

# Once Upon A Time

SOB x RBE

(Bear on the beat...)

Once upon a time, I was broke, but I'm rich now  
Used to travel with my legs, I got whips now  
Chain cost a dub, I'm a lick now  
But it cost to get to me, I'm a trick now  
Ain't no dick for the free, I ain't a mix tape  
Four-five got kick, it's a sensei  
If I gotta take a chance, I'ma risk take  
And if the bitch get cut, I'm a band-aid  
Let me beat it up, like it's Rodney King  
And if I don't fuck with blue, then it's probably jeans  
And if I only hit it once, then you probably fiend  
You be dreamin' 'bout that shit, like you Dr. King  
I'll let this Glock spit, like the llama said  
T.O. it's only three of me, that's what them commas said  
"Stay on these niggas throat", what my momma said  
Nigga you don't want smoke, like the doctor said  
If I gotta make a choice, I won't pick it  
If that shit ain't fire, I won't hit it  
If you talkin' out your mouth, I won't listen  
But if it's bout the bag, I'ma give you all attention  
I hope you a swimmer, when you swimmin' with the fishes  
I know you a giver, how you spend it on them bitches  
I just want the facts, you be givin' your opinions  
Let the blind lead the blind, 'cause you do not got a vision  
Two routes for a nigga, either dead or in prision  
Unless you make your own, ain't no way up out them trenches  
Gotta keep your mouth closed, keep your eyes open  
I be smilin' while I'm shootin', but I'm not jokin'  
And my mind on the meal, how I'm not focused?  
And this Glock ain't concealed, 'cause the Glock pokin'  
And my loaf too big, I can not fold it  
And if the back too good, I can not hold it  
Like a light skinned, thick bitch, wit her hair tied  
Nigga this ain't twitter in them streets, you ain't verified  
Nigga we be slidin' when it's beef, ain't no scary guy  
Nigga with this Glock I'm a creep, and I'm a married guy  
I ain't playin' with no nigga, this ain't Playstation  
Nigga, God don't like ugly, now your face taken  
Me and Monty in the Porsche truck, drag racin'  
And if you ever see me runnin', I was bag chasin'

Once upon a time, I was broke, but the tables turned  
Now if it ain't about a check, then it's barely heard  
Don't let your bitch leave the house if you care for her  
And I won't do a verse, if you don't pay to work  
Fuck talkin' crazy, nigga show me that you active  
Bitch in real life, on them songs he a savage  
Glock always stay in my drawls, it's a ratchet  
When I tell a bitch she gotta cut, she the saddest  
Nigga you ain't on my head, you just talkin' head  
Sneak dissin' ass nigga, you the walkin' dead  
Any bitch want this dick, then she got to beg  
If you ain't runnin' up a bag, nigga bite lead  
If the bitch want rounds, I'm the bed breaker  
When the rounds over with, she a leg shaker

Only gunnin' for your top, I'm a leg saver  
Before you meet the life maker, meet the dead maker  
If some niggas talk crazy, I can't wait to see  
Glock like a big booty, I can't wait to squeeze  
Used to try to play sports, now we play for keys  
Gang full of hot heads, let 'em play with heat  
You the type of nigga pull a skit with your clip full  
Leave the skit, come back with your clip full  
Nigga when we slide, we don't miss, bullets hit fools  
Switch on the Glock and the kick on jujitsu  
Send a shot over here, better not miss  
'Cause if you do and we slide, you gon' be missed  
What's goin' on in my mind? Try and read this  
Bitch you guessed it, I'm a demon and I keep clips  
Bitch! And I use 'em all  
Already lost my mind, I'll lose it all  
Only smile when I think what I'ma do to y'all  
Put my team on my back, I can't lose the ball  
Bitch!