

Court Date

Rod Wave

Ayy bro, what up?
Shit, chillin', bro, got this court shit I'm involved in
Hell nah, bro, they got me on an ankle monitor
Bitch, I can't even go nowhere
Yeah, yeah
I hope for a program, bitch
Hell yeah, but, I, I already know, bro
The points too high
I'ma holla at you though, bro
Love

I got court in the morning, I might flake
I might book, 'cause I don't wanna go back
I was playing in the streets and got jammed up (Jammed up)
With my luck (My luck), but I refuse to go back
Know it's the consequences when you playing in the game
Take all of your freedoms, then they throw you in a cage
Locked down without a trace (No trace)
No answer phone call, no visits, no mail
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I was down on my dick but I refused to punch a clock
Niggas startin' gettin' shot so I stayed off the block
Me and Lil' Kareem kickin' doors for the knots
Now I'm facin' way more time than a watch
And I know, I'm only seventeen and live a crazy life
A dangerous life, I ain't sayin' what I come from, I make it right
When you hit that last lick, know what you thinkin' like
Like, "If I hit this last lick, I'ma be straight for life"
But it's consequences
When you in and got to pay the price
Now you sittin' in a cell with a stranger
Heart turned cold and your soul full of anger
Ain't no house arrest, nigga, this your [?]
With your defense, you escaped with a six-to-nine
You get in deep, fouled, then you facin' bigger time
Four to door but I guess you gotta deal with it
Back home, you not known as a real nigga
Touch down, they like, "Woah, you got real bigger"
But it's more to this life, gotta see the big picture
Gotta see the big picture, ayy