

No Pretend

Savv4x

This is never no pretend
Swear it cannot be fake
I could have watch my nigga starve, but I put food on his plate

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Swear it cannot be faked
I could have watch my nigga starve, but I put food on his plate
They used to treat me like I wasn't shit, now they treat me like I'm Drake
We done put switch on every Glock, but Griffin said he want a Drac'
And we done shot at every opp, there should be more inside the grave
I guess that we gon take it slowly, one by one gon' be they fate
My brodie say he want a rollie, I say "Fuck it, buy a crate"
My nigga say he need a house, so T said "Fuck it, hit the States"

See, I'm tryna buy some properties, one day I'ma own a lake
Just for the bros to dump the opps and every Glock that left a stain
And if they ever get my drop, I'll bang this knock till it's no grains
And all the opps be hide inside, don't play they sides 'cause it ain't safe
I pray 2 Tray beat his case
Free my Viller off that ankle monitor, he go insane
I know Larry grippin, finger itchin tryna touch a brain
I know Melly leave a nigga leakin' reachin' for my chain
When I'm inside that hot car, brodie, swear I hear you say my name
And I can't ever fear no nigga off no words, we bleed the same
My momma told me that she hate me, I still feel it to this day
But I know that she ain't mean it, I just caused a lot of pain
Big brodie died, I watched you cry, mama, I know you went insane
Swear you don't feel my pain
I was trappin' the rain
But I can't blame nobody, it's cause of me, I need to change
And I get knocked like every month, no one to bail me so I stayed
If I showed you all my charges, you would think this shit is fake
But I can't change that
But I can't change that
I can't wait until that day I'm riding in a Maybach
Because, I'm workin hard, I do the most so I can say that
I was 15 taking niggas out they shoes, I ain't had that
Bang this knock it come like an explosion, come like Baghdad
I was 16 tryna knock a nigga out his shoes, I creeped like Batman
You can ask my nigga LO, you don't wanna see me in that black mask
It's some killers in that black van
Shoot shit like the Taliban
Dz, that's the murder man
Like ballerina's, make 'em dance
Fill arenas, that's the plan
But I still keep it in my pants
Pray this .40 never jam
Have money still in them rubber bands

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