

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 bigg
er
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 address
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