

Squad Goals

Nasty C

Ain't nobody...

Ain't nobody fucking with my squad (No)
Ain't nobody fucking with my squad (No)
Flaming Lambo, Lambos come alive hoe
All the hatin' shit can step aside hoe
Ain't nobody fucking with my squad (No)
Ain't nobody fucking with my squad (No)
All the hatin' shit can step aside hoe
Cause we can see that through with our eyes closed

Oh you know better than to talk back
My whole squad up in the building, you don't want that
We look for money like we need to scratch our palms bad
I wrote my wrongs and then they told me that my fonts bad
I tried to tell you keep it real or keep it moving
Went from aiming for the stars to shooting movies
And now I get to go back to my hood
To all the ones that used to laugh and be like
"Hey broke bitch, how you doin'?"
Still bullying, I used to be a nuisance
Yeah I think of that
And that movie scripture's wack
I had to change, I couldn't stick to that
So now it's finger snapped and picture snapped
And now it's pasta on a Tuesday night
I have to ask God if I'm moving right
Cause now I can't go to church like I used to
I have to call a pastor on a Tuesday night
I only call pops like once a month
And send something home like twice a month
I passed out and forget about last night about 25 times a month
Pops seeing women all around his son
And he asked if I'll be wifing one
It'll happen when the time is right
But I don't know when the right time will come
I'm having good times only
And sometimes good is not holy
I haven't even touched the good book
And a nigga reads it like a cook book
Said the recipe to the foul enemies is found in the good book
When your soul is empty just turn to it
Have no doubt in the good book
I got real ones in my good books
Not a single page for errors
We always in and out the banks, cause they deserve our appearance
I'm breaking bread with my breadwinners
And man, two of 'em are parents
So that's no room for errors
I hope their kids grow to hear us
Cause I swear to God

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