

**RR**

**Smokepurpp**

(8...)  
(Yeah-yeah)  
(Yeah-yeah)

No, I can't put my trust in a ho  
'Cause she puttin' her trust on the pole  
And I keep me a stick and a pole  
Cocaine white the Rolls  
All my hoes got hoes  
All of my bats keep poles  
Cocaine white the Rolls  
All my hoes got hoes  
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And I been through the slums, in the trenches  
Made it out 'cause they knew I was different  
I was shootin' and robbin' and killin'  
I told God to please give me forgiveness  
I was broke, it's the way I was livin'  
All these millions, it's family business  
I done see me some shit in the trenches  
I was pushin' the weight like I'm benchin' (Yeah)  
I was down, I was sippin' on mud (Mud)  
I don't even get high off the bud (Yeah, yeah)  
So I go and relax every month (Yeah, yeah)  
Send my mama some bags every month (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
We can't hurt no more, we ain't never had no hope  
But I still keep a pot on the stove (Yeah)  
And I promise I'll never go broke

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