Pour Up

NoCap

(Jambo)

Load up, young nigga, load up, young nigga
Load up, young nigga, load
Pour up one, nigga, pour up one, nigga
Pour up one, nigga, pour
Roll up, young nigga, roll up, young nigga
Roll up, maybe three or four
Post up, young nigga, post up, young nigga
Post up right there by the store

Toast up, young nigga, toast up, young nigga
Toast up, young nigga, toast
And he don't wanna hurt nobody, he just want some money
So don't nobody move tonight, yeah
Nobody listens to his story, death was here before me
So don't nobody move tonight, yeah

Good nigga did some shit up in the past that he don't wanna mention
His partner died right in front of him, he ain't been the same since
He beefin' and he out on bond, but he ain't trippin' he still wanna spin it
Taken back, he seen like seven homies gone who he won't see again
Them pistols on him dirty, but he still won't trade 'em
His baby mama trippin', say she need a lil' paper
He don't know what to do, he walk back and forth pacin'
He say before he sell 'em, it'll be home invasion
The hood familiar with the kid, he the heart of the south
And he don't know who killed his brother, murder still unsolved
His uncle put his cousin on, he thinkin' 'bout takin' him off
His cousin serve him all the time, he know his sack in his drawers
His cousin serve him all the time, he know the racks in the car
It's kinda easy, he be high, he always lackin' on bars
Somebody loves you
I know what you goin' through
You need someone to talk to
Weight of the world is on you

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You catch one more felony, then you doin' life
I'm just tryna preach and tell you that it's more to life
You tryna change, but they still hold you on your past life
Ain't ate in days, you're stressin', fuckin' up your appetite
Asked God once, you said, "Fuck it, I'ma ask him twice"
If you ask a third time, you know that you not askin' nice
Cousin gave you one dime, why the fuck he got on all this ice?
His uncle taxin' him, give his cousin a better price
If he hit this one lick, he feel like his whole future bright
Never worked on calls, but the ghetto left him traumatized
Before he know it, his uncle pullin' up on him

And droppin' ten bags off, he ain't know that was comin'
He feelin' good, he been hustlin', gave his girl a lil' money
Said he gon' die or go to jail, they try to take somethin' from him
He had found out who killed his brother, he put like two of 'em under
Thoughts on robbin' unc' and cuz, but he had love for both of 'em (So that's all)

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