Rap Life

Propain

(G&B)
(And if the beat live, you know Lil Ju made it)

Got a K with a hundred, got a Glock with a thirty (Clah)
If I can't find you, I'ma knock off your worker (Clah)
I just sold me a P at the store, I'm purgin' (Ayy)
Try to play with my money, lil' nigga, it's a murder (Clah)
Nigga run in my trap, I'ma close your curtains
Fuck the internet, I could see you in person (Right now)
Nigga don't want a problem, get shot in the face (Clah)
I still post on the block with a Glock on my waist (Ooh)
Nigga say he want smoke, lil' nigga, what's brackin'? (Peso)
Thirty-five hundred, I spent on my jacket (Peso Peso)
Walk in a show and I pick up the backend
You was at school, nigga, I was out trappin' (Ayy)
When I walk up to Gala, I'm drippin' and splashin'
I can turn a six to a nine, that's magic (Bitch)
Say I look like 6ix9ine, nigga, get your ass kicked
I'm whippin' my wrist, tryna get me a Patek (Ooh)

Hop in a Wraith with a chopper, let's get it
Scoot up and bless a nigga like a Christian (Clah)
Nigga wanna be down, put a nigga on a mission (Ayy)
I'ma air a nigga out, I ain't doin' no dissin' (Clah, clah)
All this water on me, fuck around and go fishin' (Peso)
Nigga, don't be mad 'cause a young nigga drippin' (Nigga drippin')
And we already know you don't rap what you livin' (Yeah, yeah)

We already know niggas cappin', they fiction (Fiction), actors and gimmicks (Yeah)
Lame ass niggas is rappin' a image, how the fuck you a shooter? You ain't packin' a pistol (Huh?)
They ain't never seen a trap or the trenches, whole lotta fake shit, sad to admit it
These niggas suckers and hoes (Hoes), okay, you tough, but you broke, wow (Wow)
What is that? That shit is backward as hell, you trash and you fell
See I'm a hustler, just a rapper as well, if I go broke, then I'll be back in the mail (Yeah)
Play with mine, then it's cowboys callin' shotgun, she like, "Drag 'em to hell"
You bringin' knives to a gunfight? What, you a Ninja Turtle? .40 crackin' your shell (Mane)
Foldin' paper, if you owe me, pay me, I need all the papers, CashApp and the Zelle
Your bitch, she naked posin', I'ma tape it then send it to my niggas trapped in the cell (Ah)
And I ain't chasin', he did not replace her, I'm a fuckin' dog, you see me waggin' this tail (Uh)
Chamberlain the way I splurge hundreds (Yeah), killin' shit like the purge comin', you lil' ho, haha

Hop in a Wraith with a chopper, let's get it (Pro')
Scoot up and bless a nigga like a Christian (Clah)
Nigga wanna be down, put a nigga on a mission (Ayy)
I'ma air a nigga out, I ain't doin' no dissin' (Clah, clah)
All this water on me, fuck around and go fishin' (Peso)

Nigga, don't be mad 'cause a young nigga drippin' (Nigga drippin')
And we already know you don't rap what you livin' (Nah)

Man, shit crazy
These niggas fugazi
Look

And so it seems, fame is stronger than that crack pipe
These hoes'll sell they soul and do whatever for some app likes
These niggas is breakin' all they street codes just for that rap life
They rather look like money than to really get they sack right
And real niggas rap but let's talk about the frauds
The ones who always flexin' but don't even got no cars
The ones who swear they eatin' but they kids is 'bout to starve
And y'all be thinkin' that shit one hundred, me, all I see is a big dummy and a fuckin' clown
You signed your deal for a piece of change, you ain't own shit, so you strugglin' now
I'm self made, all independent, thumbin' through them hundreds, yeah, I love that sound
A real team ain't gon' never fold for when the pot come, they all bust it down
Whether rap money or you truckin' rinds, real estate or you floodin' pines
Just call from my nigga Keesh, he at the DoubleTree, he got a hundred now
Your life change when you start with nothin' then you grind your way to see a hundred thou'
All that frontin' ain't gon' make you shit, nigga, go and hustle 'til your money pile
I'm ten toes, gotta stand for standin' or for anything, you gon' tumble down