

Keep The Rest

Tee Grizzley

Free the real, keep the rest, bitch
Ah

This winnin' shit's easy, all you gotta do is grind and pray (Amen)
If you ain't fuckin' found somebody else's time to waste
At the Rolls dealership like, "Hmm, I'm just gon' cop the Wraith"
Free my lil' bro, he 'posed to got it and got out the way (Damn, bro)
Nigga, we don't get no sleep 'cause we be grindin' hard (Grind)
Bring the game to its knees, you know I'm tryin' hard (Rap game)
I believe in the Constitution (Yeah)
So you know I exercise my right to bear firearms
Ayy, and I don't owe a nigga shit, y'all can blow a nigga's dick
We got sticks in our bags, we shoot bags to the sticks
V called home from jail, it's a hundred for a 10th
Mark come home in 2020 so I set aside an M
You gon' hear a lot of shit about me
But I ain't clearin' up shit, you gon' believe what you believe
All my haters broke, drug dealers or no-name MCs (Wack)
Or a bitch who ate my dick and then got left up at the suite, hold up (Bitch stay there)
I don't take pictures with no guns 'cause they not for show
We ain't family, my nigga, stop callin' me "Bro" (Who is you?)
You would hate to see my face if I was still broke
Treat you like a stripper 'bout your jewelry, take it off slow (Give it up)
Used to rob niggas, I'd run up on 'em with two Glocks
Like run that, before you meet my favorite rapper, 2Pac
50 shots on him so the Glizzy really a oowop
I got the dope, you got the money, we can do a swap (Swap it out)
Used to want a G-Shock, then the Patek came
Make sure your bitch was home at 12, it's a respect thing (Yeah)
Heard niggas snatchin' chains, I ain't finna wrestle
Trippin' get your stupid ass lit up like the Patek bezel
So much dough, I had to bag it with a shovel
I'm the reason they put metal detectors in DPSs
Lou said if you get shot, you ain't gon' die if you don't panic
You ain't gon' die if you don't panic, hold up
That ho ain't cut me off for you, boy, I demoted her
I ain't tryna get to know you, ho, you know what's up
Hundred on my chopper 'cause that 30 don't shoot long enough
If you ain't a private client, your account don't hold enough (Get it up)
Gang 'til the world go up in flames, I ain't switchin'
Presidential, ain't no tickin', chopper bust you down like our wrists
Glock got the .40 and I got the big four nickel
Don't make us separate your body from your spirit, ayy
This money ain't stop a nigga from bein' vicious
Alcohol on the shells, no DNA or no witness (Clean it up)
Grind hard 'cause I still remember them evictions
I owe Granny some plates, I used to chop up on her dishes (Chop 'em down)
Heavy checks, still trappin', call it rich hustlin' (Call it rich hustlin')
Tell these niggas gon' 'head with all that dick suckin' (Boy, you a dick sucker)
Heavy checks, still trappin', call it rich hustlin'
I don't know if niggas gay or what 'cause y'all be dick suckin' (Nigga)
I got a rapper's baby mama playin' in my dreads (Let's get it)
Money off the music, still playin' with the meds (What else?)
Had to slow up on the 10, can't play with the feds (Why?)
I ain't trippin' on that shit, we ran up the bands

Real nigga, so I'm cool with my ex-bitch (Ex-bitch)
Stay fresh, keep some bands, I'm from the West, bitch (Joy Road, bitch)
We hit the club and make a mess, bitch (Fuck it up)
Like free the real, keep the rest, bitch

Free the guys, man, you know we gon' hold this shit down
By the time you look up, that shit gonna be over with
And it's back to ballin'
Come pick your boys up in that Bent' truck or somethin', ah