

(Got Damn Samm)  
Gotta figure this shit out, man  
Bottom to the top, man  
Can't stop

Slapwood 'bout to disappear  
It's another year, yeah, bitch, I'm still here  
Them haters sick of me, hopin' that I fell off  
Only to find me down in Texas livin' like a boss  
I ain't never have to fake it to make it  
I kept it one hundred 'til I got shit shakin'  
And once I figured it out, never did no brakin'  
That's why this crown ain't for the takin'  
Really did it by myself, these niggas tried to sell me help  
Through all the fuck yous, still found my wealth  
Now I'm stronger than ever  
In the long run, look who doin' better  
Been a leader, I'm a living trendsetter, Thugga

Don't hate on nobody and don't wait on nobody  
That's the quickest way to pull up in that new Bugatti  
It's lonely at the top, so I copped a coupe  
I'm smokin', rappin', stackin', tryna last like Snoop  
Never thought I'd be still here makin' me a mil' a year  
Real hustlers never fall, fake disappear  
Still gettin' better, got my shit together  
Bet they thought I was gon' go broke, nigga, never  
Got my own wave, never did trends  
Ain't never on no dumb shit, soundin' like men  
Motivate the streets, tell 'em time to boss up  
Instead of tearin' down the block, fix your mama house up