

R.I.P Buddy

Sauce Walka

Ooh-wee
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Mhm

I'm in these motherfuckin' streets, nigga
I'm 'posed to be rappin' on these beats, nigga
I'm too busy with a bitch and a Rolex she stole this week, nigga
You sweet, nigga
You one of my bitches trick-or-treat, nigga
Knock on this door with a mask on, I promise you gettin' sweeped, nigga
The eliminated
Every gun I got sophisticated
Send a nigga to Heaven, congratulations, that nigga made it
Mama in the kitchen playin' Kirk Franklin, she miss her baby
It's sad that he got stomped on, but I'm surprised he made it this long
He been a target
They been waitin' to see his car so they can park it
I heard lil' Superman shot back, but he couldn't Clark it
The streets is heartless
How can you survive without so many sources?
How could you make it to the top like everybody else without that many choices?
We dreamed of Porsches
But only in the yard where we seen the horses
Seen my first murder at seven, I dreamed of screaming voices
I wanted to be the dude like Devin, I end up bein' Jordan
This rap shit ain't even important, my white bitches finessin' corporate for millions, nigga
How much money you leavin' for them childrens, nigga?
How many rainy days you got 'em prepared for when it get serious, nigga?
Good appearance, nigga
I used to pour air up in my cereal, nigga
Now I pour a quarter million on the table for a diamond tear, nigga
I'm spillin' for it
In that same jungle where they killin' and they stealin' for it
Where a police can shoot a baby and get a ribbon for it
It's in your eyes, how can you ignore it?
You too busy watchin' a movie with Kevin Hart and Chuck Norris
Fuck Netflix, I'm in the hood tryna reset bricks
Show these young niggas how to get they necks fixed
They checks fixed, they net worth
Nigga, how much really is your set worth?
If every nigga in your set broke or dead, nigga, then your set hurt
That's realistic
It's true they hate on all the ones who's gifted
So know you gotta feed and kill 'em wolves, see a sheep can't do business
They say we senseless how we run to that concrete again
But what is a gangster who can't be on the streets again?
That's like tellin' Mayweather he can't put on Gucci sneaks again, I beat the pen'
On my twin
I seen mothers leave they babies to go have fun with they friends
Get shot on accident, she never came home again
Will it ever end?