

I'M TRYNA

Pozer

I'm tryna see how much bread I can make
Why'd you think that I bruck this weight?
Tagging it into different shapes
Supply and demand, I got deals all day
Really take trips, pulling up on estates
But I ain't seeing not one familiar face
Feds in the rear, fully gas, no brakes
I'm in a blacked out ding dong with no plates
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Dots came long, chopped it shorter
Numb to the fact death's around the corner
Masked up, creeping around like a stalker
I'm tryna put somebody's son on my bora
Six shot spin parked off and it's greased down
Weak in the knees now he's seen this, yeah
Slap more than one, I ain't inna no beat down
This ain't tables, ladders and chairs
I'm tryna better my circumstances
Why'd you think Pozer's now an artist?
Still live for anyone asking
Back mine out of da sheath and harm him
I never thought that I would be charting
Come a long way from where I was starting
Live on the strip, my Nokia dancing
If I see feds, you know I'm departing

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Raking it in, that's by any means
Sauce my blade now I'm bleaching it clean
Being extra using Mr Sheen
I see through the whole of these yutes, they're fake
Why'd you think that I ain't got time for these neeks
Teeth in the ride, honestly
Gloves on tight tryna hide my ID
I don't know duke, but he said he knows me
Cap, we checked and your CVs blank
I bill spliffs and they look like bats and pour half sets drinking slatt
I cut ties if they look like rats and I won't indulge if it ain't 'bout rack
s
I'm in the trap with the yeah on my lap

Da folks 'nem telling me stick to the rap
Shake it, shake it, she wanna shake it
Shake it, I'm tryna break her back
I don't do bets like William Hill, but I bet I'ma die tryna get to the bag
Bad one said that she proud of me, but I know all she wants is a Prada bag
I'm running out lag even if my feet cramp, cah where I'm born from, nah I wo
n't go back

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