

# Calvin Cambridge

Rod Wave

(BOOGZY)

And I was in the hood when it was all good  
We had three for the tens, trap niggas (Trap niggas)  
My lil' woadie just sold me a Rollie, he swore up and down, "It's one of the  
se rap niggas" (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
We flexin' and finessin', all my niggas on the same shit  
Nigga switched to rappin', all my niggas on the gang shit  
Youngest nigga ballin' hard like I'm Calvin Cambridge  
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Young nigga ballin' hard, pass the ball and I'ma shoot it (Shoot it)  
Bet I score, I swear I deserve a movie (Movie)  
Slide on his block and lil' bro start shootin'  
My niggas runnin', maneuverin' and movin'  
"Oh Lord, it's the chop out boys" (Chop out)  
They said, "Oh Lord, it's the dumb out boys" (Dumb out)  
Money be my motivation ever since a young dude  
Niggas know the situation every time I come through (Come through)  
We was kickin' doors, nigga, you was in the house (Woah)  
We was sellin' soap every time we seen a drought (Skrr, skrr)  
Put the dope behind the stove, put the flame in the couch (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
I don't love the ho, fuck the ho, in and out  
Bust in her mouth and then I get rid of you (Bye, bye)  
I been a fool ever since I was in middle school  
High school three, fuck tests, we gas up the mid  
I made my power move and been broke ever since  
But the hood ain't the same  
Niggas either gotta agree that they buried under or a judge gave 'em a jersey  
number  
I had to leave the trap, that ain't where it's at  
But if I make it with this rappin', I'm givin' back

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What you know 'bout stolos, trying to relax?  
Running wild with your strap, catching burglaries back-to-back (Boom)  
What you know 'bout JDC days, having blackouts and shit? (Yeah)  
It felt like RAW versus SmackDown and shit  
Niggas talking, hitting licks, and we plot for cocaine  
Fighting over snack time, ain't down on no games  
Locked down 'cause you're 'bout your check  
Don't wanna go to no program so you pray for house arrest (Oh, woah, woah)  
Shit ain't sweet, got yourself under oath  
In all blue clothes, nobody answering for me  
Reminiscin' on the days, the place you call home  
But shit ain't the same, everybody dead and gone  
It's all wrong  
Who would've known we'd lose niggas to the cell or the homicides? (Homicides  
)

Who would've knew the grass is brown on the other side? (The other side)  
Would would've thought that we'd ever see the day? (Day)  
That sky's would be gray, other side of the gates

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