True Love

Rob Stone

It's 1207 to the top boy

True love, I'm in my bag, that's true love
Up in the back, my shooter
I'm gettin' bucks, fuck what the world say (what the world say)
My two cups, I throw it back like fruit punch (ah)
I count the bracket for lunch, I bring the racks in while the world play (while the world play)
True love, I'm in my bag, that's true love
Up in the back, my shooter
I'm gettin' bucks, fuck what the world say (what the world say)
And you, bruh (ah), you stabbed my back and you run (ayy)
I'm on attack and you done, swear I been grindin' up for four days (up for four days)

See, it's my time, gon' have it my way (yeah)
See, I've been flyin' down the highway with a dime bumpin' Sade (bumpin' Sade)
Remember all the time on MySpace (on MySpace)
Had all my niggas in my top, ain't most niggas ain't around today (they ain't around today)
She been performin' up in my place (up in my place)
And I been diggin' to my dogs, ain't no quittin', that's the mind-frame (that's the mind-frame)
Oh, she would love it if I let her stay (if I let her stay)
Would love it if she ever hear the day, "Just drinks for me, no dinner plates" (dinner plates)
You niggas lost 'cause you don't innovate (nigga)
I paid the cost, so I'll be in La Grace, in the Wraith, in the bank (woo)
Look at my arms, see what the scriptures say (yeah)
You did me wrong, at least I'm gettin' paid, gettin' paid in your face (yeah)
You niggas soft and sweet as lemon cake (haha)
My God, my arms still blingin' in the rain, my mom said, "Son, you need to pray" (need to pray)
That's on my mom, gon' get my niggas paid (all my niggas paid)
Gon' have my mom way out here, grippin' grains, switchin' lanes in the Range (in the Range)

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