

My back against the wall  
I just pray that we ball  
Pray for me, pray for me  
'Cause I really lost my dog for this shit  
Promises that one day we'll be rich  
Promises that one day we'll be [?]  
Promises that one day  
Sittin' on the evilest thought, I need a reverend  
Every time I'm in the booth it feel like Heaven

Pray the gang don't give me up  
Pray that they don't catch us in these Hemi trucks  
We don't know his body he can't sit with us  
Took my dog, miss him much  
Lookin' out that window, he ain't live enough  
Devil call your phone—why you're pickin' up?  
Gotta let it rain on us  
Kinda miss my dog, he ain't dead though, just changed on us  
Had to get us choppers 'fore I went and put these chains on us  
Respectfully nobody folded when they came for us  
You don't see him ridin' then he probably switched his lane on us  
Stuff it in the safe, try to stack more  
Heard he slipped, ain't double lock his back door  
Real niggas cry too  
I don't need flowers, man, them shits gotta die too  
I don't need flowers, man, them shits gotta die too

I learnt my lesson, put my all into you  
And I ain't get nothin' out it  
One thing about the gang they don't know we 'bout it, 'bout it  
We ain't the type that's gon' cry about it  
They wish the worse on me, baby I'm tryna change lives  
They wish death on me, baby I'm tryna stay alive  
I'm too different to stay safe  
Have my back against the wall  
I'm just prayin' that we ball

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