

Traded

Quando Rondo

(Girl, that's Quando on the beat, boy)

Yeah

You know this for my gettin'-money niggas and bitches

You know who cashin' out without a problem on whatever they want

(Cxb, know he go crazy)

I know how it feel to be the one come from the bottom

And I know it feel to be at war with all them shottas

I know how it feel be the one with all the shottas

And I know how it feel to count a hunnid thousand dollars

Also, I got a hunnid thousand problems

Lul Deezy grip that pole and he go up it with no problem

All a nigga know is up and blow, we slingin' iron, yeah

I know how it feel to go to court and catch some time, yeah

My bitch the baddest, all to me, she a model

Them niggas came and got back at us, then we buried Lul Pablo

My heart broke, windows shattered, holes in the car door

Playin' my game, I like to rap and no more trappin' tomorrow, R.I.P. Pablo

I done sparked a thirty, but ain't never popped a 30

My partner caught a thirty, watched the other one get buried

My grandma told me not to worry, make sure you pray and have mercy

It's hard to walk by faith, like I don't know, my vision blurry

Lil Tony went to prison early, caught a 'bow when he was thirteen

He made some millions on the road and buyin' homes when they was dirt cheap

Vic from out the four, that my big bro, that really hurt me

Them same old ones who be ones trollin' don't give a fuck, they wanna murk m
e

Took my Shahada, now I'm Muslim, I hope Allah never curse me

Walk in the jeweler, I'm with my uncle, no one here, just me and Turkey

Pain runnin' deeper than any water, any ocean, I be surfen'

How the hell you blaze the one that come up from a corner where it's murder?

'Bout convos, know they gon' murk shit

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Cashed out on a fancy truck, fuck around and trade it in

Trappin' out a Maxima, turn it to a Mercedes-Benz

Get the change then stack it up, like batter up, we play to win

I had to take the ladder up 'cause wouldn't nobody would take me in

Like, bae, you know I fuck with you

The only reason that them bitches hate, they know it's up with you

Different seasons drip from out the A, know they can't fuck with you

They don't know the meaning of this paper that I'm runnin' through

Send a picture teasin', baby girl, you got me goin' through it

I just want a hunnid million dollars and some Prada shoes

Never mind, I rock Balenciaga and some fuckin' Trues
Mayday, mayday, do we have a problem? Pull up with the tool
Every day my payday, double-R when we comin' through

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