

Lessons

PnB Rock

I can't lie
Just know if you roll the dice
You don't get this life twice
(Oliver)
(Hey, where's Rolo?)
Some things we sacrifice

Oh yeah
Track got the block on fire
Just like Mariah, know we gon' carry this shit
Caught a opp lacking in traffic, you know what happened
I had to bury the stick
Once I fuck her, I duck her then you cuff her, you love her
I never married a bitch
Soon as I die, Imma leave this shit to my kids, they gon' inherit this shit
I know the way that I'm living ain't right but I'm thugging
I still don't be carin' and shit
Young nigga straight out the trenches I moved to the hills
My neighbors be staring and shit
Told em I was gon' be rich all my life
They wasn't hearin' this shit
'Member that day, found out my brother died
I wasn't prepared for that shit
That's when I knew shit was real
I was out in the field
Yea I had to get me a stick
My bruddah, my bruddah, I love you, we steppin' on shit
For you, they restin' in piss
'Member them days, we used to be broke
I swear it taught me a lesson and shit
Now I just count all my blessings and shit
Stack all my bread, I'm investing this shit
Whatchu know bout me
Don't know whatchu heard about me
Fuck whatchu heard about me
Bitch, just know I keep my Glocky
And it came with a stick, I be bangin' on shit
I ain't aimin' this shit, cuz it came with a switch
Told the lil bitch you can hang with the gang if you want
But it could get dangerous and shit
I can't lie
Just know if you roll the dice
You don't get this life twice
For some things we sacrifice

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Yea, she wanna fuck but I'm ready to slide
She really be set and I just see smilin'
She don't know who else who would've pulled up on timin'
I don't got ice but a nigga still shinin'
She know Imma blow Racks on Designer
Take her to Louie V then hit up Prada
Blow a bag on some sticks and some pasta
We gon' chill and get high like two rastas
Got the key to heart like a locksmith
I told my ex bitch I'm gone, I forgot ya
If it's up then it's stuck like a rocket
I got 99 problems but bitch you a option
They like Flocco boy you better drop this
I'm the president, only make profits
Shawty give me good brain like huh
Seein' ya give me that nice
Drippin' like some red lace
Don't need no styler
Niggas want some fame
They just wanna rap, better get on the college
Big check need a wire it
You broke like that you'll never get tired
Kill shit Mike Myers
But you know ice out
Forgiato all on my tires

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