

Cross The Waters

REASON

Finish it from across the waters
And we got your bitch hot and bothered
Came in the rooms with amateur novice
Play the bench and flip it to starters
Ghetto gods we taking it farther
Candle light 'cause we lost some martyrs
I can feel it across the waters

Yeah, and so it seems
I was Top Dawg, Martin Luther King
Dirty work to get the W in rings
I'm the one that hit the board and set the screens
Maybe Malcolm gets his shit by any means, yeah
Balancing highs with the lows
Black kings here, check the guns at the doors
My bitch too exclusive, keep the cameras on the flow
Yeah, it's for the hooligans and hustlers
Narrative to cancel out our leaders, y'all some busters
Hov come from where we came from, so we trust 'em
So if I see a NFL deal, I know what's coming
Get that on the back end
To reach my dream, I had to damn near sell my Lexus
I had to live my worst days to write my best shit
And now it's envelope money, get the message
Yeah, yeah

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The ones you least expect, and leave you on stuck
They done fucked over some real ones, so homie, I'm done
Brody, I told me it's up, we at them high levels
Fresh back home from vacay, only time I settled
Couple of my day ones down, they can't get bail
I was on that plug shit way back in 2012
Got a demon with a hot style, pussy good as hell
Time flying just like me in traffic and good Chanel
I'm just reversing the V12 while I'm ashing
You ain't gotta compliment the wave, I know I'm splashing
Chevron tape, Ron Flo's, Hit-Boy gassing
We on that summer madness, stay on that summer sadness
Going out bad like four-year-olds
Didn't see a psychic, but I know what my fortune holds
'Cause I do my job, I think we the 24 Lynch Mob
Might run up in your office with a bat and break a laptop
This ain't the whole picture, this just a snapshot
They think I ain't got the shit crackin' and they doing crack rock
Hooping on the blacktop, taught me dealing with scars
You can still get back to it and reach the stars
Three cigars in at the lounge, I'm making rounds
Try and show big hitters' more out there than weighing pounds
We damn near like a pops to each other

Big brother, sins of my father, I'm praying I don't suffer

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