

CARRY ON 2011

Problem

Yeah

That nigga do his stuff, dog

Yeah. Dollar bill after dollar bill.

Spin. Dollar bill after dollar bill.

Lick. Drive me crazy all the bullshit I steered through.

Still keepin' bitch boys in my rearview

Fly flyin' like a layer of dew

Fear who? No man

My kids got me fuckin' grindin' like a slow jam

The neck got these boys thinkin' they a Conan

Man, fuck these niggas

I don't want you on my song

I can make it on my own

Can a nigga carry on?

Carry on. Carry on.

Either weed or Patron

Shit, it got me in my zone

Can a nigga carry on?

Carry on. Carry on.

Hit your ride to a known

Ain't no question that I'm gone

Can a nigga carry on?

Carry on. Carry on.

Carry on. Carry on.

Carry on. Carry on.

One way ticket to Babylon

Carry on. Carry on.

The opps was probably yellin' fuck me, but they knew they'd never touch me

Yeah. Shit get real in this life.

R.I.P. pool and pint (Carry on)

I'm the weed, the light

In hell, the blast

School, I hard knock

Shopping, filthy class, right?

My past life is faster than a Lambo

And speaking on it, go against everything I stand for

Follow me. No threads, no DMs.

My BM best friend just hit me in the DMs

Fuck. I better delete it quick.

Baby mama see it

My kids, she won't let me see them

It's fucked up, but that's how the game go

I ain't trippin'

We been cool for about a month though

But that could change any second

She still play them old games

Excite, fight

Tech it

I'm not the one to wreck it with

I'm on some reckless shit

Recklessness. Get mad and check my chick.

For nothin' at all. Nothin' at all.

Frustrations only money can solve

Real niggas get it

I don't want you on my song
I can make it on my own
Can a nigga carry on?
Carry on. Carry on.
Either weed or Patron
Shit, it got me in my zone
Can a nigga carry on?
Carry on
Can a nigga carry on?
Carry on
Hit your ride to a known
Ain't no question that I'm gone
Can a nigga carry on?
Carry on. Carry on.
Carry on. Carry on.
Carry on. Carry on.
One way ticket to Babylon
Carry on. Carry on.

Life got me feelin' sluggish
High up
I'm still gon' carry on
These boys playin' like it's GTA
Now I gotta check these kids like it's PTA
Stay on track. Never lack.
Boy, be about your paper and shit
You ain't got enough bread if they ain't hangin' your clique
To keep afloat, gotta lose a dead weight in your clique
Keep it movin', bruh
Don't spend your time waitin' and shit
Waitin' and shit