

(Al Geno on the track)

Ballin', but I beef with niggas mad I ain't assist 'em  
Solo, wrong company'd probably take me from my lil' one  
I got a plan, I feel like I can turn plastic to silver  
Tryna escape this shit before it's too late  
Mama, I'm on TV now  
Them people need me now  
The ones that told me that I wouldn't succeed  
I'm from where it's normal to bleed  
Ambulance stallin' on purpose  
They'll let you die before they get to the scene too early

Yeah, nigga, that's that jungle talk, nigga  
Where the police gotta get there before the ambulance get there, nigga  
Make sure everything safe, nigga, you know what I'm saying?  
It's that real, yeah

Ain't no one guaranteed tomorrow  
Make sure the neighbors keep they mouth closed  
Trap, he from Happy Hill, I treat him like he's sixteen  
How could this small place influence a big dream?

When I felt no one would listen to me, I would call Wop  
The other day, I thought 'bout venting to you, who'll I call now?  
Sometimes I hope that lil' Cho will think smarter  
'Cause I know kids in Chloe need a father  
I can't be flexin' on no niggas, that shit ain't cool  
'Cause it was times when me and Nick would wear the same shoes  
Now my watch sixty  
I just hope the Lord forgive me, I'm feeling guilty  
Could've did charity for the children  
When you in the trap, gotta stay focused and be ready for the bus  
When they came, I hit the cut, E got my jaws out the mud  
I'm out here dealing with the fame, same time, I'm dodging karma  
I'm out here dealing with the pain a nigga know ain't normal  
And everything I ever gave, you gotta owe me something  
But I don't want it, if I leave, give it to Fridge or Punter

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