

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
(Damn, MyBaad)

Got these niggas playin' catch-up, they must heard that I was winnin'
Pour up in a Phantom, money, it get made any minute
Designer junkie, I'm a crackhead whenever I'm in Lenox
All my niggas know it's rod, man, they might lay down the dentist
Pour this codeine up and take me to another world
And if you love me, shawty, let me go and fuck on your girl
I hope that God forgive me, I been takin' medicine
Them devils at the door, I kill whoever let 'em in (Oh)
Knife in my hand, my heart on zero, I feel like Jayson Tatum
Been hurt too much, won't let 'em too close, even my fuckin' labels
I been eatin' with my left hand, the right one under the table
'Cause soon as they think they steppin' on me, the doctors metal plate 'em
We tote sticks like the Taliban, but name a time I ran
Do two shows, a hundred stacks, that paper what I rack
Tote clips, that's in my DNA, that mean we do not act
I feel just like I'm Aaron Donald, I'm tryna get a sack
Ayy, ayy, ayy

These niggas watered down
My neck so watered down
These bitches watered down
Pour up a lil' more extra
These bitches way too extra
We on another level
Remember I was blind, now I pull up Cullinan
Them hoes gon' follow us when I leave out the club I'm in
I'm missin' Wap, but I can't blame him for the way I'm sippin'
They gon' catch me up inside them chains before they catch me slippin'
I done flooded all my hoes' baguettes
I been swervin' on the road to success
I know speakin' ghetto interests the best
No, I'm not happy 'cause I'm dealin' with that
Right now, you feel like you alone
But one day, you comin' home
We can't sleep good, we never alone
Problems, we just got to move on
She from Ohio, she ain't never seen this much of money, I left her buckeye
I did time, I can't get the jail up out my head, rather my scalp dry
Angel to my mama, wonderin' why the fuckin' feds wan' be the bad guy
These scars, they overflow, but I know I come out on top just like last time

Oh, oh, oh (Uh, uh, uh, uh)
Oh, oh, oh (Uh, uh, uh, uh)
Oh, oh, oh (Uh, uh)
Oh, oh, oh

The shit I said fucked up JaMarcus Russell deal
Fucked up my trust, so now it's hard for me to build
Cried out for help, it seem like no one didn't hear
That's probably why I put these pointers in my ear

I tote them drums like I'm Travis, nigga, I'm not a barker
I got no ceilings up in traffic, nigga, like Mr. Carter
Won't say I worry, but we leave you, mama, devastated

When you ball, you can throw it up like Tom Brady
On the road, so sometimes when you call, the signal will fail on you
Girl, what you wanna do next? I'll never tell on you
Your problems is just like your dress, whatever you see is through
Forever, I ride for my guys until I'm sleepin' in a suit, nigga
Forever, I ride, forever, I ride, forever, I ride
Forever, I ride, forever, I ride, forever, I ride

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