

These Keys

Nines

How can I give this all up
This is all I wanted to be
This music money isn't enough
I just can't get caught with these keys
With these keys
I just can't get caught with these keys
With these keys, with these keys

Ask my nigga Nunu how we went through all them rubber bands
Remember when I copped the ice Hublot with the rubber band
Made 30K this week I'm nothing like them other man
I'm on a different level now but I don't think they understand
Last year I would have stressed my pockets if I copped a Range
Funny how in a couple months, how a lot could change
Old niggas on the track, bragging 'bout watch and chain
Next album I'll probably rap about yachts and planes
Pull up on the block, all them yungens circle 'round the Porsche
Came a long way from the Gilera with the loud exhaust
Shit was slow, mandem was moving like some scavengers
Never going broke again I'm cool with all the traffickers
Jazzy said chill and let them young bucks spray them tools
Think they hating now, watch when I upgrade my jewels
My little niggas little niggas spend a monkey on some shoes
Trappin' from a distance can't see them junkies from these views
Grew up 'round some of the best niggas to do it
Now we fucking with them Albo's they like the Mexicans of Europe
They don't play me on the radio but I don't give a fuck
I've buried P, went broke, then I had to dig it up

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Empty boxes got me nauseous
Six burner phones in my faucet
We buy phones and we wash 'em
Digging holes to find a million dollars [?], ain't sweet
I've been broke, same clothes for a week
Fresh off the plane I see badges fuck the D.E.A
This piece costs a couple more G's, when it leave the States
Started from the bottom, with a key of yay
I'm ridin' round dirty in this Honda, I don't need the Wraith
They grabbed Stack, we just laughed when he beat the case
Cookies with the cheese, bring me strains
Bring the jack back, I'm smoking for the JA
Black hoodie with the AK
Dirty money bring the devil out, bag the lemonade
Put my gloves on, then we send 'em out
80 for a 20 pack, yeah I'm talking locally
Here in the city, I'm still getting The rest of them getting 2, they can't e
ven sell 'em though
I could never sell 'em low, I'd rather be selling blow
Talking on the telephone, now he's never coming home

The dope gang dirty yeah, they don't love you until you're gone

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