

This is really fucking cool
Understand what I wouldn't be
Under, under, under
Understand what I wouldn't be

Yeah, understand what I wouldn't be
Niggas talking on me, they be talking all that blasphemy
Demons all around me, man, I swear these niggas after me
Pull up on the scene and switch the shit, shit was tragedy
I stayed up in the streets, was cold so niggas had to strap the heat
Juggin' packs to get it back so all my gualas trap and eat
'Member when gualas starved, it's only right my gualas eat
It's only right my gualas ball, we die for JLs on our feet
Niggas wouldn't understand I'm winning but it's like defeat
I copped myself a big estate but death was on my life complete
Money make your life elite but leave you when this life's complete
And I really want in life was bread so I can write and eat
Smoking like a fucking fiend to keep my mental on my feet
Running for them fucking Ms, still put them diamonds in my teeth
Count up 'til that money ends, that money counter make the beep
Niggas locked up prayin' for me even though they life is beat
Blessing niggas, this that introduction to the fucking streets
We don't call the boys the pigs, we call 'em D's they on our meat
Hopped up off the porch and hit the stu', it's like I found my feet
Niggas duckin' shots, was duckin' low, then threw back with the heat

Gang, ayy, I don't like this anymore, ayy
I don't wanna live it like this any
So what's up? Pull up, I'ma show you where I'm from, ayy
Let the realest show you how it's done
Yeah, ayy, I don't like this anymore, ayy
I don't wanna live it like this anymore
So what's up? Pull up, I'ma show you where I'm from, ayy
Feeling like the shit 'til I'm done, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy

Them sixteens straight to the point, don't get your dome hit
Everything fresh out the box, I'm on my grown shit
I ain't into smoking with niggas, I got my own zips
Coming through puffin' some lethal knockin' my own shit
Kids, don't try this at home, stunt at your own risk
Niggas wanted bars from a stoner, I'm who they gon' get
A1 punches is hittin' just like a stone fist
Sucker for good numbers got me back to my old tricks
Now watch me pull a rabbit out the hat
Shit, I lost a lil' data just know I'ma get it back
Wearin' gold in the hood, chains equaled up to plaques
Had the deals on the ends, all he wanted was a stack
Paid to John Moran if you equal to transpo'
Flyin' out the box, ain't worth it to gamble
Soon as it touch down, I'm dumpin' a handful
Top shelf work don't come with samples

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Yo, I don't wanna live like this, I'm done with it
Niggas going to jail or they dying too young with it
Supreme fanny pack, gotta carry a gun in it
Least we was getting money, havin' some fun with it
Businessman, try not to deal with no middle niggas
Talk face to face on the phone, you riddle niggas
Before you give 'em anything, make sure you drill 'em niggas
Left the block, had to pass it down to my little niggas
Used to be more sneakers and more blunts
Now I'm buyin' buildings and lookin' for storefronts
Least a quarter-million, that's like every four months
How a nigga in the game and I ain't even score once?
Yeah, it's the dedication and discipline
Never do more talking than listening (Shh)
Never let nobody tell you they gon' fit you in
Fuck it, get outta there and get rich again

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