

Just Outside

Problem

We was just outside
We was just outside
Outside together
We was just outside
We was just outside
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 (whaaattt)

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