

Yeah

I feel this shit in my soul
How y'all don't be feeling this shit?
Time niggas start paying me '

No license top down ya still pushing
Fuck a nigga
We slide the block
They still pussy
12 watching but you got kids you gotta get it
And I gotta put some food up in that kitchen
These niggas can't feel my pain in it
And all the shit it took a nigga just to get here
Nigga try me I let it bang on em
We came from nothing never thought that we would get here
And my circle is full of made niggas
You don't bring bread to the table then you can't sit here
I know these nigga don't feel my pain nigga nah nah
But I promise I'm bout to have it rocking this year

Talking packs in diesel, selling that liquid by the liter
I ain't going to school today I got holes in my Adidas
I got stains in most T shirts and these niggas they used to laugh but they c
an't laugh now that that flow come out them speakers
Nigga nah
And they thought they caught me slipping but I
Turned around and banged on
Turned around and flamed on em
Shit just sound insane on it
Icy on my wrist you know my Jewler go insane on it
Shooters that will kill ya for a chain with the gang on it
You can't feel they pain on it
You can't feel they pain on it
Snatch a nigga soul and his chain in the same moment
My baby crying tears and who the fuck am I finna blame on it
So I hit that corner if I die I'll be a stain on it
Know I'm form the block I swing a OX I'll do my thang on it
Life is not a game so I ain't got no time to play opponents
Life is not a game so I just hit the block and spray opponents
In the pockets laying on em
In the drop I'm waiting on em
Selling soda
Mama worried I pay dues baby
Hug the corner mama worried I made the news baby
Back then
Did it all for a pair a shoes baby
Looking back at it
I couldn't understand my views baby
On the come up
And I want ice and flashy rings nigga
Everything we never had as kids drove us insane nigga
You had it we had it but
It wasn't the same nigga
Now imagine niggas having fame nigga
We was on the train nigga
Bus down the chain nigga

Bus down the jewels like we bus down the thang nigga
Got rid of some niggas they mood I couldn't hang with em
Smile in my face but them niggas was hiding hate in em

We was born champions
And we was turned soldiers
Somewhere incaged in a concrete jungle
We all lost touch
Head to the sky
Backs to the wall
Young and not fully prepared to understand the facts of it all
With starvation in our stomachs and concentration in our eyes
You see niggas deprived of a life we thought was perfect
So what that means is every scheme hustle and jug is worth it until we murdered nigga

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