

Jersey Numbers

Rod Wave

(Pipe that shit up, TnT)

(Ayy, JB)

Yeah, yeah, uh

Fell in love with my cup, it's just me and my drank
So much pain in my heart got me numb to the brain
And the crackers on our bumpers, shit ain't sweet as you think
Loyalty for royalty, I did it all for the gang
Now here's a message for the youth, it ain't worth it
Niggas police, it ain't worth it
Yeah, we stand on that business, fuck around, tie up a witness
My past ain't perfect, the judge handing out jersey numbers
Mistakes is nothing, you live and you learn
I was tryna get some sleep, so I been sipping that syrup
Preaching to my young niggas to lay off the pills
My baby mama text my phone like, "You got some nerve"
Know I come up out that bottom, I came straight from the curb
Youngin asking me advice to get his paper mature
My mouth told him chase his dream, but the younger child in me screamed
"Tell your big homie to front you half a bird"
You scared, then go to church, if you scared, them crackers'll give you life
, you life
Okay, my brother back in jail, my songs leaking out, I am not alright
In 2018, my partner was eighteen, they gave him twenty years, twenty years
If you eighteen with twenty, that mean he got more time than he fucking live
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Preaching to Lil Keed, I told him try to make it to the league, get a jersey
number

It ain't nothing in these streets, but graveyards and jersey numbers, jersey
numbers

Yeah, yeah, yeah

It ain't nothing in these streets, but graveyards and jersey numbers, jersey
numbers

Bro callin' from the jail, he said his lawyer swapped him out (Uh)

I was hollerin' at lil' Yayo, they gave him a dub and he did five

Still shot him with his slides on, bro institutionalized

Still killin', inmates shanked each other, I'm just happy that he survived

Pay anything to get you free, you, I'm picking sides

Know a couple people who bit the cheese who used to be the guys

Paid an inmate in call fare, clean your laundry, laundry

Shoot away, show you how I did get a lunch tray, lunch tray

They'll give you a judge and I'ma judge, don't put you in the gang

They be treating us like a jeweler, can't wait to put us in some chains

On FaceTime with lil' TJ, say his mama was actin' strange (She was actin' st
range)

Said his brother turned his back since he been in, I felt his pain (Felt his
pain)

Seen a gangster go to jail and fuck a sissy

He wouldn't control himself, the first day out, I was back to sipping

Niggas tell me, "Don't get high," I should try and make a living

But I tell 'em I'm a hustler and I'd rather make a killing

Preaching to Lil Keed, I told him try to make it to the league, get a jersey
number (Yeah)

It ain't nothing in these streets (Yeah, yeah), but graveyards and jersey nu

mers (Yeah), jersey numbers
Yeah, yeah, yeah (Yeah)
It ain't nothing in these streets, but graveyards and jersey numbers, jersey
numbers
Uh