

## Chances

Polo G

Try taking my chain, or a watch, promise you Imma be taking a m  
ugshot

Imma show you these slugs so hot, .40 with a long nose, don't b  
low snot

I used to come off the bench, like a 6th man, now I'm praying f  
or clutch shots

I just been writing a list, for my hitman, I can't wait to come  
shop

My killers don't feel sorry, we just gangbang and bust Glocks  
Free smoke for anybody, like we ain't already made enough opps  
Since kids, we played on rough blocks, it can only go one way,  
when blood drop

We spend our days, on rush clocks, shootouts and ducking the ca  
ge, and what not

(Grinding like a slave, for what I got, like I still ain't made  
enough guap)

They finally gave us props, now I just get paid and fuck thots  
She blew my mind, got good brain, so I was amazed from her top  
They been plotting on taking my spot, since the day my fame was  
unlocked

I was stuck at the bottom, could only imagine, a place that I'm  
at with my view lord

But I charted up to the top, niggas better be ready, to get up  
or scoot over

Rarri truck I'm the new owner, feel like I gotta get high when  
I'm too sober

Bonding over murders, what got me and my crew closer, that's th  
e reason I feel like a true soldier

The type of decisions we making, you don't get to do over  
Karma is a bitch, we be waiting, I hate that I do know her  
Only judging from things, that you show us

Your life stay on highspeed, when you hang with a few vultures  
But this cup full of lean, what's making me move slower

I might pour a whole pint, in my new soda

Paint the scope for the culture, run up and dump on him lackin'  
, now you got a poster

We killing whoever riding, they in that black truck, then we go  
n' shoot at the chauffeur

Masked up like it's October, hot seat, I'm in the back like Ros  
a

Headtaps when he catch two out the toaster (Kill shit what we d  
o for our culture)

Try taking my chain, or a watch, promise you Imma be taking a m  
ugshot

Imma show you these slugs so hot, .40 with a long nose, don't b  
low snot

I used to come off the bench, like a 6th man, now I'm praying f  
or clutch shots  
I just been writing a list, for my hitman, I can't wait to come  
shop  
My killers don't feel sorry, we just gangbang and bust Glocks  
Free smoke for anybody, like we ain't already made enough opps  
Since kids, we played on rough blocks, it can only go one way,  
when blood drop  
We spend our days, on rush clocks, shootouts and ducking the ca  
ge, and what not  
(Grinding like a slave, for what I got, like I still ain't made  
enough guap)  
They finally gave us props, now I just get paid and fuck thots  
She blew my mind, got good brain, so I was amazed from her top  
They been plotting on taking my spot, since the day my fame was  
unlocked