

So Many

Rod Wave

Ayy-ayy-ayy-ayy, ayy, that's probably Tago
Know what I'm sayin', though
Pipe that shit up, TNT
Ayy, yeah, yeah
Uh uh, what you mean, no need?
What you mean, no need? Yeah

So many nights, I gave up
So many times, I gave up
Struggling what made us
Hustling what saved us
So many nights, I tried and tried
So many nights, I'd grind and grind
Finally I feel it's time to shine
For all of those nights from time to time

I'm just reachin' my shirt and my sneakers
I get in my feelings and start buying purses for eaters
I turn all the hurt to believers
I don't fuck with rappers, ain't sellin' no verses or features
I don't fuck with preachers or teachers
They lie to your face, how could you ever believe 'em?
I turn in the game from the bleachers
I'm good game forever, could never get left or deceive 'em

Hey I'm turnin' the hurt to believers
I come from the curb, chasin' out smokers and geekers
Remember I hustled for sneakers
Feds in the hood, was finna go buy me a beeper
Beeper, the freak night to leave you
I buy her a purse so she can show all her people
After she show all her people
All of her brothers and cousins gon' ask for a feature
'Member when a nigga felt stuck?
Stayed down 'til I came up
'Member when a nigga gave up?
Now a young nigga caked up
Uncle D taught me save up
Showed me how to step my game up
Same labels who played us
Same labels who play us

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Huh-whoa, yeah, yeah, yeah
Huh-whoa, huh-whoa
Huh-whoa, yeah, yeah, yeah
Huh-whoa, huh-whoa

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