

Picture This

Slim

The beat box
Turn the beat up a bit
Turn me on
Picture this

Picture this, picture little old Slim
Now were talking half a milly if were talking 'bout my sim
They tryna work? Then I'm offering cash and these rappers don't turn up
Why? 'Cause they got problems with the gang

It's Louis squares on my pedal and nothin' come free
There was a lot of long nights to get the phone lines mental
No risk, no reward, now my niggas flying Brum
We need sweets for the fours, we don't deets or do frauds
This is trap shit, yo, it's forty bags for a brick, it's getting drastic
Talking thirty bags in rubber bands, that's a sandwich
I promise that the trap phone is never off and tell the judge that'll never
stop
Lookin' there's no looking back and my jeans cost a stack
And that's Damier print on my belt and my bag
I ain't looking for a help or a hand
Just a spot out of town, couple pics and like two or three cats
Thrown like two or three grams, youngest tryna get rich
If it ain't worth my time then of course it's getting ripped
If she's coming to the crib then of course she's getting dick
This year, I'm looking mortgages and shit

And they're talkin' 'bout the kid but I'm just keeping it real
And I'm cuttin' true with scazzi and he's keeping it still
And the day I left jail, I said I'm never goin' back
Well that nigga is shit, it ain't ever in my plans (I'm gone)

Picture this, picture little old Slim
Now were talking half a milly if were talking 'bout my sim
They tryna work? Then I'm offering cash and these rappers don't turn up
Why? 'Cause they got problems with the gang

Picture this, picture little old Slim
Now were talking half a milly if were talking 'bout my sim
They tryna work? Then I'm offering cash and these rappers don't turn up
Why? 'Cause they got problems with the gang

All of that negative shit that just kept a nigga goin'
Thought he won what I'm rollin', the excuse that I'm dodging
Bro watch out for the people who is watching your pocket
And the ones who never cared when you was poppin', my G, this is hood shit
Growing up, my teacher probably said I was a good kid but look at what the hood did
Yo, I fell in love with the Pyrex and the juggin' and death said you gotta make time for these bookings
But yo, just look here, Dizze's copping mics like a Taliban and last week, the buj came from Pakistan
I put the truth in the booth and a thousand on some shoes and nowadays, these girls are always mad at man

'Cause I don't love 'em but they love me
I tell 'em, "Fuck girls, love country"

I swear these niggas looking like some junkies
The road is getting cold and that trap needs jump leads
Look I'm callin' that a fuckery (I'm gone)

Picture this, picture little old Slim
Now were talking half a milly if were talking 'bout my sim
They tryna work? Then I'm offering cash and these rappers don't turn up
Why? 'Cause they got problems with the gang

Picture this, picture little old Slim
Now were talking half a milly if were talking 'bout my sim
They tryna work? Then I'm offering cash and these rappers don't turn up
Why? 'Cause they got problems with the gang