

Gwop Gusty
So if I rain on your parade don't judge me
I come from slippin' went from strays on Sunday
And where yo kids don't need a stage see a gun play
Hey
All these gang injunctions
But still these niggas is the frightment of fuck shit
A real boss never Bangin' in public
Can't break or hate you but I'm changing yo judgement
Heyyy now
See the same people on yo way down
That you see on yo way up I keep the same crowd
I'm from the San go out swingin' like a playground
And keep some paper that I can't file
Now
I've been the topic of all yo discussions
Them subject to change
I'm knockin' these dollars straight off my budget
And where get abducted get charged to the game
Is it money or fame?
Cause mackin' these bitches yo lane
Niggas just tryin' to get a name
And that's just a shame
Cause they just jump all of character
I'm jumpin' out the spider
Dodging Peter Parker cameras
Amateurs

I had to change up my fashion
I rock that K like its fashion
I'm losing all my compassion
I did it with no advancements
Pull out your cameras
I like that flash in my face
I need more flash in my face
I need more flash in my face
I like the flash in my face

I need that flash fast
Cash in advance
Flash in my chest in my hands
Flash in my mouth you can see from the stands
Flash in yo face
You've been flashin' them bands
I'm flashy enough
I don't flash it I blam
You flash in the pan
You know you did that for the gram
Yo bitch flashed the pic for a gram
Yo bitch sent some pics to the fam
Yo bitch is a fan
Still just my EBT tab
Jump out that Lamb
They spot me ASAP like Yams
Blew up on these niggas now I'm outta they reach
But where my niggas that's gon' ride with me