

Intro

Slim

Life's never picture-perfect
If you want shit, you gotta go and earn it
Sixteen of us, Christine
It's like the other day, I was still servin'
Can't tell me 'bout the level-up
That trap phone, it does petty stuff
And half them niggas tryna flex with us
And half these women want sex and stuff

I'm feelin' myself
Yo, I used to go so hard, I was killing' myself
And when shit don't work, don't never look health
Feels good to say I did it myself
I could sit and cry about sad times
About how my dad died, but I'm feeling blessed
This pack needs a press, and my bitch gotta be a ten
Niggas used to be on, but I know that they lost it
I'm fed up with gossip, don't listen to rumours
Bros talking units, big wap, Phillip of Wotsits
Like how many times did my Rollie tick? (Never)
Yeah, and I made a flip
I know about trips, I can tell who's really on, and who's reall
y telling a fib
I wake up, I might do a bit of chest when I step in the gym
But I ain't taking no check, bros still working wrist when he p
resses his ting
And it ain't nothin' but love when I step in my hood, I'm good
My shoe costs me a stack don't step on my boots
And if I ain't tripling up, don't step on the bush
Shit used to be wrong, then I made it right, think I might take
me a flight
Don't take life personal, if there's money in sight, I'm puttin
g that first of all
We used to be good, but then them man fell off still cut you De
ptford for gel off
And have problems putting bands in my denim but its minor
I heard someone talking 'bout Lyca, the mans fire, see shit cha
nged
When it rained, I was grinding, now labels talking 'bout deals
I done two for 80 on four wheels and yesterday, I ate four meal
s
That's medium well with pepper and stuff and the phone line's p
epperin' grub
But I won't change up, just look at the team, it's the same one
, you can do the math
Because back then, we were stupid brats now I'm feeling obsesse
d with Gucci swag
I'm feeling this life, Pyrex, fill it with ice or I drip it

I was sitting in prison, I had no vision, now I see the prettiest women
And I can talk about pain, but I'm over that shit, I whip back over a brick
He's known as a snitch, and they run with it, I might just run with a brick
I ain't feelin' the price, yo were living in different times
And they're on a different grind, I do not know, I'm young, rich and I'm lit (I'm gone)