

## We On (Outro)

PHresher

Yeah  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah  
Trip

All you thirsty bitches better leave me alone, yeah  
All you hatin' niggas better leave me alone, yeah  
I pray to God every time I leave my home, yeah  
All this gold got me walkin' with that cold, yeah  
No I can't let these niggas take me out my zone, yeah  
They words can't hurt me so they throwin' sticks and stones, yeah  
Don't be askin' why I don't pick up the phone, yeah  
I always told you you gon' miss me when I'm gone, yeah  
And all that sucker shit I really don't condone, yeah  
I'm a boss, so you better watch your tone, yeah  
[?] running through my veins, through my soul, yeah  
Never been [?], yeah  
Made it on my own, yeah

We on  
Nigga we on, we on, we on  
Nigga we on, we on, we on  
Nigga we on, we on  
Nigga we on, we on, we on  
We on, we on, we on

Nah nah, nah nah nah  
Nigga we on (yeah)  
Ain't nobody on the type of shit that we on (nah)  
Block it from the sideline, nigga we on (yah)  
Let me in the game, this is where I belong (yah)  
Never forget who fronted on me, fronted on me (nah)  
I recall my [?]  
Pockets show no weakness, ain't no time for sleepin' (nah)  
Save up for the weekend, million dollar meetings  
With niggas that I used to look up to  
It's all good 'til you don't let 'em fuck you  
They said I wouldn't go far, so I had to go hard  
Was tired of knocking at the door, so I had to bogart  
Ooh, they like me better when I was droppin' them touchdowns  
I don't give a fuck now, pull up with that bust down  
No more takin' boss now  
These bitches like what's up now, I don't say what's up now  
I don't fuck around, I was down but I'm up now

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Nigga we on, we on, we on  
Nigga we on, we on  
Nigga we on, we on  
We on, we on, we on

DJ [?]