

I wish all my niggas longevity and prosperity
I don't like negativity or bad energy
I've been through so much that I think I need therapy
Actually, all I need is weed and Hennessy
I got graphic scenes that I stored in my memory
I'm having daydreams that I licked down my enemy
Having nightmares of a grave and a cemetery
Tryna stick around to at least see seventy
Greed and jealousy
No integrity, no ambition
They ain't got no drive cah there's no transmission
They ain't got no plans, just isms and schisms
See them man there, they're probably saying life ain't fair
They probably look at me and they wonder "How did he get there?"
"
That's like asking how a tree got there
Been out here so long, it's a blessing that I still got hair

I can see them surrounding
I got angels around me, flying high
A rose that grew out the concrete
I got angels around me, flying high

You can't tell me bout the trap G, I'm professional
Round it to the nearest pound, fuck the decimal point
I'm selling both, I don't know about no fentanyl
I rap now, they wanna put me on a pedestal
Like I'm pussy or suttin
I know about crime scenes, we caused spectacles
I sold crack, front line in my spectacles
Unethical, temperamental
This lifestyle shoulda sent me mental
Or it did, probably why I keep a stick like it's sentimental
Buss the brick and you can smell the petrol
This convoy, that's my armed escort
Labels know that I'm the rapper that they can't extort
My little shawty got a body that I wan' explore
When she tells me that she loves me, I just half ignore
I still gotta ask the mid if the car's insured
I'm just a crook from the gutter but my heart's been pure

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