

Rugged Roads

Problem

Tired of ripping, riding on these rugged roads
Driving crazy GPS'in to my soul
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Driving crazy GPS'in to my soul

Ooh, that's hard!

Let's get it fucked up
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Let's get it, let's get it
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Let's get it, let's get it
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Come on
Wanna go to the hood but I won't
If I tried then I died then it's fine
If I don't go they gon' call me a punk
Fuck them Imma do what I want
Come on

Because thinking with pride can cause your family a gang of anguish
And staying alive is more important than staying dangerous
I know I'm a prize when it comes to the point system
If that didn't apply then on my mama, I'd fuck with you
Cause nothing from nothing means nothing okay
RIP trouble and Nipsey and every other, okay
To those who pulled them triggers but prayed their mothers, okay
Because them devil's in control of who getting them strays
Hey, where the weed at
Hey, and the coffee too
This music much, much more than that coffin food they feedin' niggas
A forward thinker, I be leaving niggas
Cause I'm too busy talking to the ones that's leading niggas

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What