

Dreams of taking over the atlas
Now I can cop a double R and wipe that shit off my taxes

Yo, in school they taught a nigga 'bout elements
Never knew I'd be a gunner, just like the Emirates
Snaked by my bro, I feel like Tommy in Power
Why I gotta die for them to give me my flowers?
When it was time to glide, I was never umming and ahing
And I ain't gotta blow, I'll be a millionaire, regardless
Came in the game, I was lit from the start
Can't put it on that beat if it don't come from the heart
Had the ting in the garage like Palace Pavilion
Ms on my mind and I weren't talking about millions
Mummy, told me, "Come in when it gets dark"
But I was shotting hard, I couldn't rap like Nas
In them streets, I was serving them C.A.T.S.
Made hundreds of the phone, I should've charged them V.A.T.
My phone firing, them nights it was tiring
Mummy, always said make that bed, gotta lie init
And it don't get no realer, we shared money for dinner
And F be forever my nigga
When you got nicked, I flew your yard, took out all the weed
Remember when I fell off, had to borrow Ps
Had the same chromes and we had the same goals
And when you got shot, I felt that shit in my soul
If I was on road, you know how much man would've bleed
And even though it was you, it felt like it was me (It did)