

Thug Life ain't dead
Niggas just scared and that's how I feel
I'm on the corner till the morning, tryna pay them bills
Kicked out my momma house cause she smell a nigga aroma
Cheap cologne, two phones, and palm of marijuana
Just young hustler trying to come up in the world
Cause all the dope boys drive the cars and get the girls
"Oh he a gangster and shooter" but back in the day
I jumped out the Buick with the Ruger, made em jump the gate
But it's okay cause now I'm on the rap scene
Chasing hella green
I hope my album sale or it's back to selling green
I hope that they ain't selling dreams and I can really get a mansion
Hope I sell out arenas and spend my nights in the Hamptons
Hope that I ain't gotta dye my hair green
Or loose weight
Hope all the rumors I hear about Hollywood is really fake
I hope by the end of the summer I can meet my nigga drake
And he explain to a nigga all the care I need to take
Hope I can lay off the noodles and we can get us some steak
Hope I can get a couple million dollars in my bank
Or at least a half-a-million in my mansion in my safe
But if don't it don't go as planned
Everything is straight
Cause where I reside it ain't really to safe
Niggas is really blessed if they can see another day
Cause woadie really stupid
He love clutching on his K
He'll drive by in broad day
And put a nigga on his face

Like boom
Look who just stepped in the room
Young Rod Wave typhoon lagoon
Comin' soon
I just came out of no where
I just came out of no where
Look who just stepped in the room
Young Rod Wave typhoon lagoon
Comin' soon, I just came out of no where
I just came of no where