

# Trenches

Tee Grizzley

Niggas prayin' on my downfall (Straight up)  
These niggas prayin' on my downfall  
Straight up from the bleachers, but I'm a different creature  
I bring shit to the table, I ain't fuckin' with no leechers (No)  
Dope dick, oh shit, I gave my bitch a seizure (Damn)  
Knew somethin' was weird when stepbro had a kitchen full of beakers  
And he ain't no chem teacher (Yeah)  
I looked up to that nigga, then I looked up to the preacher  
That's why a nigga be preachin' (Preachin')  
I can't fuck with people who ain't passionate, I'm adamant  
If it's my plan, it's elaborate  
Dropped out of State, but a nigga still done mastered it  
If it's my shit, I'm smashin' it (Woah)  
Your shit, I'm snatchin' it (Woah)  
Holy Jesus, Lazarus  
AI braids, so don't be talkin' 'bout no practice, bitch (Lil' bitch)  
I done been around actors and activists  
I can get money alone or collaborative  
I can take a pic with a bad bitch and afterwards she a badder bitch, that's facts

Yeah, I went to Cody and Dixon (Both)  
Three dollars to my name, got a juice and a McChicken (Starvin')  
Call in some Coney, it's gon' be done in twenty minutes  
Don't go up there without no strap  
Might have to bang it out with some niggas, wait, hold up  
Went on Google, when I looked up your lyrics, they ain't have no meaning in 'em  
Pourin' Actavis on my bullets, might have to lean a nigga  
Yeah, she bad, but I can't wife her if she been seen with niggas  
I'd rather stay broke and go chase with some greedy niggas  
Like Mike dropped, I'm like, "I wish I was Lil Bow Wow"  
Unc' like, "Never wish you was another nigga"  
It ain't fuck these niggas, but fuck these niggas  
Asked am I happy with this money? Bitch, I'm happy to be livin'  
I was makin' a sandwich, they started shootin' through the kitchen  
I got lower than a midget, bullets crashin' through them dishes  
Ayy, I'm really from them trenches (Really)  
Nigga sneak diss me, then see me and ask for pictures  
Ayy, man, these niggas bitches  
If I don't do that real nigga shit, how they gon' see it?  
All these other rappers killers or drippin' like greasy pizza (Fake-ass niggas)  
All that shit smoke and mirrors, Arabic shisha (Yup)  
Start talkin' to moon, God made me a different creature, ah  
Remember when I almost gave up on this music shit? (I did)  
Highly favored, ayy, I really dodged a Boosie bid (I did, nigga)  
She see the Cuban, she gon' wanna get that coochie hit (Come here)  
My chain got more fuckin' colors than a Coogi fit  
Stay talkin' 'bout me, tell 'em tell you how I feel (Tell 'em)  
I thank God, he been workin' harder than the devil (Amen)  
I'm a black rich felon with some hit records  
Joy Road, what I been yellin', niggas been tellin' (Nigga)  
Care 'bout a lot, but I don't give a fuck 'bout what it cost (I don't)  
You ain't gotta pay for nothin', bitch, you with a boss (I got you)  
Just don't go over your budget, that's gon' piss me off  
They wanna know my cologne, can't let 'em get the sauce

Love my hood, but you will never see me go there (Never)  
All that bein' a real nigga shit ain't get me nowhere (Nowhere)  
You love your hood? Nigga, fuck your hood  
See the world, go get a crib off the coast, live good  
My whole hood got extinct over petty beef  
Niggas I looked up to growing up, they deceased (Dead)  
Wish they could have been here, damn, how I get here?  
God saved me with the rap game, even though this shit weird (Shit weird)  
Me and Sean, we put on for the crib  
Call us DTE 'cause we cut on the lights around that bitch (Facts)  
Fat ugly nigga get 'em wet like Pretty Ricky (I do)  
She gon' throw it back for a Moncler and 50-50s  
On my mama, I was really in them trenches (In them trenches)  
They ain't men, niggas bitches  
On my mama, I was really in them trenches (In them trenches)  
Ayy, they ain't men, nigga bitches, you hear me?