

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

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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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DJ [?]