

Handle It

Nines

I used to have no eletric in my yard
Using a candle light streaming over glamour life when my brothe
r died that was the saddest night
On my way to school fiends in the staircase time flys now my ho
od seems like a weird place
My grandma putting money in the collection plate
And the pastors the connect the flake
Without my mums thought I used to regulate the streets try a be
st single parent working 7 days a week
I'm on trial how theses juries and feds judge me
They can't relate cause they ain't never been to bed hungry
I just spit the truth in the booth sorry if I'm confusing the y
outh
A quick message to the kids in them children homes
Good times are here even if you feel alone
Tryna survive will I live to see 25 can't afford to slide quick
ly handled this life

Shit was more fun when I was broke couple niggas got 30s now th
ere struggling to cope
Wish I could jam with stylie holla my brother
Theses days its like mums are getting younger and younger
That little nigga always act crazy
But it weren't his fault he was a crack baby
Used to jam with theses niggas after school
Now everytime we cross pass I blast my tool
Feds hit me with an asbo
Thinking if my chick would love me if I never had doe
My cash flow went mad slow
Hardly getting ammo so I'm about to cook me up a Lambo
Take risks but I ain't tryna go to pen
Fell off but bounced back I ain't going broke again
I don't watch this niggas I stay in my own lane
In the trap all day weighing up cocaine