

Mr. Crawford

NoCap

(Ayy, bro, is that Jambo?)
Hey, Mr. Crawford
Tell me where you been
They been askin', they been searchin', they been wonderin' why
Hey, Mr. Crawford
Tell me where you been (Shit fucked up right now)
They been askin', they been searchin', they been wonderin' why (It's gon' get better, though)
Ayy

Shootouts back to back, the hood in need of a spine
In the midst of chargin' my career, some niggas ended up dyin'
Know the opps want me wrinkled, so I stay with that iron
I'd rather go to jail than die, yeah, I wouldn't mind
So much love for my enemies, ayy, ayy, ayy
Thinkin' 'bout my past, it was incomplete, ayy, ayy, ayy

My leather so soft, my top so soft
I'll probably have it all, these niggas so soft
And I go so hard, and I go so hard
I probably curse in every verse, nigga, fuck the world
And I'm still thuggin' with my niggas trappin' pearls, yeah
Forever thuggin' with my niggas, I'ma keep it real
This just the way I live, ayy
Lil' boys pushin' big wheels
I'ma pick the world up and I'ma drop it on your fuckin' head
The sky is the limit, the sky is the limit
Hey, Mr. Crawford
Tell me where you been
Been ridin' 'round with some loaded guns, smokin' Pink Runtz
Lookin' for the opps' moms in the back of a Benz
Don't know where to begin
They gone for life, that's a hundred percent
Tried to stay cool, they got me hot, took me from under the vent
Talkin' to this codeine, I be high when I vent
Industry full of fuck niggas, don't know how I got in
Was suffocating, I found a bag and I jumped right up in it
He was skippin' English class, couldn't run away from that sentence
You my son, I'm your dad, I put lean in my kidney
Drinkin' Houston, come from Rula, I get higher than Whitney
Up in Houston with my ruler, tryna pull up on Britney
Not lookin' forward to your presence, but a young nigga gifted, yeah
Ask my city, they know I'm givin' back
I'm a real nigga, ain't gotta record every time I hand out book bag
Kyrie Irving handles, I was broke and I had shook back
Geno hit the 'bows so many times, I watched him cook crack
Had a couple of abortions 'cause I was broke and I regret that
Damn, my kids would've had a rich dad
Put that on your brain and sit back
It was me and Dunk ridin', tryna knock a nigga shit back
My J slangin' iron, a nigga wish he wouldn't've took that
Took Roger Williams down, Ralo still brought his hood back
They finna take my hood down, what they gon' do next?

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