

Young trap nigga, he got tied of being broke  
Pockets, they was hurtin', so he jumped off the porch  
He in love with the finer things, but ain't nothing free  
I'ma tell you how a nigga told me  
It's a lot of hustles out here, woadie, pick you one  
It's a lot of money out here, woadie, get ya some  
Ain't nobody nowhere out here gonna give ya none  
You got one life to live, better live it up

Ayy, jumped off the porch kinda late  
Now I pull up on the couple on the skates (Skrtrt)  
Plug front me this, I got a good face  
Know for spendin' racks on all your face  
Remember the days they said I wouldn't be shit  
Came a long way, ain't no more hittin' licks, look at me now  
That young nigga hood rich, can't get me wrong  
I'll still finesse you quick  
Money call my phone, I'm catchin' it  
Need extra money, so I'm stretchin' it  
In love with finer things, I don't need a bitch  
Tired of being broke, so I was going to get it  
If he hit licks, bag it up and sell it  
Just watch who you servin', these niggas be tellin'  
Life in a gamble, I'm bettin' on sevens  
Young nigga trappin', 365, 24/7

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Mama went to trippin', now she kicked me out her home  
Cliqued up with Kareem, and we went and got it on  
Started kickin' door, tryna get my money long  
Bro was sellin' bows 'til the crackers tapped his phone  
I been ridin' 'round with a semi-automatic  
If I catch a nigga lackin', then I gotta let 'em have it  
Come where I come from, if you snooze, then you lose  
I'd rather be here than you, I refuse to get blues, fuck that

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Go nuts

Ayy, young nigga, go nuts

Ayy, go nuts

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