

Finally Rich

Nines

All them dead weekends, friday nights in the trap
Stacking for a new life, I can't rely on this rap
Told my niggas save their P but they just wanna floss
I've always been a good yute they wanna label me a boss
Trust me cah I had them pagans lookin soft
I'm goin crazy for the loss
Maybe they can save me in the mosque
Cause if I pull up in that seven seater, that's your life done
Free my nigga Fundz man he deserves a nice run
All them old niggas hogging the game
I ain't them niggas if I get robbed for my chain
Niggas be dropping like rain
Need my worker, couple boxes then hop on a plane
Made a few mistakes so I would have been rich already
See my niggas hit the belly never give me a penny
It's cool though, cah now we pull up in them fly beamers
Buy nina's and press it like the dry cleaners

I had a dream about the future last night
Good thing I had my eyes closed
(Why's that?)
Cah the future looked bright
Hope you're strapped up, cah my niggas bout to take flight
(Real Life)
U see the chains bright like a breaklight
It's Nina wid da Nina better get the name right
Hittin 3 bitches in the same night
Remember when my nigga had the rucksack, doing pedalbike shifts on the strip
Look now, my nigga's finally rich

That nigga Nines needs to blow, he's so ill
I know the real Birdman I don't need no deal
It's hard to creep in these Harlesden streets
And if the stars could speak, they'd vouch for me that I barks my heat
At times my nigga Big Keyz drove me nuts
But part ways like Jay and Dame, that won't be us
Took some losses, tell them yutes that I'm on again
Last year I was buying bricks but I wanted 10
This year I ordered 20 bricks but I need 80
Like my nigga Shoogz I'm a weed baby
Every 2 weeks I change my phones
Everybody's tryna be the man It's like I'm in a Game of Thrones
All them punchlines and you ain't landed one
So much kicks you would think that I was Daniel San
You think I'm rich all this gold on my neck
And I ain't got time to rave cause I owe the connect

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