

Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, that's probably Tago
Pipe that shit up, TnT
Tre made this beat

Let's talk 'bout hard times, real bottom boy survivor
Way before the jewelry, the groupie hoes, and designer
Back when I was tryna find a way for all my partners
Rema hit the window, popped the door for me and Lijah
'Member wakin' up with no destination
But I had some dedication, couldn't use my education
'Cause no nine dollars could help me face what I was facing
My light bill due, envelope blue, that mean you behind on payments
Rap slowed down and I was low on cash
Fresh out of high school, kicked out the house for living fast
Went and got a spot, then got a job, 'cause pops was on my ass
Then that's when pops had went to jail so it didn't last
Hit the block with Brock 'cause I was tryna pay my bills
Like fuck a rap career, let's touch these streets and make a mil'
Fast forward, like Rod Wave, tell me how you feel
When I think about my past, that shit give me chills, uh

Wake up in the morning, hit my knees, and I pray
Because He finally made a way
I been runnin' up that paper, mama
And before I let 'em come and take it, mama
I'ma die in these Cuban links
I'm gon' die in these Cuban links (Bangers again)
Die in these Cuban links (Right now today, let's go)
Die in these Cuban links (Yes, Lord)

All my life it been a struggle
You on and fall off, you find out who really love you
Playin' in the storm drain, came out the gutter
Good relationships, I admit I had a couple
Making love to the money, me and bae lil' couple
Yola cooked down to the oil in it, don't switch around
I need everything when it lock in the pot, yeah
Grab it off the top, let it dry, work the clock, yeah
Finally up in rank, movin' blocks, holdin' sham, yeah
Havin' my lil' way, ghetto pussy used to act funny
Now I'm hittin' her hard from the back, she throw it back for me
And when I went to jail, shawty left, turned her back on me
Flexin' on they ass, pants sag with them racks on 'em

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