

ROYALTY

Trouble

Just lost three of my best friends you know
On a humbug
Free Youngsta, Free Paper, Free Rich nigga
You know what goin' on
Yeah shouts to that self-made, that royalty shit nigga
Mob forever though

Not my dawg, not my nigga, cannot be replaced
While they chase pussy, we'll get money back like in the days
And cold nights, dark days, 12 invadin' my place
And they got envy, they got greedy, started throwing shade
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Tried to tell my damn dawg to just be patient
But understand my damn dawg just can't keep waitin'
What's that shit your granny call it dog? cliché
I'm tryna be headed to a move on the freeway
Ayy do you understand my groove, I'm on e-way
Can't hide from none nigga, ride through each state yeah the G way
One pussy nigga bring ya down, that what we play, yeah
One band nigga, one sound, that's what OG say
Boy you could've played with the Falcons (balled with the Falcons)
But you chose to lay with you stallion (lay up with your bitch)
I chose to get paid, ain't just rappin' (I'm tryna get wealthy)
Got out of prison, went get paid for some rappin' (yeah)

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Youngin wildin', callin' back to back for days
I tell him cool it, shit so crazy, I feel his pain though
Needing somebody to talk to
The chain gang don't be no walk through
First picked the microphone up, nigga yeah just for Rich and you
Had a tear or two drop on my face when heard about the case
Trust me nigga I tried, true love just cannot be replaced
Took the 'Yac straight to the face
Heard recordings of my partners hatin'
Shit be crazy, gotta stay solid the sucker shit can't fade you
I went out my way to try and help you
These pussy niggas these days so selfish
Bitch you tryna run game, can't help you
Be damn near forty before I see you again, my friends

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