

156 Hudson

Scorey

Cash in my pocket, rain on my wrist
All this money still don't cover up the pain that exists
Stand in cold weather, I kept that flame on my hip
Till I started chasing money, glad I came to my senses
Hit his block up from different ways, get a wig split
He got shot up and now he saved, and he Christian
Wild ones, don't fuck wit' the gang, they don't listen
Loud guns, he unleash his rage wit' that big fifth
Just give them twenty thou'
Think they won't gun you down
Walk up and run you down
Then smoke a fucking pound
We just some dirty niggas, but we gettin' money now
Bro keep that .30 wit' him 'cause he need a bunch of rounds
Turn that switch on, 'cause Washy love to hear that thunder sound
Made a diss song, and now you rappin' from the fucking ground
Worm food
When we get that lo' we get to spinnin' like a whirlpool
Mind your buisness, you ain't in this shit, it don't concern you

156 Hudson, I came up from hustlin'
Starvin', I ain't have no meal in my stomach, he a target
Don't care where he is, we still coming, he been heartless
He been tryna kill shit for nothing

156 Hudson, that's where I was thuggin' at
I can't lie, I broke up wit' the streets and keep on runnin' back
All this bloodshed, still could never get my brother back
Wipe my tears with a hunnid racks (Racks)

Dirty sprite, shared, I just had to pour me up some lean
Having nightmares, niggas tryna take me out my dreams
I stayed right there, posted up wit' my Glizzy .17
And my type rare, I can't name a realer man than me
He got caught up on that block, now it's a repass
All he saw was Glock and heard that "Fahh", he better think fast
R.I.P. to Zach I woke up thinking 'bout my wingman, uh
And Lil Roc scheming, why you think he got that ski-mask?

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