

Right

Rylo Rodriguez

I'm from the trenches, we see 12, we hit a route like Chase
Or CeeDee Lamb, they got the trap house wide open
Opps in the club, tryna have staring matches with a nigga
Can't wait to catch him, leave him dead with his eyes open
Ain't that gonna make your problems gon' just go away or someth
ing

I know that sound a little bit crazy but that's the real
Picked up a switch, left his equipment, he in the field
Money coming in, I still ain't signed a major deal
Lil' bro died off a pill

No nigga ain't never popped more seals than me, I sip more lean
than C

Know the game, I signed my cleats

She calling my phone, I'm in the city, girl, like I signed to P
Yeah, he killed a nigga, he did it on camera, he ain't take a p
lea

I pray he beat it too

I answer when you call, but you ain't pick up when I needed you
In Houston, James Harden house, we ain't playing hoops
Just got a message from your area code 732

Wonder why I only get your textes when I'm in Texas

How bad you want it?

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If loving you is wrong, then I don't wanna be right (What you g
ot?)

I got niggas who I love that died, and I still haven't cried (T
he stories never told)

I'm so used to death, can't even shed no more tears

I'm so used to you depending on me for real

You have a family that I ain't seen in years

Cooler still'll get you bailed

Locked in, we ain't playing Madden, just make sure you get the
bill

Backdoor, we reading books, hoping he get pardoned

She text me, "Oh," I texted her "blocked", she from Parkway Gar
den

He rock strong, I don't feel that

And he got bodies, but he told, that boy a killer rat

Just like my spine, miss my lil' bros, wish I could get 'em bac
k

I got all my jewelry, yeah, I'm posted in the trenches
In potholes spilling codeine in the Bentley

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