

Into Something

RJmrLA

Just a cold young nigga from the ghetto
I had to hustle, ain't nobody give me nothing
Just spent four nights with no survivin, me and my brother
And my mama now
Get more money, I deposit
Doing shows, I remember I used to fly shit
Reminiscing on days when I was without shit
Gold bar, put it in her mouth shit
Nigga this a dream, I got clout, bitch
Sippin Lean, poppin Xans, off the Patrone
Where YG at, he said he poppin with the Migos
RJ, yeah, just did a song with the Migos
Free my main man, Greedo
Smokin dank out there, with my people
Pull right up in the T4
Just a cold young nigga from the ghetto, just a cold young nigg
a from the gutter

I'm a cold young mack, with my thrillers
Shinin gold on them actors and them millers
I done broke bread, pinched pennys out the nickle
Done up in the head, done got a milly off the drippin
Reminiscing on them days when I was little
Before we learned how to jack, we had it simple
Thinkin way way back, I remember
You was hella late, way back, if I remember
Mr. LA, dope boy with a cannon
Pull up in a Wraith, all black, like Cannon
Smoke the whole play, we play weed while we jammin
Gonna lock the gates on these niggas when they scramblin
I'm still a product of the south, thrillers
You been a selfish bitch since Couch made thrillers
Got some down bitches, got the south gang with us
Fuck you niggas, got some people proud of me