

How It's Going

NoCap

(Wheezy outta here)

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah

I put an AP on my left wrist
I put Cartier up on my bitch
I put a Rolex on my brother arm
That's exactly how this shit been goin'

Yeah, I drive that Chevy like a Rolls
Mouth full of golds
Rich nigga, still'll fuck a project ho
I'm saggin' 'cause I got it from my daddy
My mama knew I was a problem when she had me

These niggas talk behind my back like I'm the reason they ain't that
I fucked around and ran it up, that's the same reason why they stuck
I got too much paper, I made it kind of hard to go to war
Let Young Globe hang out the car
Know shit get wet up with no mop
NoCap the hood preacher, got a plug who bless me with that oil
My safe so fuckin' big, I think it need a bathroom stall
Wake up in the mornin', hundred K on my dresser
Don't call yourself no opp if you ain't apply pressure
I walk on stage, fans call my name, the streets do too
Free Cortez, he know three numbers, 7.62
Why the police take my rifles? I got deals to catch too

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I been in that mode, I'm flippin' hoes like I ain't got no girl
Diamonds like broke glass, I'm in the Trackhawk screamin', "Free Lil Trell"
Glocky to my left, P pusher, bad ho flipper, sell a thousand pounds or better
Once you said that, can't erase that, better stand on what you feel
I'm in knee deep in the drug life, ain't no nigga gon' bring me fear
From New Orleans where the BR, we who put hoes to the test
7.62s like a missile, oh, you love me? Get me tattooed
I'm cut from a different fabric, niggas cotton and I'm solid
He ain't tied in, niggas lyin', VM, Vulture Mafia
I was cuttin' school with 'em, niggas act like they don't remember

I sold weed, I cracked cards, I'm a real hood nigga

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