

# Fall From Grace

Sylvan LaCue

Nah, I don't feel the pressure from you niggas  
Started from the bottom, told my mama give me two and I'ma turn it into bigger  
Fuck about a squad, you should know the name  
Same pimpin', on the prowl for the crown, no differ  
All day nigga  
Took a little while, now they wanna see the crowd roll out for deliver  
Who you with, who you with?  
Who you with, who you with?  
Who you with, who you with?  
Walk up in this bitch  
Blessings on the neck, feeling like I touched down for the ship  
Stressing over what?  
What competition?,  
I could barely pay attention, nigga stay in your place  
All I see is fuck nigga's filling my space  
You know I don't give a fuck, why you still in my face?  
Everybody wanna play  
Fuck it, I'm done with them crutches  
Fuck all the assumptions  
Funny how niggas turn on you as soon as you call out their bluffing  
Man, what's with the fronting?  
I be that living example of doing whatever it takes  
Young Sammy So, when I step to the plate  
Pulling up in that bitch you ain't got what it takes  
I need sushi & steak  
You should be honored I'm great  
Bitch I'm beyond what the rank  
Got no time for the fake  
Too busy ducking your queen  
She don't why I won't bait  
I asked you to please excuse me from the fuckery  
It's bad enough can't nobody fuck with me  
I gave time, niggas had luxury  
Now you motherfuckers stuck with me

So Help me God  
I lost my way  
Don't let me fall  
Won't fall from grace  
Thy kingdom come  
Your will be done  
I've seen my lows  
No I won't run  
So help me God

Why I gotta be the one, why they gotta put me to the test  
I just don't want the commas and the check  
Nigga, what threat?  
These niggas been gassed, I just figured don't adress  
No stress for the best  
Talk about it for a sec  
You know the game fucked when there's only three kings, ain't nobody playing chess  
Coming for their neck  
You know I got that chip on my shoulder, my nigga don't let me catch wreck  
Who you with, who you with?

Who you with, who you with?  
You know I don't give a shit  
Followed by the leader  
Liquor by the liter  
Juan keep a millimeter, gotta keep 'em from the heater  
Yeah, that's a two-seater  
Bruce Wayne beamer rolling with some Nitty Scott's & a couple  
Bad Trina's  
Off key in the back trying to be Beyonce  
You know a nigga down with Tinashe  
Peep how I'm showing you up  
Funny you calling my bluff  
I told nigga we could get this money we just gotta be about it  
They ain't wanna stick around for the cut  
Now I gotta give a fuck  
Shucks, you missed your turn  
Everything written I've earned I'm surrounded by frauds  
Love to come at you with rumors  
The fuck told you you was involved, man I put that on God, dog  
Peep how that revenue come at you stupid  
When shit gets the best of you, I pray for guidance  
5, 000 dollars could send me right back to  
My mommas in silence  
But fuck it I'm wyyling  
If thy cometh at me with silliness  
Lord knoweth not who they dealing with  
Fuck that progressive shit  
Rat-tat-tat-tat to your squad  
Nigga that's what I call heaven sent