

Supposedly

Rob49

You dealing with real project niggas (Brr)
You know what I'm sayin'? I'm the biggest in here (You good)
Big 49
Pussy
Chases

All these fucking sticks, you better watch how you approachin' me (Brr)
Niggas started switchin', now they mad they can't get close to me (They mad)
She was tryna fuck me through DM, I hit back hopefully (Okay)
Ask me if I'm fuckin' his little bitch, I'm like, "Supposedly" (Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'm like, "Supposedly"
They killed my dog and ask me if I'm good, I'm like, "Supposedly" (I'm good, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'm like, "Supposedly"
This bitch in here tryna get me head like she wanna take my soul from me

Yeah, real millionaire, real motion there, nigga, I'm a trapper
I was standin' on the block (Yeah) all day with killas, turn to a rapper (For real)
We done put niggas on the news and start fuckin' they hoes, that shit be tragic (For real)
Put money on niggas hats, and I'm getting that hat tapped off that static, nigga
Money, cars and clothes (Yeah), clothes, 'bows and hoes (Clothes, 'bows and hoes)
Bitch say she love me, I'm like, "Yeah, I know" (I'm like, "Yeah, I know")
Hm, yeah, Bubba for the low (Yeah), bitch, I got a strong nose (I got a strong nose)
Yeah, whoopty, whosah, whoopty, woo, that's how shit go (That's how shit go)
Uh, yeah, product of the trenches, fuckin' niggas bitches, huh
Man baby Jesus (Yeah), fucked the whole city, huh (Yeah)
Pills in my liver (Yeah), I got bitches fuckin' bitches, huh (Hm)
Free my uncle Key (Yeah), fighting that life sentence, huh

I'm like, "Bitch, I think I'm him" (I am)
That's what I had said when she asked me who I am (Fuck a [?])
I was tryna break the rim
Ballin' like I'm Capo, diamonds jumpin' out the gym
I ain't doin' M, I ain't even gotta think hard (Shit too easy)
This ain't no cash, she tryna fuck me, she ain't gotta think hard (It's too easy)
It ain't romance, I let this young bitch hold my bank card (Poppin' greasy)
It ain't no cash, so many guns, this shit like vanguard (For no reason)
Shit ain't C.O.D
All these niggas be like me, shit, all we fear is G-O-D
His name in some paperwork 'cause he talk to a C-O-P
We cannot have smoke if I can hop you with you V-O-P
We way up at the T-O-P, I hope you can spell, pussy (Aah)
She keep tellin' me that she want deez, like she sell pussy
Spinnin' in them V's, nigga know I be where ain't no 12 lookin' (Skrirt)
Hundred shot shorty right there in the trenches, feel like hell cookin' (Feel like hell)
Jumpin' on them torches, we can't even smoke him, he might tell somethin' (Yeah, he might tell)

Niggas was tryna shit, but now they on my dick (No they on my dick)

Every time I go talk to them dicks, 49 gon' plead the fifth (I'ma plead the fifth)
Every time I think about where I come from, I say, "Bitch, I'm him" (Bitch, I'm him)
Every time I go back to the hood, big 10 mil' on my hip (Brr)
Meek just showed me niggas dyin', he on some feelings shit (Some feelings shit)
I told him we made some mamas cry, bitch, we on killer shit (We on killer shit)
How the fuck you see a top out in yo' face and don't kill that nigga?
Bitch, I'm G all by my dolo, I don't need no nigga (Huh)
I'm the type to put bro on, you the type leave your niggas (Huh)
I'm the type to buy that bad ho Chrome, you the type penny pincher (Huh)
Better be lucky, I ain't a fuck nigga, would've put ya brother in it (Huh)
Niggas mad over hoes we fuck, nigga, you a mad nigga (Yeah)
Million dollas ain't shit to us, I'm the type can't get touched (Huh)
I'm the type to go ghost a slut, can't let her fuck her motion up (Huh)
We the ones went, son, nigga, ain't no recruitin' us (Recruitin' us)
Remember that time I checked dude, and he said they ain't sayin nothin'? (Ain't sayin nothin')
Trenches back alive, the killers back outside (The killers back outside)
I'm out the 9, but after Juan died, I left the 9 (Alright)
On Facetime with lil' G, they say the facts 'cause dude lying (For real)
I'm the hottest in the street, every time I drop, the block hot, yeah (For real)
Niggas pussy, private parts, I shut up and get paid to talk (Yeah)
High school, sold weed out a jar (Yeah), man, I took that shit too far (Yeah)
I know dude a ho for sure, he ain't never have no paw
Only paw he ever knew, was a rat, I don't wanna talk (Yeah)
We was dirty growin' up (Yeah), but I'm rich now, bitch, it's up (Yeah)
Man, we be with superstars (Yeah), but Buck still be selling soap (Yeah)
I'ma let the hood pick it (Yeah), I don't need no A&R (Yeah)
And before the label shit, bitch, we been had A&R's (Yeah)