

Miami

Tory Lanez

Yeah, uh
From nothin' to somethin'
Yo Tory
That boy Cassius

Lotta money talk, it's hard to understand me (understand me)
Big bank, so I moved it to Miami (to Miami)
I done hit 100 licks in the Camry
Tryna make these pussy niggas understand me (understand me)
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I done made a lot of moves in the Camry
You know gangstas don't die, they get chubby and they move to Miami, Miami,
Miami

Yeah, I done came up from nothin' (yeah)
So I made it off of nothin' (yeah)
Couple rings I was hustlin'
Through the rain and the storm (yeah)
Through the hunger and the jungle
I'ma slide on a nigga
A hundred grand on a nigga
I never ran from a nigga
I may have hit a couple Zoes
I may have hit a couple credit card fraud scams on a nigga
But I land on a nigga
There wasn't a chance for niggas (no)
I bought in the bands for niggas
Yeah, in the court, I been missing 'court, yeah (court, yeah)
Got a warrant so I put that shit in sport, yeah (sport, yeah)
I lost so many of my niggas on the off-street (off-street)
I can't believe some of my niggas double-crossed me
Shit is hard and I'm broken, but I go
I fit a 35 in the backwood when I smoke
And niggas ask me why I smoke so many blunts, huh?
Because these backwoods and these blunts are feelin' numb high
And all this Actavis and drank, it make me numb, huh?
The only time when I feel at peace is when I'm dumb high
I keep the flashy Jesus pieces when I'm stuntin' now
I keep a quarter-million pieces when I'm stuntin' now
Them dumb ass teachers and police said I'd be nothin', huh?
I ducked the Priest and chased my dreams and now his son's hot
That Wraith ain't rented, when I pull up man it's sun hot
I'm movin' geetchie with bitches, they be out buggin' now
Talkin' with opinions, all they got is opinions
I'm back and forth in millions, all y'all pussy niggas my minions
I spend days in Givenchy, Mama told me I would get it
I kept a.30 on me long and it had the extension
These niggas did me dirty, no I can't speak on friendship
I can't speak on this tension, spent most the year suspended
Bitch, I came from the bottom, finna head to the tippy
One thing a nigga noticed, I got to get it, that's why it's a

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Oh, I done made myself a livin'
I been dodgin' the sentence
I asked God for forgiveness
Then I put rose gold on the tennis
I told 'em put a hold on the hearing
It's a 58 on the engine
Feel like I'm in a race for these millions
Put it in the safe for the business
Walk with a hundred K in the denim
I ain't know why he got hate in his feelings
These niggas want the wave I invented
I'm gonna cop a Wraith and a Bentley
Dolce and Gabana, Gunna drippin'
Plus I'm getting this money independent
Top off in the summer 'cause we winnin'
Windows up and we breezy
VVS from Elliot and my pearls came from CC
Bal Harbour shopping spree anytime I'm in Miami
Hope to see my people's face when I make it to the Grammys
Park the Yacht next to the dock and we hoppin' on a Jetski
Bought the racks for my Rollie watch, see me shinin' from the nosebleeds
Pour the syrup in my soda pop, I hope I never OD
They steal the drip when my pictures drop, they lookin' like the old me
And I bought a jacket, hit M.I.A, I'm with my dog
I painted a picture you can frame it on a wall, yeah
I made her my bitch and painted the insides of her walls, yeah
Got a bank account and fill it with M's so we can ball

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