

For Y'all

SABA

Ridin' 'til the sun up, runnin' into cover
This one for my brothers
Get up and get on it, not up for discussion
Don't waste your life on nothing
Remembering them all, if I'm living large
You are all the cause
This for you, this for you
This for y'all

On my second bowl of cereal, second semester
Me and my classmates all on separate sections
City on the rise from decadent anthems
Funny they wanna see us all rot just
Drown out the ant farm, used to rock Phat Farm
Used to watch Cat Dog, now you a rap star
Cause the vocab was tough, head in the lap with a [?] up
From a mile away, still know that it's us
Clearly [?] enough
And I started hating this song while writin' it
She came to my crib and she leave with bites and shit
I can't even sleep in my bed
I still got degrees on my head
The temperature hot
I can't even leave, come out here one day go for 10 bucks a pop while my nig
gas get shot around here
Pound it, pound it, nigga show love to the coldest on the crow's nest
Solar system, pick my pen up been a loser been a winner
Pick my chin up, sky the limits, Silkk The Shocker, got no limit, limit
Lemon wedges in the water, we in the air but we ain't started, uh

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Young nerd Neutron, didn't fuck with my prom
But turned in writin' prompts, but grandma got a lawn
Uncle on lock, they probably scared I got a bong
But Jimmy good, he all straight
We know this nigga beatin' his case
I don't drink but I just may
Treat my homies to a case
Like how you innocent in inner city
They scared of you like Insidious city kid
City on the brink of extinction
And all we do is sing songs I see ya'll
Cause the funeral love the young brother who doesn't know better
But where is the hater that stay down when they actin' up in the first place
Worst case scenario we make it out alive and uninjured
Then that'll be news forreal because we not statistics
And it took eighteen years but he finally not scared to talk his shit
Still O.C. with it can't seem to control his fuckin' temper
And rap is just fuckin' templates, I can capture a couple pictures

Change the caption description and y'all still wanna look at him different
Instagram him and Twit pic, then ask the masses who this is
And I'll only get mentions, like that's the same exact nigga

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And even if we don't get rich up out up this bitch
We don't get ticks on Priceline quick
Enough to where they jump, way way up
And you can't afford the shit
We still gon' do it my nigga
We still gon'-still gon' screw on them bitches
A couple of pills if that what you into
If that what you into
I feel you, it's real, I think in my mental
It come out the deal, it's [?] what you [?]
I treat you like Blood
And I treat you like Cause, 'cause
Yo it's us and them, red stripes, on the corner every night
Argue though you dead right, and I'm dead wrong, no headlights
And them red lights behind us, they don't mean nothing as long as you don't,
Go reachin' for something then give them a reason to shoot up the truck up
We get out, we runnin', we yellin' "yo fuck it"
Cause you supposed to be protectin' and servin' the public
And all of the ruckess
We stickin' together [?] out on your mothers
Say hi to your mama
And in the end though
I wanna see you in the endzone
Or a Benzo with the rims high
And the tint low cause you stayed down
Nigga ten toe, we like kinfolk
Bendo, on a bitch oh
Take turns like she a Nintendo
Understand me, 10-4
(Tree)