

Product Of The Trenches

Rob49

Product of the trenches, been this way since I was little
I'm dog and she a dog, she think I love her cause I kiss her

I'm getting my money right stacking and investing
Took my momma out the fucking projects grinding everyday
I'm showing love but I don't owe her nothing
Hot boxing the Altima the back to back in Buku foreigns
SRT when I get board
Fuck that, let's go meal for meal
You started this, I finished it
Treat here good just cause she pretty
Yeah I'm humble but I'm litty
I was trying to tell them I was the greatest they ain't see it
in me
Before I touch this mic I was been was hype just my bread different
All us from the booth that's off the flip, all he know is step
I was trying to be a drug lord like I'm DMF
I was dead broke starving by myself, niggas ain't never help
I was trying to throw away my life, niggas ain't tell me nothin'
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I been selling weed, don't play with crack fiend
I put her on her knees, but don't trust no skeezer
The way I dog her out, I know she hate me
She want me to herself, she crazy

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Once I went turned up my fam, I went and put on all my niggas
I created all my ice 250 in this kennel
You can tell my bro a real street nigga, he done slip shit
I be trying to hide my real life from these rap lyrics
I was out here putting these niggas on, niggas ain't give me no
thin'

I was out here stealing niggas money, just be glad I love you
Savage like my momma, still be trappin' like my daddy
I'm seventeen in high school putting pounds in the attic

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