

## Nowadays

PnB Rock

(Used to sleep in the crib, no heat on  
Put some crates under the bed, just to sleep on  
Put syrup on my bread, just to eat on  
Nowadays, look at niggas, we on)

Yeah  
Yeah I had to boss my life up  
Get my change up, had to get my ice up  
Get my bands up, had to get my mans up  
For the block, yeah I do it for my fam (yeah)

Here's a little story bout a nigga named PnB  
Know a couple pussy niggas thinking bout deleting me  
I don't give a fuck though, cause I keep that thing with me  
When them niggas run into me, keep that same energy  
Came from a broken home, momma she was never home  
All our fathers dead and gone, yeah they left us all alone  
Momma had to sell crack, 'member niggas took her pack  
Robbed her for a fuckin' sack, now we gotta start from scratch  
In and out of shelters, felt like God found us  
All these fuckin' family members, ain't nobody help us  
It don't even matter though, we gone be rich one day  
'Til then I'm on the block, trappin' up a one-way  
Niggas talking crazy they don't want no fuckin' gun play  
I'll pull up on that nigga block, on a Sunday  
Church day, I'll turn that shit into a hearse day  
Every time you see me, I be riding with my 30  
Every time you see me, I be sliding with my 30  
Give a oppa 42, feel like James Worthy  
Leave a nigga brains on the sides, where the curb be  
Leave a nigga name on his shirt, like a jersey  
Opp shit, yeah we pop shit, like a perky  
Opp's talking all that hot shit but still ain't hurt me  
Niggas disrespect my brother name we gone murk 'em  
Slide through they block, we gone do them niggas dirty (yeah)

Used to sleep in the crib, no heat on (yeah)  
Put some crates under the bed, just to sleep on (yeah)  
Put syrup on my bread, just to eat on (yeah)  
Nowadays, look at niggas, we on (yeah)  
Nowadays, look at niggas, we up  
Still ain't comfortable so I ain't got my feet up (yeah)  
Trap phone jumpin' off the meter (yeah)  
I need 50K for a feature (yeah)

Yeah I had to boss my life up  
Get my change up, had to get my ice up (ice)  
Get my bands up, had to get my mans up  
For the block, yeah I do it for my fam (yeah)

Do it for the block, can't just do it for my gang (gang)  
Do it for the squad, yeah you know it's New Lane (skrt)  
Fuck all these other niggas, oh they so lame  
Fuck all these rap niggas, I'll take one of they chain  
Cause they sweet, yeah them niggas hoes  
They don't want no smoke  
I'll pull up to they show with all my bro's, with all these poles

Like what's happening?  
We can get it crackin, we can get it poppin  
We gone fuck them niggas up then we gone run all in they pocket  
Cause they sweet, yeah them niggas hoes, told yo ass before  
I ain't nothing like these niggas that be singing to these hoes  
Cause I be singing and I be trappin and I be riding round with my foe  
All these lames gone get exposed, I just get it with my woes

Used to sleep in the crib, no heat on (with no heat on)  
Put some crates under the bed, just to sleep on  
Put syrup on my bread, just to eat on (just to eat on)  
Nowadays, look at niggas, we on (yeah)  
Nowadays, look at niggas, we up (yeah)  
Still ain't comfortable so I ain't got my feet up (yeah)  
Trap phone jumpin' off the meter (yeah)  
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