

Like Nafe

Nafe Smallz

We got ProdLem

(Woo, woo)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, gone, uh

Yeah

No money for the rent, light bill need credit

Shit, that make me wanna get it (Lets go)

I sleep in the morning for couple hours then I'm tryna get wit' it (Lets go)

I'm in the booth 'til I'm finished

Then I'm back to where it's popping

The reason I ain't got a minute (Time)

Put the food up on the digits

If niggas fucking with the paper

Then I'm just handling my business (Grrra)

Hit your block, I'm in a rented

You piss me off, I feel offended

Still with Blockz, still with Bless

Still approaching with the weapons so nigga, mind how you stepping (Watch out)

Draw me out, proceed

Me on my shit, some shit you don't need (No way)

Onto some looney shit, no sleep

Paro, I squeeze until there's no [?] (Baow, baow)

One in the back'll give you cold feet

These niggas sounding like the old me

Kill any beat, the kid is boasy

I been on the grind, I been up, no sleep (No sleep)

Cookin' that coca like I'm OT

I hear them birds chirp, rise up

Back on my shit, been moving lowkey

Less than a week, I smoke a whole Z (I smoke), yeah, yeah

Trap money in the safe

I'm back starting on the game (Lets go, yeah)

M-Might think I been away

Coupe still switching lane

The coupe still switching lane (Skrr, skrr)

My younger niggas with the heart

Day ones got the aim

Get the picture, get the frames

Streets can turn you insane

Streets can turn you insane

Get your P and get your name

'Til that shit too late

W-Waps still on my estate

And shootouts still bait, shootouts still bait

July 19, 1996, they gave birth to a great, gave birth to a great

The sauce drip like Ace (Sauce)

The sauce drip like Mase (Drip)

The sauce drip like Nafe (Like Nafe)

Move from me (Woo), ain't tryna lose (No)

Been on my ones and twos

Ten toes down (Ten toes), still tryna make moves (Lets go)

Niggas still movin' loose, bitches still movin' loose (They loose, yeah)

Yeah, but I hit the hoes up too, like who am I kidding? Them bitches just rude (They rude)

Trap line ringing, it's cool
Block still pickin' up dust, it's true (Lets go, lets go)
Waps still make a boy dance, it's true
None of that talk is true, yeah (No way)
None of that talk is necessary
We done been over everything already (That's right)
It's a cold world so I know you ready
Get the automatic, we upload the semi (Lets go)
Lets not forget that you know me, no
I ain't no newbie (No, no)
Been on the curb from a juvie, you cannot fool me
Bro been buying up corn like Call Of Duty (Grrra)
Word to Lucy (Go, go), uh huh
Cah I'ma hold my niggas down until the end
This ain't no acting (Nah), ain't no movie, yeah (Lets go)
Been about it (Woo)
Drug money, been around it
Trap money, seen a thousand
Strap loaded in the house
And still I'm always in and out
They got the move, got the rob
Music got me on the road
All this shit cornerstone, yeah (Uh)
Hope I ain't screwed homie
Grim Reaper still tryna cruise on me (Lets go)

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