

# Riding On E

Nafe Smallz

Just listen  
Woo!

I'm smokin' somethin' strong on the East with my niggas  
I remember ridin' on E with my niggas  
Trappin', no sleep, tryna eat with my niggas  
Now I step into the club, she wanna leave with my niggas  
Gang, gang, gang, yeah, it's a gang ting  
But if we on a mission, it's prolly just three of my niggas  
I been on the paper chase, straight no days off  
Dreamin' but I ain't been sleep in a minute  
I'm knee-deep in it, yeah  
Fuckin' let me breathe for a minute  
Cah' the air ain't clean where I'm livin'  
I can smell the demons in it  
So I'm rollin' in the deep end with it  
You know I ain't catchin' no feelings, yeah  
That love be the killer, yeah  
Me, I'm tryna be the best millionaire  
Then the next billionaire  
I got my killies that will kill in here  
Ain't a thing to find out where you livin', yeah  
Whenever the script gets flipped and the tables get turned  
You don't wanna cross me when your bridges get burned  
I been with the same niggas in the same farm  
Smokin' Mary J, I'm at the J [?]  
Then I let the tray burn, we don't fuck with Satan  
I been on the mission since I been awakened  
Still I can't send it, can't hit the station  
Gotta keep it blatant, runnin' out of patience  
You know

Still I'm runnin' outta patience  
Still I'm runnin' outta patience  
We done made it out the basement  
But we ain't made it out the pavements  
So I'm stayin' with the stainless  
Bet this bullet leave you brainless  
In these streets, you gotta say less  
Runnin' with the same friends  
Gettin' money out the same ends  
In this beef, I never make amends

Band, always tryna get the upper hand on me  
Don't they know I do this for the gang?  
Talkin' 'bout that money, it's more than a couple grand  
I'm a real top boy, I don't do it for the 'gram  
Grow up on the block, drug dealin' on the scam  
Thug was 13, bust an AC, no Milan  
Young niggas tryna get rich off a scam  
Goin' [?], that was never part of the plan, no  
Now I'm tryna get it, early bird get the worm  
Hoes in my trackies, but them birds had to turn  
Breakin' all the laws, get a bird, fuck the sun  
And see how many niggas gon' fuck your bird from your fam  
I was in the trap puttin' all them herbs on the can  
Got into this rap, now it's verse after verse

This fame shit, it really be a gift and a curse  
Can't slip when they lurk, keep a grip on your

If we do this right, bruv  
We back on top  
No more of that fuckin' around on the street corners sellin' shit