

## Intro

SOB x RBE

When they ask who we do it for, Bitch we do it for Tu  
Im a cool nigga, since June 3rd, I've been losin' my cool  
You want me dead? So when you see me, just do what you do  
I'll shoot myself before I feel Ima lose it to you

Oh you gon' slide for me? Find that hard to believe  
and that back you talk behind, Tu gon' watch it for me  
Bitch we with all the smoke, ain't no offering peace  
And I just wanna see my opps in that coffin deceased

And that gang that I bang what I'm dyin' Behind  
And we ain't goin' for attempts, we ain't ridin' wit nine's  
You [?] up without warnin' you lied to my eye!  
June 3rd got that call n' I cried n' I cried

I can't fuck wit' big head nigga, ain't dealin' wit' pride  
Dear our mothers, please get ready, your cheer ain't gon' die  
He takin' pictures wit' some suckas, we killin' his guy  
Turn yo back and try to run we gon' fill up his spine

Last time I talked to you, you was in them jets  
You told me that you had some shit to get up off yo chest  
I was supposed to slide that night, I just had left the crest  
Me and baby in that Hemmy slidin' to the neck

That was the first night I got up off that Henny  
Hurt my heart, I got that call, I dropped to my knees  
You was in that hospital, I just couldn't believe  
How he say he was yo brother but he didn't squeeze?

Nigga I won't tell a lie, I gotta tell the truth  
I was slidin' on them suckas cuz' of sheik n' you  
Cuz' if them niggas say they on you then they on me too  
Plus you was slidin' on them niggas that was on me too

I remember on my momma, [?] you had that Glock  
3.57 out the window when you sent them shots  
We was in the Xbox, still slidin' on opps  
And ever since the day you died, we been hittin' they block

Not seein' you wit' the gang been trippin' me out  
Slidin' wit twenty-two it's Tu I'm thinkin' about  
Like, "How these bitch ass niggas really take you out?"  
You just wanted that big money and yo bank account

Them last drops that we missed, they hurt Me now  
Genuine, bitch I'm anxious to up that count  
Heard a lot of niggas talkin' but makin' no sound  
Til' his body hit the floor, keep sending these rounds

A nigga coulda' up the score, but broke to his spot  
I woulda' ran up in that door if I had some more shots  
Stop walkin' Round up in these streets like you somethin' you not  
When it was time to blow the heat, you froze on the block

You need a Glock for this trip, or can't get a spot  
We be stressin' on the road, been drinkin' a lot

Brodie tried to throw a check, I told him to stop  
Everything is on the love for Tu, Ego drop

Last week I dropped some tears for my lil brother  
I text moms last night n' told her I love her  
It's only right I always keep yo name lit  
We slept on the phone together every day, shit

If you send a shot first you know I'm sending shots  
Every time I let out shots I know you sending shots  
Our last words we had I told you that I'm good  
Don't come down the hill unless you feel like I ain't good

But you came down the hill, running for me anyways  
It ain't our fault that [?] froze wit his stick  
I had to get up out the way so I ain't get hit  
Every day I have this same flashback

Why I leave the house and ain't bring both straps?  
Why we just ain't drop that nigga when we had the chance?  
This just some shit that's never gon' sit right wit me  
But I still feel like you here, you living through me

'Nough said, done talkin' bout' this n' bout that  
On the love of Tu, skits pulled back to back  
My mains said she loves me, told me watch my back  
So I can't leave the house without clutchin' straps

Truth be told, I don't fuck wit no niggas  
Truth be told, I can't trust me a nigga  
And I just coped a new Glock tryna up on a nigga  
Y'all know who apply pressure when y'all bumpin a niggas

TuTuWorld on my body buts it's TuTuLand  
Can't get gang tatted cuz I'm in a jam  
It's shit in me not on me I ain't never ran  
Fuck around n' hit a kid for being his mans