

My Man

Sevn Alias

My mandem 'bout them things
Yeah, ey ey

My mandem they don't lack
My man trap, we 'bout them things
My mandem they don't lack
My man trap, we 'bout them things
Yeah-eh-eh my mandem 'bout them things
Yah, my mandem 'bout them things

My man trap
My man pull up in cars with straps
My man shutdown, go up down
Feds trynna interrupt, when we talking 'bout stacks
I've never been lackin'
The street road we do, ain't no whinin'
I tell 'em lower the price and keep sagging
I finessed the plug, I don't beg him
I'm selling white on a heli
And I got a big back, got a hammy (pull a hammy)
Tell 'em bricks yuh up, me sellin'
So I can leave the truck and fly to Miami
I'm selling white on a heli
And I got a big pack, got a hammy (pull a hammy)
Tell 'em bricks yuh up, me sellin'
So I can leave the truck and fly to Miami

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Real nigga ish, uhu
No fake stuffin'
Trynna change the game, hope the fame don't change us
Too religious, stepping, hoping that Jesus gon' save us
Can I get free Hail Mary
Trappin' out da bando
Pyrex on the stove
Got a Range in it
I'm trynna flip that to a Lambo (flip)
Trappin' like I'm Sammy Sosa
My little brother wanna party in a lando
Cause I rave with the gang
Catching case for the gang
Don't play games with the gang
You might get blazed by the gang
Babylon [?]
Flip the page for my gang
Away for my gang
Go on a stage for my gang
Make cake so I can fly away with my gang
Federalie wanna lock us in a cage
Mommy can you pray for the gang?
Go!

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