

Ye Mode

Stalley

Truly I'm who they wanna be
So great should be in 23
Or 824
'64 jumping down the midwest roads
Yeah rest in peace Cole (We miss you man)
Got my hand on the neck and I ain't letting go
It's that black momma mentality
Flatlining fatality, niggas ain't gonna rattle me
Two type of different snake mentalities
Got me on my hustle like I'm Master P
Paint the picture like a masterpiece
Then put the rings on fingers like I'm Mr. T
A Team shit
Niggas say I'm up but they ain't seen shit
The way I talk this money yeah I may seem rich
But I put in overtime just to talk my shit

Hard work, smart grind
Get it out the mud just to shine
Win some, lose some
Bet you get it back everytime
That's just the way of the hustle
Niggas ain't gonna love you 'til they hate you enough to
Was told to keep my name in their mouth so they discuss you
And niggas ain't gonna love you out loud so they mumble

Maybe I'll get my love with a headstone
Cause niggas seem to love you when you're dead and gone
Feet and hands set in stone
For all the pavement I built on
And the construction is up
These niggas wanna party, well the function is us
Yeah I been on the lowest, time to turn shit up
I don't force it, I'm an arson
Yeah I burn shit up
And I don't beg for a check or respect
I'm from the school where you follow rules or they're coming for your neck
And everything higher ground way above the neck
If you talk shit online then we'll see you off the net
And we don't threat, we set appointments
These scars and bruises don't need ointments
We been fighting our whole lives anointed
So when we say it's God in us, we appointed

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