

Going Thru It

Pressa

Had to go and do some... shit

Uh, had to go and do some dirt (Do some dirt)
Had to get it out the dirt (Straight out the mud)
Hope for the best, prepare for worst
You know the family come first (Family first)
I need that bag, even if it hurts (Even if it hurts)
It's drama time, it's time to get to work
You know I'm ridin' passenger (Skrrt)
Jump up, put a nigga in the hearse (Straight in the hearse)
Yellow tape, my wassas on the lurk
We makin' sales like the clerk
What you need, we got it over here (We got it here)
And I don't want that shit if it ain't rare
We in traffic, pulled up, got some killers in the Sprinter van (Shooters in the...)
Fuckin' hoes, they just be a fan of the gang
I've been on the road, I've been in and out the cities, yeah (Yeah)
I'm on the go, got a goal standin' in my path (Got a goal)
Snub nose.38, spendin', blow away (Spend it all)
Get that bag and separate from the fuckin' fakes (Separation)
They wanna see me shake, every move I make (Every move I make)
I'm in L.A. with Pressa, Tory, pourin' Ace of Spades (Pourin' Ace of Spades)
Tryna stay focused like my nigga Herbo say (Like Herbo say)
Hokus pokus, get him gone out the way (Get him out the way)
30s loaded, shooters ain't gon' hesitate (Ain't gon' hesitate)
I'm in motion, tryna flip all this weight (Flip all this weight)
Niggas jokin', they don't mean a word they say (Not a word they say, Press)
They're broke, man them niggas ain't gettin' paid (Yeah, Press)
Every day I chase a play, I need that shit today (Press)
Tryna get it, gotta get it at the quickest rate (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Yeah, money keep on comin' in differently
I got it in with Tom and his wife named Tiffany (Check)
I ain't even breakin' down the enemy (My enemies, yeah)
I keep it on me out in Europe 'cause this gun made in Germany (Overseas)
Hollows in this 30, you ain't makin' it through surgery (Surgery)
I be out in Van, might catch me out in Burnaby (Burnaby)
Pistol might get hot, when they try and hide respect for me
Ain't no lemonade in me, eliminate your enemies (Yeah)
Kush and alcohol in my system
Tell me what you live for, he came back, then why you make him live for?
Money make these niggas 'blivious to the fact
That they could still lose their life to streets, so (Goofy)
So this gun leave a print in my hipbone (Hipbone)
You know I got you on the drill, I watch your head [? 1 - 55:]
I got the opps super scared on their tip-toes (Tip)
And my watch'll leave a nigga in the funeral (Huh)
And we so savage (Savage), I need a bag (Bag)
If the streets gettin' hot, we take a cab (Taxi)
I do a dance just for the cam (Huh)
But nothin' ain't sweet behind the camera
They gon' lie like the crooked pastor (Uh)
Bang casket with this ladder (Dirty)
Nothin' in this world that really matters (Yeah)
So I'ma put mind over matter
13, kept a lil'.38 (Ayy)

We was in school and the opps go insane (Ayy)
Now I'm lookin' back, man, these niggas really waste (Waste)
Life, it ain't no joke when you goin' to the grave (Yeah)
Talkin' to God, I just hope he could hear me
Niggas, they bitch, ain't nothin' bitch 'round here (Yeah)
Money make you go, but money make him 'pear
And money make him disappear and then he reappear (Yeah, huh)