

Pain & Process

Quando Rondo

(Goddamn, BJ with another one)

Better look both ways when you cross the street, you better not go behind

I swear lil' youngin from the slums just wanna be a hothead

Two [?] from off the corner turned her to a snothead

I'm where I'm at 'cause I stay humble through the pain and process

I thought you keep that shit one hundred, guess I was wrong about that

Stayed out one night now I can't come home, come on with the bullshit

I think my heart's still on the corner where the pistols sparkin'

I done been crossed by closest homies, how the fuck you top that?

I swear that we be chasing M&Ms, yeah

He disrespect me, put an M on him, yeah

I swear that we be chasing M&Ms, yeah

He disrespect me, put an M on him, ayy

So many nights I cried, like RIP to [Ralphie?] I miss you, homes

[?] kitchen cabinet trappin' steady gettin' over

With a daddy tryna raise his only family on the prison phone

From the way I live, know they won't understand me 'cause I had to get me own

Bitch, I figured out why I'm not platinum and I'm snappin' on damn near every song

Hold fifty thousand on the Patek, we catch him, you know we get him gone

Right back to back, my pistols blastin', my rappin', we tryna step on him

Live by the knife, die by the ratchet, what's crackin', the type of time I'm on

I gained some love from off the corner

Two double cups would get me in my zone

Had on the mask way before they made Corona

[?] fake why they won't leave me lone

That new G-Wagen sit up tall like a home

Wait for the cash, I went and had a number

We get the packs and got the lowest numbers

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