

You know nowadays everybody liabilities, they told me, "Pick a side", I said, "I'm rockin' with myself, you dig what I'm sayin'?"

You know, I know shit get confidential, that's the main reason I ain't trippin'

My intentions was to do what I did 'cause when I did what I did I was gon' get the results to see who's really with me

And it all bow down, shit, everybody turn they back on me

Ayy, any time they ask how I'm doin'

Shit, I tell 'em I'm cope aesthetic

Hey, if he bustdowns, he cut your poles, he locked for mails (Baow) I can't be mad if you cut me off and go find someone that's realer (Realer)

Just make sure he 'bout what he talk about, that he got' make sure he familiar

They play with me, we blow they block down, look in the eye of a killer (Grrah)

Nine, nine to ten, we got them choppers out

Sticks inside the whip, tell bro, "Show down before the cops be on us" (Skrرت)

Whole hundred shots in the back when I post on the bricks, the type off time I'm on

No pot to piss, deep down inside it, dawg

Youngin', you wait before your time, stay on your shit, that's what my uncle told me (Mmm, mmm)

Four hundred thousand for the tennis chain (Tennis chain)

I'm tryna wash the Perkies down and mix with lemonade

This shit I'm spittin' way too gangster, they still don't understand

Financially showin' your skirt, they still not mentalize

Ayy, a little soul just like mentality

Man on my head, I know they react in me (Uh, uh)

Reverse they block and under the curb (Skrرت), we let off shots soon as the addy in me (Skrرت)

They tryna break down what I built, it took a mil' to make this masterpiece

I hit your line, pick up the phone 'cause in your homes, that's why I rap in geeked

Cops get behind us, hide my chrome inside your purse, make sure it's best with heat

Friendly of mind of my own, I found the plug where the best for cheap I'm in your yard, come ridin' low-

key, can you explain why you still lettin' me?

I'm still that one from shit back home, so I can't leave unless I grab the heat

Still sendin' green gods to the prison, I'm in my feelings 'bout my dawg in that slammer

He put a green night on the Glizzy thirty, repetition what we standin' on

And this a house act in the kitchen, whippin' with that arm and hammer

I still got one foot in the trenches, with the quickness dressin' Cam

el

This codeine fuckin' up my kidneys, damn near runnin' outta stamina  
Whole time my name on your lil' titty, if they ask, say you a fan of  
me

I wrap my flag around the Glizzy, if you play, become a fan of Crips  
I think my soul back from the 60s, reason they not understandin' me

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