

Haha, this some plus four shit (4)  
Jezebel wasn't born (Party in South, yeah, it's cool)  
With a silver spoon in her mouth (what's the word, what's the)

Yo, like, we don't really play a lot  
S could make money lidge or he could slay a crop  
But that ain't paying off  
I wonder if I pray enough  
Nigga if you want me dead you better spray enough  
I tell these niggas stay in school  
This shit don't favour us  
I never been a favourite nigga, I made it up  
Bro said his shavers tucked  
But I don't feel safe enough  
The olders failing us  
Like you don't feel shame or what  
But fuck that shit, I want more  
She want Prada and Dior  
Spend a Milli on my Queen  
Ain't spent nada on a whore  
Growing up I learnt the law  
Damn, I need a street degree from what I heard and what I saw  
But I'm graduate now, open door after door  
But the trauma don't go  
Comes fast and heals slow  
That summer \*\*\* made it snow  
\*\* is kinda lidge till \*\*\* get the reload  
Used to cop a Zino  
Now it's couple kilos  
\*\*\* on the free flow

Jezebel, wasn't born  
With a silver spoon in her mouth  
Jezebel, what a belle  
Looks like a princess in her new dress

Yo, it's hard to see the city when you living in the jungle  
And you won't understand dealers if your parents fund you  
And when you with the robbers nigga you'll get scared of money  
You know friends move funny, how you gonna shoot on me  
I can see you aiming, red dot on my chest  
Trust me I feel the stress  
If you don't pull it off  
Nigga I will pull it next  
I don't wanna cause a mess  
My shawty too underdressed  
Baby get a bally on  
I don't want endanger you  
Delicate papillon  
I just feel like saving you  
But girl, I need saving too  
I feel things the same as you  
Don't know how to show it yet  
In the hood you never do  
Niggas try and step on you

It's real shit like when you feel on guard all your life (Party in south)

And you don't really let no one in  
When it's time to do it, ain't easy, you feel me?  
That's really making it out, you made it out the hood in your head  
Half the niggas make it out their still trapped in their head, you feel me?

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This some plus four shit (4)