

Testament

Quality Control

Got it on smash

My mom call me crying, say she barely know me no more and I tell her I'm sorry

I'm addicted to working, I'm prolly recording or bustin' a move when you call me

I gotta do better but I got so many people and they all leaning on me, ayy
Way that you saw me, I swear that you awe me and everybody on the chart
Did a song with Lil Baby, I went to the hood, shot the video right in the trenches

Had a Glock on my hip, like I missed my due date, you know I gotta keep an extension

It's QC for life, but until I get right, I'm just grinding and keeping my distance

So much food on the table but won't grab a plate until I do my thing in the kitchen

If I hit yo' bitch from the back then that's a collision

Hit and run, I take off then I go missin'

I'ma OG like Parker, first one seen the vision, yeah

And you're from Miami, you're scammin' the pen

And my rims is awesome, Forgiatos, they tempt me

Me and Yachty don't really talk much 'cause we different

But for you, I pull that pistol out in a second

Keep a nine, just like Marla, you might end up missing (Missing)

Might end up missing, I bought my bitch a Chloe bag and some Christians

Hope she never catch me cheating like Tristan

Gotta stay strapped like he's cookin' the tip

That bitch ass fake, but it look realistic

I don't take meds no more, bitch, I'm holistic

I drop my gun on a rapper, artistic

I got that money, it's dumb, it's autistic

Gotta put people on, gotta keep flippin'

Really to me, that's the only statistic that you should care about

Empire building and you cannot tear it down

If you got problems then we find your whereabouts

Like we hot boxing, you know we gon' air it out (Yeah)

Like we hot boxing, you know we gon' air it out, air it out, yeah

Used to love me, but you judge me like Aaron now (That's deep)

You used to listen but you 'bout to hear it now (Wow)

You won't even hear me out, that fuck shit get canceled out

We was both on the road to the money, you mad at me 'cause I took better routes

Shout out to P, feel like I won a Grammy the night that you gave me my chain

We got a lot in common 'cause we both know what it's like being betrayed

I see that shit that you goin' through, sometimes it make me afraid of the fame

But it's the life that I chose so there's really no one but myself I could be lame

Before the deal, I had 3400 dollars to my name (Me)

Gave you a place you could sleep, gave you clothes you could wear and put food on your plate (You)

When you was fightin' the charge, who was the one that made sure your lawyer was paid? (Me)

Now you're writing statements 'bout me, I swear to God, I think about that shit hit every day (You)

Who was the person you called when you got into beef and you needed it handled? (Me)

Who used to wait so you could get a deal and when they got a deal they gon'
cancel? (You)
Who was the one that you called when you had a gun pointed to your head in A
tlanta? (Me)
Look what you've done, all your day ones, you burnt them all like a candle (You)
Who got they dollars up? (Me)
Who losing followers? (You)
Who took care of all of us? (Me)
Who could we never trust? (You)
Who's the one gave you the help? (Me)
Who signed a deal and got shelved? (You)
Who would write all of your lyrics? (Me)
Who was a muhfuckin' parrot? (You)
Who picked you up from the hospital? (Me)
Who's fuckin' parents was dodgin' 'em? (You)
Who introduced you to Hodge and 'em? (Me)
Who got a crew with the flaws in 'em? (You)
Who's chain is VVS diamonds? (Me)
Who's shine is fake and they lyin'? (You)
Who could make hits without tryin'? (Me)
Who left the studio cryin'? (You)