

## 40 Some Flow's

NoCap

(Ayy bro, is that Jambo?)  
Uh-huh (Ghetto)  
Free (Ghetto)  
Free, free (Ghetto)  
Uh-huh, yeah-yeah  
Yeah-yeah (Ghetto)

Only time I tell a lie is to protect who I love (Uh-huh)  
Baby, fuck them other niggas, they ain't nothin' like us (Uh-huh)  
Said I'm cruisin' the highway, cup of Lean and this Gen' 4  
Money brought every problem I had, but I'm still gettin' dope  
Alone in Miami, right now I'm on the forty-somethin' floor  
Rappers can't keep up, they tryin', but I got forty-somethin' flows  
Come from a place where we be dyin' for nothin'  
Beautiful truth, but the lies are ugly  
And I just needed you to ride for somethin', for somethin', for somethin'

Say a prayer for all my haters when the jet depart  
I wish that I could ride with Wap while in this Aston Martin  
As I'm in shackles, I see tears in my mama face  
I came home, bought her a new Benz, took off Section 8  
Artillery in every city I land  
Terrorist, I took the game and I ran  
I seen the ball, and dawg, this wasn't the plan  
Fuck the system, they keep takin' my mans

Free Ghetto  
Free Ghetto  
Ghetto, ghetto livin'  
Yeah

They see me ballin', so they think that I'm ahead of them  
But all this fame, dawg, it ain't nothin' scarier  
Cry you a ocean, lake, river, or aquarium  
That's what happen when I laugh  
That's what happen when I—  
Ah-hahahahaha

I ain't Ghetto, nigga, I'm—  
I'm—I'm forty-somethin' flows up, nigga  
With my AP on frozed up too, nigga  
I'm on top of the world, I can see the world right now  
I can see the sun hittin' off the water, and the water hittin' off the sun (Ghetto)  
And the prayers hittin' off the buzz, nigga (Ghetto)  
Yeah, I know you feel me (Ghetto)  
(Ghetto livin') Uh-huh  
(Ghetto) Yeah (Ghetto)  
Free (Ghetto)  
Free, free, free, (Ghetto)

Now I got my head to the sky, my feet to the ground, my finger to the judge  
If the money don't move, then I won't budge, won't budge, no  
I won't budge, won't budge, no  
Now I got my head to the sky, my feet to the ground, my finger to the judge  
If the money don't move, then I won't budge, won't budge, no  
I won't budge, won't budge, no

Come from that shoebox lil' hustle, we tryna get a deal  
The judge givin' us more time than we can live, dawg  
Once again, it ain't no food on the table  
This the shit that to turn the youth into takers, I  
Trade for this money or this fame, somethin' I never would do, oh Ay, rock t  
he boat in the coupe, bumpin' 26Coop

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