

I Will Survive

Trae

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They say death around the corner so I taking my aim
It ain't no point in tryna smile, shit I mastered the pain
Lost everything I love, what the fuck could I gain?
Clip dead everyday I'm seein' shit ain't the same
They told me hold my head up even if I'm ashamed
Why everyone I love leave, but somehow I remain
They either love ya or they hate ya, I'm just watching 'em change
That's why I converse with God while I'm doing my thing
J2 too got killed, damn lost him too soon
Looking at him at the wake, crying, wasn't immune
I know my little brother hurt, he barely come out the room
Somewhere blowing his brains out, probably high as the moon
I fell in love with a woman though I knew it was wrong
Went out and gave her my all, tried to make us a home
Went broke, looked up, why the fuck she was gone?
Momma told me it was coming, shit I wish she was wrong
She even took my baby with her, went the fuck on her way
And I can't even go and see him, I don't know where he stay
But regardless of the fact, he know his daddy is Trae
The way I'm feelin' make me wanna see the world with a K
Shit I barely get to see him two times out a month
I told Boss I'm goin' crazy I can't even much front
They say the road rough, must've been a hell of a bump
I got this banger on my lap, try to play me for punk, motherfucker

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I can't make it up out the streets like I'm doing a bid
Deserving a better day, but for they now they was hid
They got a nigga's road dog locked doing a bid
Even though my nigga gone, gotta take care of his kids
All these fuck niggas really got me fed, I'm through
Got me sitting trying to figure what the fuck did I do?
Me and niggas splitting up, where the fuck is the glue?
Other niggas turning snake, damn say it ain't true
M-U-G God damn that's cold
I'm on the way to the grave, gotta get it controlled
Seeing death after death kinda taking its toll
Even though I'm outta of luck I say fuck it and roll
Barely every get the the time I could kick it with Neek
Realizing the prayers count when he stands on his feet
He the reason I was fighting every day of the week
So I tell T.O. I love him, every time that we speak
Facetime late night with the D-O-G
Waiting on the court date to see what shit gonna be
If he ain't got shit left, he know he still got me
A-B-N nigga, L-I-F-E
I rather be hard than to be here sad
Tryna stop my little nigga before he go out bad

Tryna keep shit trill, same thing like Chad
I don't wanna see him get murdered tryna get that cash

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