

Lord Father

Pray I see the day my niggas blow
All the niggas ridin' with me down to let it go
Seen my niggas make a million off of we them blow
The block is hot how ironic I just made it snow
Hoah, Just had your ho stuck in a finger fold
Cuz when you ballin' all these bitches just a give and go
My dog just did a decade shout my nigga Slo
He down to take a nigga life for stepping on my toe
Woah, Shit is realer than it's ever been
Just bought a crib can't even find a time to even settle in
No new friends still got the "O" on my letterman
Smokin' like Pac would trip to see the color of the president

Man I tell you, Man I tell you

Scary thinking bout success but I'm more frightened bout my failures
Gangstas in the back we ain't sentimental with facts
Just feed your beats to me this instrumental's a snack
Yeah, And I just signed my first producers
Shout out Bass and Pro shit imma make em rich
Eighteen karat gold plate on the german lugers
Yeah, you touch my dogs you better dig a ditch
Just bury yourself, your nothing but lies about wealth
And got the nerve to wonder why your shit sit on the shelf
Cuz we don't buy that, we don't buy what you sellin'
Since everybody fly you just dropping like bug repellent
Uh, how my girl chain bigger than yours
Just went a bought her a purse you bitches can't find in the stores
We tip the chauffeurs just for openin' doors
Aim at me tell the coroner save a spot at the morgues
Highly connected with the cartels powder's for cheap
Its louis duffels and blackberry's on "P.G.P"
Cream Six, been rich don't need shit
Nightmares I've seen shit, good guy with a mean bitch
And I mean this, Yeah

Like Momma told ya, wait til you grow up don't wanna know ya
I just got head from my ex, I was looking for closure
Used to being a loner, product of the corner
Funny them hoes that said you wouldn't blow up wanna blow ya
Get in the booth spit em the truth
You know the type of shit these rappers don't usually do
Fuck it I love it, musically pursuing the public
Just blew the the budget
Walk in the jeweler put chains on all of my shooters
The new king of Gotham we hit a lick no problem
Even Batman started off with Robin, you feel me
Fuck the club up told myself rather get paid than party
Drake just put his name on the plate of a new bugatti
That's motivation, I'm motivated
I made a promise to my niggas doing life so excuse my impatience
It's Reign