

# Hang It Up

Vory

Have you ever been stabbed in your back  
Your closest ones be enemies we sliding in hellcats  
A bitch will fuck up your mental it will have you off track  
Cut off my main brother I don't see him we don't chat  
I don't play with my own safety cause these streets it get dangerous  
I know if he get caught up he'll change on us  
She fuck me good got my chains getting tangled up  
I might take off my jersey and hang it up

Blood sweat and tears for this lifestyle  
Trip to LA was a light route  
Spent all your re-up what you hype bout  
Diamonds they be hitting when the lights out  
My bitch gotta be put up I ain't basic  
Clubbing every night it just don't do it for me  
When I get them millys  
I'm only celebrating this life with them ones that really grew up with me  
Never ever met em but he saying he into it with me  
This internet shit special  
I'm in a different league and I ain't stooping to your level  
When you on your lowest  
No one ain't gon help you  
When my back against the wall I put my foot up on the pedal  
Only Barbara got my back until she good I can't settle  
When you doing good in life that shit start creeping that's the devil  
Stopping me from chasing all my dreams I won't let you  
I told bro don't hit my line cause your shit hotter than a kettle

I been waiting  
Mind been racing  
I can't take it  
Diamonds skating  
Time get wasted  
Paper chasing  
Mind been racing  
I can't take it

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Them niggas cool but they can't hang with us  
Never been the type of nigga who feel I can't get touched  
Ion know why these niggas playing with us  
Acting like I don't keep that flame with us  
Brody tweaking he won't hesitate to flame it up  
Shit get dangerous  
I can't trust a nigga or a bitch  
Could've bought some land but then I flooded out my wrist  
My only regret is that I flooded out this bitch  
Heard you fucking around with that nigga

Get the fuck up out my shit  
Tweaking off them addys again  
And she call my daddy again  
I might book a trip to cali again  
This time I might fly out your friend  
Pool side mami catch a lil tan  
Put her top floor at the London  
We use to have fun then  
And on the gram yea your life look fun then  
But I'm the one that's funding  
How come when the truth come around you get the running  
Your always tryna blame me for something  
Hopped off the porch and then I never looked back  
Hop off the porch it's like a memory pack  
Brody died ill pay whatever to get those memories back  
Switching sides I'll do whatever to get my energy back  
They know I'm drained from it all  
The shit just ain't the same when we ball

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