Intro

Nafe Smallz

We are the music makers (Let's go)
Yeah (Let's go, let's go)

When I told 'em I'm grinding, wonder if they believe me
When I was so fucking hungry, had no money to feed me, uh
Out in the jungle with the gloves and the beenie
'Cause ain't no time like the winter, man, this shit is still f
reezing
And no-oh, I used to wish on a feeling, uh
I used to pray that I could live what I'm dreaming, uh
I see you shining, I just wish you could see this, uh
We smoking weed, still getting high to the ceiling
I put my weed down, back in the booth and I put the heat down
Bitch I used to fuck with, she callin' me for the beat down
I woke up and this mission was incomplete still, uh
Now them haters, they wishing that I don't stay real
Why, why?
I know you hating, I seen it in my eyes (My eyes)
I light the weed and the fragrance was so high
I just turn up the speakers and turn that shit up so high, make
 it do drive-by

So what do you do?
I'm a gangster
No really, what do you do?
I'm a rapper
Seriously Marcus, what do you do?
I'm a gangster rapper, hahaha

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