

Yeah, yeah
Dope stash in my Beamer
I can cash out on Adidas
Should I trap? Or should I rap and spend this cash all on a feature?
My niggas is in the field and they adopted so I teach
But I gotta spend this cash all on this motherfucking re-up
I'm trying to be a leader, but shit, I'm falling in my past
The trap calling for this cash
I scrape the bottom of the stash
Front a nigga one and I compress it, I can stretch that bitch to half
A lot of shit a nigga never had a nigga tryna grab
And R.I.P. my nigga Black, 'cause they done chopped him into pieces
He was trying to duck police's
I was trying to duck the reaper
I was on the block hustling
Just tryna stuff the reefer in the pocket with the nina
Shit I'm popping with the heater
If I need her
I'm in the kitchen
Baking like Anita
Trying to freak it like Adina
Sell a sneak it to Abina
I was younger
Was fucking up the re-up
Copping sneakers
'Cause the O.G.'s never taught me how to be up
I got beat up on them corners but I came back
Trap back, jumping, had it popping on the same track
Lil' mama thugging, got my name as a face tat
Shit, you gotta face facts
It's some real niggas in this shit you can't replace that
Same block, same strap
Shoot a nigga face back
Leave his head in his legs waist in his wave cap
Cock the K back
Was blowing blades where his braids at
Cock the K back, had so much pain so I stained that
Mama cried tears, we did bids throughout the years
I had a couple niggas die and I'm just wishing you was here
But shit it's clear
I'm riding with my pistol like a piston through the fear, and let them nigga
s know I'm here
I promise when I die they'll celebrate me like I'm Pac
It'll be because I reach my goal, not cause I sold this rock
Any nigga that try too hate me, promise dog, they gon' get shot
I'm from the Dot
And I got some niggas that's still down to knock yo top
I put this on my baby
This being broke shit done drove me crazy
All my friends done went ghost and went Swayze
My number 1 question now is, "Lord, am I gone make it?"
'Cause it's times I feel alone and just so hopeless on this pavement
I tried to work a 9-5 but I can't wait for payment
Shit, that shit just take too long and plus the feeling so complacent
But I look at that road, and it's like my goals are so adjacent
The devil on my shoulder, it's getting colder in this basement
I got killers to the left of me drug dealers on my right

To the world they look scary, but I knew these niggas all my life
And now my lil' nigga scamming, he tryna cop it off a swipe
I remember different nights
Ducking cops and running flights of stairs niggas getting scared but pussy boy, that ain't my type
I threw it up with niggas pass my weight and twice my height
Ever sat up in that dark place, just tryna find the light?
I can't even trust myself, my left hand don't know my right
I can put this on my dead momma
Marajuana sales bought this Farrogamo
Out of state licks, still got the flicks of Moncler on me
Bitch, I'm all smiles like the logo of the Murakami
Niggas can't stop me, now they fearing on me
Only thing I fear is God
I could never fear the odds
Eric committing a suicide the only time you seen the tears fall
Shot my nigga Netsa, in his head they tried to clear 'em off
Then my cousin Dave got shot in front of grandmas
I been in them shootouts in the parking lots and stand offs
Real plugs where I'm from, no niggas never ran off
Give it to my lil' nigga, pass it by the hand off
Had to sell him game you gotta pass and put yo man on

'Cause even if I
Even if I don't get it
Then I might die trying
'Cause I was born broke, but ima die rich
Even if I
If I never get it
I'll still have this dope stash
When I blow past
Selling snow like it's winter in the forecast
I gotta make it
I gotta make it
Said I gotta make it
And if they won't give it to me, I'm gone take it
Oh
I gotta make it
I gotta make it
And if they won't give it to me I'm gone take it