

Bad Luck

Sleepy Hallow

(Great John on the beat, by the way)

Huh, I just ran the bag up, and you bad luck
And I don't do the snakes, so I gotta keep the grass cut
Gang up in the front, chopper make 'em back up
I got what you want, Winners Circle, get your cash up

Who got you gassed up? I'm smokin' gas, car gassed up
And you know we gon' do the dash, can't pass us
Pull up, skrrrt, gang, got the whole city wild up
Talkin' choppers, I'ma carry like Mariah
I know gang look like a stain, come and try us
We gon' ride 'til we got a flat tire
I know who gon' ride, who gon' slide
Who gon' really care about me if I die?
Sometimes, demons be arguin' in my mind
Demons at my door say they just wanna come inside
Shots fired, opps shot, another opp die
Cops shot another black guy
Know you hear it all the time
Word came from the grapevine
They don't wanna see a nigga shine
Know they wanna take mine
I ain't ever think I would shine
I ain't ever think I would

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I go through a lot nobody knows
Nobody made me do it, nigga, this the life I chose
Givin' back for all the days I was broke
'Cause I know it ain't easy tryna stand ten toes
Buy a coat 'cause the streets gettin' cold, huh
And they ain't really with you, they can't wait until you go
Told my auntie, "Please hold on"
"You been prayin' all your life, been livin' for so long"
I still hit my grandma up for a meal, I'm still off of them pills
My mama sense it when I'm hurt, but I can't tell her the deal
They know, huh, I'm a god in the flesh
You know you feel the pain when it's all in your chest
We gon' ball like we Thompson and Steph
You shoot when I'm shootin', we do it all for the net
Fuck it, you could take it all if you want some respect
'Cause I done did it all, did it all for the set

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