

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?

Shootouts back to back, the hood in need of a spine

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