

(T-T-Today, Junior)

Ayy, ayy, ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Ayy, mom just got evicted, I just got convicted
New bitch say she love me, that is not convincing
Talking to the man up above, but he don't listen
Pain, it was inflicted, try me, then I'm blitzing
I just hit the hitstick, pictures was depicted
Never got assisted, cut 'em off with a quickness
Niggas started switchin', never would've predicted
Hating is a sickness, I don't know how to fix it

Can't believe they killed my year, that's fucked up, why they do him like that?

Why you try to cross me for a bitch? I thought you knew me like that
Gave you the shoes up off my feet, never knew you was movin' like that
This just my life, I'm not a dyke, but I still move with the strap
I love my youngs, nigga

You left me at a standstill, no, I can't run with you
And if you ain't never flock no house, I ain't never home with you
You left me when I was down and out, I can't have fun with you
Or can't split funds with you
But niggas lie, though, and bitches lie, though
Sell a gram and start feelin' like they Pablo
Runnin' from the five-oh, feelings gettin' bottled
Leaders never follow, now my heart is hollow

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Back-to-back convictions, in and out of those facilities
But I stand strong even when they think they killing me
Got it and blew up like I was goin' against the army
What I charge for a feature, they gon' pay for it regardless
You couldn't pay for what I been through, so I don't want no features
Real niggas stand tall, you niggas still on the bleachers
While I was in the streets, you was raisin' your hand for the teacher
I was in juvenile hall, you was at church with the preacher
My life different from yours, nigga, I'm still in the life
When the Honda broke down, we was spinnin' the Chrys'
Make a nigga meet his maker, tryna send him to Christ
Would've got life for all the shit I did in my life
Every time I see my PO, feel like I'm rollin' the dice
Ask me somethin', I ain't no rat, but I'll be quiet as mice
I ain't into snitchin', for mention, niggas losin' they life
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Every time I see my PO, feel like I'm rollin' the dice, yeah, yeah, ayy
Ask me somethin', I ain't no rat, but I'll be quiet as mice, yeah, yeah (I'll
be quiet as mice)
We was sittin' in the crib lightin' candles, couldn't pay for the lights (I
was broke with no hope)
But let 'em know if them pussy niggas try to cross me, I'ma send 'em to Christ
(I'ma send 'em to Christ)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Ain't gon' send 'em to Christ
He gon' kiss 'em good night