

Uncle Nard

Trouble

Just might pop a bottle or some'
Light up the cigar
Whenever shit's hard
Thanking Uncle Nard
Skoob you the one
You gotta go hard
You just gotta go hard
You gotta go hard, my bul Uncle Nard
The money so good, the money so evil too
Separate your boys
I just gotta get mine, you out to get yours
Show respect you gon' get it
Show respect you gon' get it
But my dogs didn't quit it
Fuck a hater, I handle my business

I just told my nigga Stack please stay out the way
Let they get it from yours', I know getting it ok
I just tell my nigga stay solid dog, and stay free
I don't give no fuck 'bout chain gang, but they dont want beef
I'm gon' keep myself a strap while on this motherfucking paper
Just want see this shit in visuals, ain't motherfucking [?]
Free [?], he got 14 'bout that fucking video
I'm tryna make over 14 million in your fucking stereo
Thug life, bitch to death, ain't nothing changed, we still be in the jet
Fuck niggas ain't real, they just ugly and stiff, that shit a threat
Uncle Nard so bool, I'm tryna wonder who can bring him death
Auntie broke the news, I'm looking 'round like who I got there

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Try my best to handle all my business
Rather it be my family up in this
On my life I ain't pray for no distance
For my niggas I love, forgive me
If it's you that was hating fuck you though
Do it hurt, been goin' through it, but you don't
They upset because I bought a two door
[?] because I put my duke first
They swear it's perfect, all for you
They swear it's all good for you homie
Fuck the money, ain't shit homie
Pull the head off if we real homie

When I die pull up the head for me
Feel that shit in me like 'round the corner
Ain't go no fiddle, I keep it on me
Pop bottles for nothing, I'm staying lonely

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You just gotta go hard
You gotta go home, my bul Uncle Nard
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Separate your boys
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Fuck a hater, I had 'em [?]