I've been known, I love ya'll for this I wouldn't wear it tho I know father died, mother died, got me? 130 the producer Ayyy, rich I'm baby 15 thousand will get your partner knocked off 16 thousand for them styled, tailored car bombs 18, I was stealin' mama's money out her top drawer I could not get knocked off So, you know I had to grind So my folks won't have to work not more Still goin' in, made a promise, we wouldn't hurt no more Goin' to church on Sundays, what you worship for? I was in the court They thought I wasn't gon' dip Used to hide money at my mama's house She didn't know it was in her crib I can't give no fucks no more, I gotta tell them how I feel I can't show no love no more, they gonna stab me once again Family in my business tryna see what I done spent You can't offer me nothing and I don't need no new friends I won't cover my tongue 'cause I don't care who I offend Turn a L to a win Turn a player to a pimp Everything double G on my end These bitches tryna cuddle me in my Benz Niggas tryna break me knowing I won't bend And I tell that's how the story goes And I came here just to vent And I hope you can understand (What about the critics bro?) I won't let 'em in 15 thousand will get your partner knocked off 16 thousand for them styled, tailored car bombs 18, I was stealin' mama's money out her top drawer I could not get knocked off So, you know I had to grind So my folks won't have to work not more Still goin' in, made a promise, we wouldn't hurt no more Goin' to church on Sundays, what you worship for? Lie to me in my face But why would you stab me in by back? Prolly 'cause you thought I was dead I resurrected, I'm back, hoe Every time a bad bitch call, my problems call me back, though A lot of y'all niggas bit into my swag Prolly not dealing with that flow A lot of y'all niggas sound like my son

Rumor has it that I fell off Only thing I fell off was a basket Plug tried to send the bails off

Shoulda been calling me dad-oh

I had to tell him, "Don't send it to the mansion"
Your favorite rapper tried to steal the sauce
I got that nigga stealing in the pantry
At times I forget I done made it
Still got a million in the mansion
Still tryna make 'em understand
Lot of discretion but I gotta keep a country head
Never sell my soul for a bunch of bread

15 thousand will get your partner knocked off
16 thousand for them styled, tailored car bombs
18, I was stealin' mama's money out her top drawer
I could not get knocked off
So, you know I had to grind
So my folks won't have to work not more
Still goin' in, made a promise, we wouldn't hurt no more
Goin' to church on Sundays, what you worship for?

You can't run from the truth shawdy, you feel me? I gotta be me, and fuck what anybody else think man I'm back to having fun on you niggas