

Church In The Streets

Skeme

Money, power, and respect
Come from time and grind
Can't inherit those
Real niggas rare nowadays
You gotta cherish those
No loves for fakes, rats and snakes
You gotta bury those
Fell in love with profits, I'm clockin
I had to marry those
Trust fucked I'd rather taste M's before these scary hoes
Fuck these rapper niggas my dawgs I don't compare to those
My real life on wax I bring the facts and let you stare at those
Niggas say they want some real shit
Well ok, there he go

Bitch we came from nothing to something to see
It make me look at impossible like it's nothing to me
My prayers with these street niggas who feel there's nothing in reach
Livin vicariously dawg and findin comfort in me
I mean that shit forreal
I signed my first deal, one hunnid thou straight off a mill
If you ain't stood in my shoes you don't know how it feel
I swear to god, swear to god, you don't know how it feel
I just bought a pint and cracked the seal
I'm in emmental
Wishing that these bitches out my benz take these whip appeals
Put that on books for my niggas that couldn't get a bill
I was that nigga back then and baby I'm that nigga still
Yeah baby I'm that nigga still

Eyes rollin up from that molly (can't even keep em still)
Fuck a thousand dollars my nigga (spend that on bitches heels)
How you niggas claiming you players but never hit the field
Type to stay they ten toes down (and dip when shit get trill)

Who? Ain't that shit the truth
I don't want too much of nothin dawg
Just the shit that's due
Just the shit that's old
These streets'll turn a nigga heart cold
And minds froze
Spent them rocks on my clothes, them bitches chose
Take a glance at my pockets my nigga (them bitches swell)
I'm boolin' bickin' back, whippin that Rolls [?]
I came up under them G's my nigga, that different code
We get that bread, stack it, re-up and go get some more
That's all we know