

## Outro

Rimzee

Yo, if I weren't for the T  
Tell me what I woulda of been?  
Whip drive without keys  
I'm inspiration for the streets  
If you find a nigga wid my story, then show me  
Years I was lonely  
I turnt hand cuffs to Roley's  
I shed for blood for this ting  
Don't get bun with this ting  
Really buss off my ting and had to run with my ting  
6 in my ting like Ontario  
Gangster like Sicario  
My strip jumping like cardio  
Charge 4 features used to charge 'em for Nina's  
We made doubters believers  
Now the whip got no ceiling  
Didn't feed me crumbs, I built this shit on my ones  
Bayo I paid me in grub, I was selling one on one  
Used to talk under the table akh, my phones was ripping  
Teacher never had a clue, they couldn't see the vision  
15 running this line like I'm 40  
My sales never new my age why cah they never saw me  
I got dirty and mix, can turn a half to brick  
My heart broke when my runner said he wana go lidge  
You gain strength when you gotta go through the pain  
Lost 4 sticks and I had to recuperate  
Niggas always turning  
Can't wear my heart on my sleeve I'm still learning  
I When jail my blocks beefing it was burning  
Course I'm supposed to be up I was determined  
Dunno why niggas pray on my downfall  
But I grew just like you mummy's yard was the councils  
But I decorate this pain in Designer  
Real Trap boy I pledge allegiance to the Lyca