

Still Doing Wrong

Quando Rondo

(MoneyXo let's get it)

(Yo Vicky)

I'm with the crows in the valley so deep
Like fuck the road, I know they wanna see me
I can't complain but to this day I'm not where I wanna be
I think my heart skipped a beat

I start my day off bag chasing right by Oglethorpe
Equipped to let that K off, drag racing in the motorsport (Skrtrt, skrtrt)
Holes inside my shoes, they used to laugh at me way back then
All the things I couldn't afford when I look back, you know I buy them
Presidential Porsche like I be sliding 'round with Biden
It be the one you call your boy that you can't trust 'cause he not solid
I thought that you was proud of me, I walk out Gucci store styling
Far as I can see, if you my roun, you get my right hand

I bet my youngin' knock 'em off all on my word, ain't gotta buy it
I'm Louis V'd down to my socks up to my head, I'm living violent
She in the back like Rosa Parks, can't even lie, she caught my eyelid
This shit get confidential, boy, I'm never speaking on what I did
End of the day, we ain't had no choice, I had to make it home to my kids
This just a letter to that boy, still to this day don't know what I did
We blew his brains down on the floor, like come and open up your ideas
Don't know who I can trust no more, I'm full of pain, they don't know how I
feel

I tell my shooter, "Drive the car", she know my worth, I'm worth 'bout nine
mil'

I put all my trust inside this Ruger or this nine mill' (Oh yeah)

I'm reminiscing passing time wishing that I could press rewind

I got a check up on my mind while I gotta check up on my mind

Lil' shawty must be got a flawless filter

She steady running 'round town looking artificial (Oh-oh)

Big AR or pistol

Watch the youngin' walking down, his end game official

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1942 gon' get her loose soon as the night hit

Fifteen hundred on some shoes from Jimmy Choo, that's all for my bitch

Shawty my best, I'm breakin' boo, I'm getting pussy off of my wrist

All a youngin' know is shoot, we cock it back, let that .45 hit

I'ma spend my life inside this booth, I treat the mic like I hold a diary

How you from the 'jects and don't know Coop? You must be not really from 'ro
und here

Girl drop the neck inside a coupe, lil' shawty really got some fire head

Like back in 1992, I drip Phat Farm, I'm on some fly shit (Uh)

Me no speak no English

I see Denver, Colorado from a different angle (Ayy)

Champagne living, poppin' bottles, oh Lord, I really thank you

I fucked a model, me don't really know what her real name is

All I wanted was a dollar but it came with being famous
Hit up my line once the rain gone
Pour up a line and now it seem like all the pain gone
You left a knife inside my back, it be the main ones
I start my day off chasing racks, that's for a fact, me and my day ones

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