

Can We

Skrapz

I'm so dope I can make the track stop
Carry on rapping cah I've got this rapping on lock
Imma rep the same team, I swear down I won't swap
And I'm tryna get P's, I swear down I won't stop
I be on my grind, niggas telling me I'm hot
I be telling man I couldn't give a fuck about a cop
I be sipping on Ciroc, looking like a lot
You must have thought that I forgot, I just catch back the drop
I'm going in and I ain't stopping till somebody stop me
The only way I'll ever stop is if I win the lottery
I had a dream the other night a nigga tried to pop me
I roly-poly'd on the floor and hit him up like Pac
I used to dream about fast cars
I'm talking way back then when a nigga had a bus pass
Now I'm in a plush car looking like a rap star
I only smoke trees, I don't party like a rockstar
They've got me rolling with a mask like a doctor
Little sardines tryna talk to a lobster
Little small fries tryna gwarn like a mobster
Until I get mad and start to move like a monster
Used to get mad and start to move like a boxer
Way back then when I had the red Astra
Now my car seats the same colour as pasta
This ain't just a song, this the life of a trap star
I used to grind in the night on a pedal bike
I've been shotting from a yute man, ask Money Mike
Ask Jazzie how I came up from a half O
I was on my block selling food like Nando's
Then I started fucking with the white, oh gosh
I was up in GP making money cashed off
I'm talking way back before I'd even heard of Rick Ross
I was killing clientele, you can even ask Tosh
Talking way back when a nigga used to catch bus
I was never downstairs, at the top it's just us
I was never inside, Mama used to just cuss
I had a lot of fist fights, never had my head buss
And I'll never do a works with a man I don't trust
And I've never been soft, try know I'm on stuff
And you'll never see me rolling with a gun I won't buss
I ain't tryna die young, I'm just tryna live fast