

I'm Straight

OMB Peezy

Drum Dummie made the beat and I'm gon' kill it
Look

Ayy, you can take the fame and the clothes
The diamonds and the gold
All I need is a bankroll
Drop me off on a corner and I'm straight (And I'm straight)
And I'm straight (And I'm straight)
Ayy, they don't want to see you win
Enemies really your friends
Had to cut them niggas off
'Cause I won't need 'em in the end
I'm straight (And I'm straight)
And I'm straight (And I'm straight)

Huh, big Parisian mansion, expensive art on every wall
Six car garage is full, a quarter million every car
So rich, I don't get to enjoy half of the shit I own
See this designer jacket? Wasn't shit 'til I put it on
Don't get it wrong, it ain't what's on you, it's what's you, homie
Ain't gon' talk 'bout shit you got after you dead and gone
Just what you did for people and where you there when they needed you?
How you impact the lives of the niggas we used to see with you
Every day life'll test you, you see what the root of evil do
Doin' dirt, pressure comin', and everyone ain't gon' keep it true
No matter how much you ran up, nigga
Don't let it keep you from bein' a stand-up nigga

And shawty, you can take the fame and the clothes, the diamonds and the gold
All I need is a bankroll, drop me off at the corner
And I'm straight
It ain't what's on you, it's what's in you
It ain't what's on you, it's what's in you
And you can take the mansion, the Benz, all the millions I spend
Blindfold me, drop me at the bottom, I can get it again
Bitch, I'm straight
No matter how much you ran up, nigga
Don't let it keep you from bein' a stand-up nigga

Ayy, drop me at the bottom, I'ma post right up on Hercules
Make a left on Maple, we been ridin' down Martin Luther King
In love with the streets, make my mama feel like she losin' me
She know them niggas wanna take my shine so ain't been movin' clean
Been losin' sleep, stressin', but I know I'm gon' be straight
My dawg changed like a pitbull, swear my heart full of rage
You can teach 'em how to cook and they still gon' watch your plate
I promise I'ma be aight if you drop me where it ain't safe
How you think you 'bout to build a house if you don't make a plane?
I put 'em in a basement with no chairs and they still ain't understand
You can take the fame and the clothes, I'm straight
Even if I'm broke, these niggas still gon' hate

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Yeah, let the gas burn
Like the carburetor in the Malibu
I'm thinkin' a lot, don't care nothin' 'bout who tell it or who you tell it
to
That dope gon' sell itself, don't matter who you sell it to
And you can have the world but you ain't shit without your principles
Look, Fatal got hit with a chopper, so glad he made it through
Granny raised me hard, she said, "Peezy, don't let 'em play with you"
Fake and think I'm stupid, all they want, so I just play the fool
They gon' see that Peezy ain't no dummy when I make my move
Here's a message to my lil' nigga
You become a dumb nigga tryna prove to a dumb nigga that you a real nigga
And take it from a multi-millionaire
You can either keep fallin' behind them niggas or be a legendary visionary
Look, take the hoes, I'm straight
If you do it twice, then it ain't a mistake
Told my youngin get to the money in life, ain't no time to waste
Don't race yourself into a Wraith
Keep steady pace, this ain't no race

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