

## Just Outside

### Problem

We was just outside  
We was just outside  
Outside together  
We was just outside  
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Outside together

Now we posted away  
Shit, what more can I say?  
These are the days, the times when the lights get shined on the things that  
we've been blind to  
Somewhat big in the world, but I feel 5'2"  
When thinking 'bout what could happen whenever I slide through  
Not talking tough, but tough  
You slide, we slide too  
Buck, buck, buck you die one yeah we die two  
This the survival I'm tryna unlearn still  
Walking in God's steps the devil still burn still  
Even in dark times niggas gon' earn still  
'Cause we want our lives to feel good as them furs feel  
Light up that Steve weed get high above earth still  
I bet two of these things will make the earth still  
Record in the valley, still make the shit that the curb feel  
So 100 even the bitches I curve feel (whaaaattt)

Smoking trees in the Lac  
Watching for the boys got the P's in the back lord  
It's a breeze, I'm a mac  
Just tryna pay the rent Lord  
Call me "Quarantine King", I'm chilling watching niggas fade away  
Don't ask me who, that ain't my place to say  
Coffee sip let me light my J  
Coffee sip light my J  
Yeah

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RIP Fat T  
We lost you  
I lost a piece of me  
Understand the difference  
Yeah  
So y'all can feel my resistance talking 'bout certain shit  
Yeah  
Spoon, talk to 'em one time

It's like I will rap for food  
You need a mill to sign us  
Want the dash with two bucks  
No Chris, no Giannis  
My creed a little different, I'm a young Adonis

Last of a dying breed, yeah it's hard to find us  
Studied the game, was focused like it was SAT's  
I never sat with the squares, my circle full of G's  
Niggas change and fall off before them Autumn leaves  
Change and fall if, it's still the Summer breeze  
Green label Za Za  
I know you smell the trees  
It's big league convos  
It's money overseas  
I'm eurostepping in Zanotti's  
I got the mafia tatted like I was Gotti  
Lambo dreams, can't settle for Moserati's  
If it's only two seats then the shooter will be riding shotty  
'93 octane, I'm pumping premo  
I'm bumping the offspring of Benzino  
Spring training, I feel like the bambino  
The clout colossal, we the workers that turned bosses  
That took chances and took losses  
That learned lessons, got more cautious  
More investments and less flossing  
The heart stone cold like Steve Austin  
Texts to my exes, I be flexing  
Emotions back and forth like they wrestling  
No subliminal status to leave 'em guessing  
This about you P.S. how I address 'em  
Yeah, you know it's live and direct  
If it's tricky like a hickey, I'll bring it right to yo neck  
Gotta man up with yo choices, you can't live with regrets  
When you die, fuck that money  
It's yo name and respect  
So niggas dying for respect  
What the fuck you expect?  
Ain't no love  
Like it's tennis, put that shit on yo set