

One Deep In The Fleetwood

Pouya

Life goes on as time passes me by
I always been solid, why you askin' me now?
I'm a rock Glock tucked in the pocket of the tux
It's always about a buck, see me waddle like a duck
When I get fucked up, kick my feet up like Chuck
Bitch, I'm a millionaire, you think I give a fuck?
Got my mama sitting pretty in that Bentley truck
Say what you want about me
Fuck boy never made it out the minor league
I bleed for my brothers, I plead for the kids who can't breathe
FTP on my sleeve, I sleep with a pistol on me
Please protect me from my enemies
White chalk, blue lines, red lights
Death threats, I fight for my life
And I strive and I ride, put my city on my back
Took a lot of strugglin' and pain to get to where I'm at, yuh

Savor your breath, one day closer to death, I speak from the soul

The burn in the chest, from head to my feet
The music complete me when I feel defeated
I'm one deep in the Fleetwood with the top down, wind blowin' in my bald spot
Middle finger out the window, still
Throwin' out blue hundred dollar bills
Tryna fill the void, silence all the noise
Place a bet on the table I can't afford, yuh

I see why they think I sold my soul
Really don't know how deep this goes
On my own since sixteen years old
I had to cut ties to roll the bankroll
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