

The Drill

The Game

Damn, thank God momma son made it at twenty three
Still remembering a struggle hidden deep in me
Momma gone, ain't no single daddy memory
I became my own man the age of seventeen
Trying make this money flip like it's a trampoline
I was hard headed, grandfather diabetic
I was trying do it big, like I was Faith Evans
Praying to the heavens, I can see my daughter smile
Know she watching as her daddy rip this record down
Know I love you baby, tell my God I said whatup'
And know I seen em' just meeting ends, so my family up
I should pray harder, instead I tote a pistol
Speed dial em, killers running if I ever whistle
Real nigga, that's just my genetics
Hustle hard got my money doing calisthenics
I stretch paper, every dollar bill

Niggas cry tears, when I see my first mil (First Mil)
Bad bitch with' me bet she know the drill
Bad bitch with' me bet she know the drill
Bad bad bitch with' me bet she know the drill

I gotta' bad bitch with' me, and she know the drill
And she know my ex, X pill
She only listen to me, Ace, and Meek Mill
I told her tat my name on it, so I know it's real
She know the value of a dollar bill
She know how real or fake them counterfeit hundred's feel
She know the difference between Derrick Rose and D-Wade
She know the difference between being broke and stayin', paid
She know the difference between vuve and spades
She know the difference between warrants and raids
Never confuse when talkin' Glocks and dem' K's
Show her the shoe, she put a number on dem' J's
Like, it dem' is cool grays
I'm like, dem' is cool shades
I'm like, dem' is Spike Lee's
She like, yeah schooldays
And she bang the documentary still
Said that motherfucka' cold, yeah, Buffalo Bill

I ain't never ran from nobody, and I never will
Lunch time on these niggas, cause' I'm on my second mil
I just dropped a mixtape, lookin' like my second deal
Club live thirty bottles, and I'm on my second bill
And I be gettin' high as my electric bill
Ask bout' me in the hood, they say I'm extra real
Cause' ain't nobody never rob me, I ain't never squeal
And ain't nobody never try, my niggas love to kill
Ridin' round with' chuck, but it ain't a game though
My black wall niggas, told me you a lame though
The Glock got a beam on it, like Kano
Banana clips and lemon squeezers, just to split your mango
My down bitch, never count the counterfeit
Cause' she know the real from fake, I had her around some shit
Before I ever thought of rap, I had a pound to get

And a piece of steel, I never thought I'd see a mil