soda watch it rise up
And Scrr, Scrr, Scrr, when I scrape the sides up
Nose dirty, snortin coke from all my zippers
Real pimpin, need dough from all my bitches
Nigga I was sellin coke to my own father
If I ain't sell it to him he would buy it from my partner
Blood!

One day I'll be balling, yeah
I'm outside by the corner
I'm trynna get this money, yeah
I just flipped another quarter
Started off in a stolo, yeah
Now I'm sliding in a foreign
Touchdown city solo, yeah
From the bottom I'm scorin

Pigs hit the block my real ones went to jail
Ain't no money to post bail so they sittin in cells
My youngins shootin at civilians

I ain't wit killin children
But it's bracken blood it's day to day
You caught at the gas station now a 40 in your face
Now who callin who phone, hut, 48
I'm the first to line up, I ain't a second late
Slid off on some real shit
Real niggas feel this
I see you endin up in the ICU
Hitta's know I rock wit the Hell Gang, and free my nigga Truth
It be the solid ones that go first, and the snitchin is bool
I bleed the bag for bag, misleading these hoes
Still gettin it out the gutter and it's me and my bros
I don't claim to be, I'm in these streets, put it on P's
Free real niggas, so fuck you industry niggas

One day I'll be balling, yeah
I'm outside by the corner
I'm trynna get this money, yeah
I just flipped another quarter
Started off in a stolo, yeah
Now I'm sliding in a foreign
Touchdown city solo, yeah
From the bottom I'm scorin