

Forever Trill

Propain

I know all about the pain, bitch, these hoes change up when the fame hits
From solo to more niggas ridin' with you than the slave ship
The same ones who doubted when I was workin' the grave shift
Debatin' 'bout my skill on some Bayless and some Stephen A shit
Me and Sip was out here achin'
Took a dollar and a dream up overseas, you went and made it, boy, that's inspiration
Niggas hated, we said, "Fuck 'em, let's divide the paper"
Go back and fuck them hoes from school who used to try and play us
Major, out in Vegas with twin
Sippin' lean at the fight, man, how we makin' shit end
I lost a grip on a dice, six and eight at the Wynn
I hit some licks in my life, I must've paid for my sins, but fuck it
That's the up and down sides when you hustlin'
Anything is better than them broke days when we was strugglin'
We ain't dealin' fried rice, I used to split it with my brother
Winter time, we huddled up by the oven, stressin'
**** came around when I was dealin' with depression
Dream girl quickly turned to my obsession
Overdose on affection, no work and I'm duckin', I missed a session
On a island, drunk flexin', livin' young and the restless
But then the negative come, arguments get to messy
She wakin' me up with questions 'bout who these bitches I'm textin'
Now we both second guessin', now we lookin' for exits
But throughout the hell we cause, I swear we made the biggest blessing, it's real
We ever decide to go our own direction
Look Jada, all I got, please don't use it as a weapon, it's love
Good or the bad, probably never confessed it
But your hustle is infectious, I'm so proud of your progression, yeah
Started with nothin', made a brand, you know the name
Who the fuck would foul when it's legend status that Pro' would claim?
What Trill did, he been told me that I'm a star
Them halfway house days, scoopin' him in my mama car
Now I be out in Cali for no reason
Meet Keisha and Christina with her sister in the Beemer
Black Jeep, no top doors off, have you seen it?
Ain't dropped, gettin' admitted, got the whole city fiendin'
This shit for Jada and Taylor, I still remember
Me and Tip sittin' in the back of the truck, plottin' the visio

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Drop Squad over all, won't change for money or bitches
That was in the 7th grade, goddamn it, nigga, we did it