

# Trenches

Propain

Ayy, hey, hey, turn me up, hey  
Yeah, hey  
I know these niggas thirsty  
Hey, I am too

Fill my cup with water, compare me to nann artist  
'Cause I would have to be Jacob Lawrence if we was drawin'  
Prior to an incarceration, I was half-hearted  
I ain't know this shit was until I shitted when I farted  
Then I came home focused with a murder feelin' target  
Even if I fell short, the money probably be the tallest  
If I ain't have this music, I'd probably sleep in a coffin  
I was in the streets constant, my mama didn't see me often  
Runnin' from the constables, constantly bein' cautious  
Where did he get these problems? They started in kindergarten  
Startin' with bein' tryna get to sit the principal's office  
Since lunch was favorite part of the day because we was starvin'  
The apple on my teacher's desk had my mouth waterin'  
And they had a nigga makin' macaroni art and shit  
Pardon me for cursin', I never learned how to write in cursive  
I had bigger questions like, "Ms. Jackson, where my father went?  
Every time my word, I would get commened performances  
And I went home and spent time with the local pharmacist  
The honor roll ain't change the fact we came home to arguments  
Ain't nobody pat me on my back for them accomplishments  
But we had some hotdog water and a rusty pan  
When I talk them change you, would you understand? Hey  
I just seen my auntie with another man, hey  
I got two little sisters and three little brothers, man, hey  
I can't let nobody talk about the fam', hey  
Kicked me outta class, I don't give a damn, hey  
I'll never fold when I'm in that jam, hey  
I watched mama hustle for Thanksgivin' yams, psh

Shit crazy, the homie became a junkie, damn  
Nigga went from dope boy fresh to a fuckin' zombie man  
I watched him go from movin' Ps to pumpin' grams  
To spare change, he literally doin' the money dance  
How niggas gon' sell they soul? I can't understand  
It's two humans I fear judgin', that's Uncle Sam  
This courtroom is just smilin' handin' a hunnid, fam'  
My partner just got sentenced, he never gon' see his son again  
Where I'm from it's a basketball or a gun in hand  
And when it's hot, them games get live, we been had a Summer Jam  
I learned that love can't fix your pain like a comma can  
But ain't no love once these niggas see that you touchin' Grants  
On my knees I cry, "Don't ever judge a man"  
You ever been so hungry, that shit that just make your stomach cramp?  
Got on the hustle, now everything on the upperhand  
Compared to them slums now I'm livin' in fuckin' Wonderland  
We used to see the sirens then the youngin's ran  
Whole life savin's in one rubberband  
No pop from the womb, I had to become a man  
I ain't lyin', could still hear cryin'  
Really from the dirt, but I ain't let that shit define me  
Had my back against the wall, I showed 'em pressure make a diamond  
Bitch, I gotta eat, so if it's cheddar, I'ma find it

Could never rap again and claim a legend off consignment  
I can't a L, no, not again  
When I'm gone, they gon' say, "That nigga got it in"  
When I'm gone, they gon' say, "That nigga got it in"  
Ridin' with the muh'fuckin' top bent  
Hit a lick, nigga got the whole block lit  
Flexin' on them ol' ass teachers who say we not shit  
Same team with me, we fly as a fuckin' cockpit  
Did it on my own and can't none of these niggas stop this  
Pro'

(X.O.)

Yeah

Still comin' down 288

Bunch of slabs in a single file line, man, ain't shit changed, you niggas know what it is, man

Shout out my big bro, Lil Keke

Look

I probably die before I break the code

It ain't enough fame out here to taint my soul, ain't none of these niggas p hasin' Pro'

We love this power, but this ain't stars and we ain't playin' ghost

Bring your ass around here with that work, them boys gon' paint ya clothes

Low, ol' school, the plates scrapin' road

Candy painted, taste the glow, them boppers love them '84s

That trunk knockin', that bang 'bout to make the frame explode

Slab but we hop up out that bitch like it's Mercedes doors

Yeah, I know you niggas got agendas

Love to travel to my city, get your flavor from the realest

Tried to, run off with the sound to the fuckin' way we drippin'

Baddest broads, niggas come from 'round the world to save these bitches

Pro', windows down, 380 tippin'

Jammin' Moe, not a jack around this bitch gon' say he slippin'

I'm a legend, and don't forget that saviour when you mention

Third Co's hustle time made me, nigga, Forever Trill

See that's the problem with these young names

You niggas ain't players, you niggas ain't players

See I'ma tell you one thing about women, you understand?

I been in jail twenty-three years

Nigga, I done had more bitches than I look at

I still got bitches, look, pass them pictures over there I'ma show you

This my bitch here, Darlene, she live in Delaware

I need a woman, everybody needs a woman

Women make the world go 'round

You give a woman a seed, she give you a child

You give her a house, she turn it into a house

You understand what I'm sayin', youngster?

You got to respect women

Your mother was a woman