

A Broken Winter Break!

REASON

Y'all lil' niggas need to stop runnin' out this kitchen while cookin' this food

And Robert

See he better, he better have his ass in this house 'fore them streetlights come on

And I am not fuckin' around with them

Hello, oh, okay, cool

Ten and fo' make a rich man poor and I bet you won't do it

Thank you, hol' on (never, never)

Okay, okay, okay, okay (we gon' run it back, seven, eleven)

We gon' run it, seven, eleven

Ah, give my motherfuckin' money

Hungry, snotty noses, hood niggas without some options

Chillin', plottin', Friday night, me, some ducats, nigga, what's poppin'?

He was born inside that life, I'm his friend, I went to college

I'm at home for winter break

When I got back, some niggas robbed me, ain't get everything

I try to talk him out that life, give him some better dreams

"Like you ain't gotta keep hustlin', nigga, there's better things"

But he's stuck in it, nigga, fuck it

His pop's got seven mowers, his moms and his little brother on that porch chillin'

Think about retaliation and gettin' some more chicken

His heart frozen cold, I'm talkin' that corpse feelin'

You just gon' let them niggas rob you?

We got everything we need right here, let's go and slide through

That's a meal waitin' for us, only right we drive through

I can see it in your eyes, somethin' done changed inside you

We debate for hours and hours, just goin' back and forth

But we forgot something very important also on that porch

Blurry off a fifth, stumblin' gold vision

Devil still chasin', feel like he long-winded

Hungry little niggas that's lookin' for meal tickets

I was born in this machine, some niggas is still in it

Yeah, I die for this shit, nigga (yeah)

I die for this shit, nigga

You know I die for this shit, nigga

You gon' to die in that bitch, my nigga (yeah)

Cigarettes in the leg, domino slammin'

Front yard, slap box and dice row gamblin', rags on the stairs

I'm headed to that liquor store, what you want from there?

Couple homies with me, yeah, they say, Cuh but they ain't from there

But affiliations have you tied like even scores, as idle time and even more

We just saw them niggas that took my shit

Can't lie the ghetto DNA and me just got me pissed

I'm ready to lose it all, if we find them, I'm with the shifts

Not really, I just know these niggas gon' be on my head if I don't

So the pride in me defines it, no, I'm scared but I won't say it

Hate it or love it, playin', fuck it, it's no remorse

Forget about everything, I went and put my Glock in my shorts

Forgot my whole future and tryna pass my college course

Forgot my girl love me and if I die she'll see the corpse

Forget about love ones, keep that shit so quick and short

But we forgot his little brother was sittin' there on that porch

Blurry off a fifth, stumblin' gold vision
Devil still chasin', feel like he long-winded
Hungry little niggas that's lookin' for meal tickets
I was born in this machine some niggas is still in it

Yeah, I die for this shit, nigga (yeah)
I die for this shit, nigga
You know I die for this shit, nigga (yeah)
You gon' to die in that bitch, my-

Bitch, these niggas still gamblin'
Jharell losin' all our goddamn money
Y'all money?
Yes, bitch, our money
That nigga ain't got no money anyway
Man, I told y'all we should have been gone to Circus
You know I know Robert there, he gon' take care of us
It's always finna be a nigga that take care of us
Plus them niggas, they got money
But I'm not on no broke thing
Uh, grab that bottle, go get dressed
'Cause bitch we finna go to the club to find you a new nigga