

## Intro

Tee Grizzley

Post-traumatic stress, I got trauma  
Lost my daddy, shit, I barely know my mama  
All this pain I got in me, I don't want no drama  
'Bout my brother and my sister, take this shit to niggas' mamas, nigg  
a  
Jumped off the porch, me and my niggas  
Some trappers, some killers, some both, that's how we livin'  
Seein' sixes on the drop made me wanna be the richest  
Seein' niggas get they head took off 'bout it made me vicious, nigga  
(This beat hard as hell, what up, Primo?)  
'Bout these ice cubes, I'll leave your block smoky, I'm big as Deebo  
(What up?)  
Know I'm gon' go loco 'bout that peso and my 'migos (You know that)  
I ride through, these niggas' faces sour, but they sweet though (Bitc  
h-ass nigga)  
Money long, short tolerance, you hit the shit (You hit)  
Fuck me good and shut the fuck up, is you with it, bitch? (Shut the f  
uck up)  
Send a blitz, you get your ass backed if you jump in the mix  
I ain't talkin' music, I buy drums and go and pay for hits (Go and ge  
t his ass)  
You know them G7s move like giants, ain't no fear in us (Ain't no fea  
r in us)  
They play with us, you ain't gon' see 'em no more 'less you dig 'em u  
p (You gotta dig 'em up)  
Foreigns all in traffic with them sticks on us, that shit on us (That  
shit on us)  
Twenty guns, ain't say I do too much, naw, bitch, I did too much (I d  
id too much)  
You know these niggas wanna be me, right? You know I see it, right? (I  
see that)  
Twenty years for ninety grams of ice, know he ain't sleepin' right (S  
hit)  
Nigga, you know me and rats don't even get along, right? (Uh-uh)  
You know them niggas that you told on comin' home, right? (They on yo  
ur ass)  
I be tryna get to a real bag, niggas broke, ain't doin' shit (Uh-uh)  
She was lookin' cold on the 'Gram, I DM'd her then flew that bitch (C  
ome on)  
I don't tolerate no disrespect, niggas better not do that shit  
I don't wanna hear why you ain't have shit to do with it when they co  
me through that bitch (Boom)  
"Tee, why you don't fuck with me? Is it a wrap for me?"  
Shut up, bitch, you know that sneak diss ain't got back to me (Ho ass  
)  
You know I'm turnt, you know them venues gon' be packed for me  
That bitch that you be kissin' on charge bronem a rack apiece (Ho)  
I know how them lines hurt, I gotta keep my word  
I stay in that rearview, I seen niggas get followed to the 'burbs (I  
do)  
Gotta verify it, make sure it's true, you just can't go off niggas' w  
ord (You can't)

If you ain't see no black and white, can't call 'em hot, fuck what yo  
u heard (You can't do that)

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Some in jail, some in caskets, I survived, can't go backwards (Yeah,  
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