

Again & Again

Slim

People change like the weather
I told bro 'Hit the trap', and change for the better
Cause I'm risking time tryna better my life
And no-one couldn't tell me I never, done it for the team
Grinding, I done it from a teen
No handouts, I done it from a fiend
Cause we was young, and the block never loved us
You don't hear advice, just gunshots
If you could see my vision, I came home and I took life different
I told mum 'You can count on me'
And I was 13 with a ounce on me
But Van Gogh couldn't paint this picture

Where I'm from, the sun comes out and guns come out
I swear we came a long way from run outs (too far)
And they been out here for years, but got nuttin to show
And nothing ain't sweet until my brothers come home
We lost friends, and we lost skengs
We copped new guns but fake friendships never amend
And I just turned 22, but my money says different
I just checked the scores, I'm definitely winning
I'm definitely whippin', my way out the trap
And I always got my flicky, cause I'm bait in the flats
And life goes on, my Roley says that time goes on
So thank God that I stayed with the cats
All them nights up in jail, were just burning my mother
At the end of the V, had to tell her I love her
And I'm hearing all the gossip, and no it ain't a problem
Cause anywhere I go, my niggas always got it

Life's real but it started as a dream
And the phone never rang, it started with a fiend
I needed a change, if rap don't work
Then the traps seeing me again & again
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Any weather, hustle in the rain
We was only young, duckin from the jakes
I fell in love with the Gucci drops and the cutest thots givin lovely brain
The sun comes out, my jewels glisten
And back then I never used to listen
So I had to lose me some time and do a sit-down in prison
But guess what? I'm still here whippin'
I still got rubber bands stuffed in my trousers
Still hit the stove, and triple up of ounces
That's me and Des talking houses, and now they love the kid
When she sees Slim, she's ripping off Calvins
I never stopped, when shit never worked
Now I don't see niggas when I'm dussin' in the Merc
And we don't see shit the same
No doubt that if rap don't work, the traps seeing me again

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