

I go to work, say my grace
Pray my dog, he beat his case
Send another load, send another pack
Walking through the trenches with a knife in my back

Told my mama pray for me, she know the streets got demons
Grandma out here prayin' for me, know I'm out here sinnin'
They ain't seen me in a minute, bitch you know I'm in the kitchen
Dodge demon in the yard, ain't no way Clay' Co' gon' catch me
Had to get back in my bag, ain't no way they fucking with me
I got bells and bricks and bags, man I pray the feds don't get me
Got my lawyer on retainer 'cause I know this shit get sticky
First nigga in my hood to pull up in a black Bentley

If you break a red crew promise, we gon' have to cut your pinky
Ain't no way we going broke, we gon' hustle for that shit
Break every brick and bell, down to dimes in mix
Grew up kicking dopes, grew up hitting licks
Grew up rolling in the mud, grew up with them Glizzys
Grew up pockets empty, grew up dreaming driving Bentleys
Grew up dreaming playin' ball but instead I grab the pack
In the streets, it's a rule and law, don't conversate with rats (snitches)

Told my mama pray for me, she know the streets got demons (demons)
Grandma out here prayin' for me, know I'm out here sinnin'
They ain't seen me in a minute, bitch you know I'm in the kitchen
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80 on my wrist, no ticky tickies
Thought you was a gangster, why the fuck you so friendly?
Better watch your words and who you 'round, because we listenin'
Trigger finger itchy, better watch your pivot
In the spot with goblins, really runnin' up profit
Coupe found in my pocket (flex)
If she with me, she a rider
Brick talk, that lyric shit
Taking trips, I don't fear shit
Wipe a nigga nose real quick
My hood lookin like a dealership
Lit nigga

Told my mama pray for me, she know the streets got demons
Grandma out here prayin' for me, know I'm out here sinnin'
They ain't seen me in a minute, bitch you know I'm in the kitchen
Dodge demon in the yard, ain't no way Clay' Co' gon' catch me (skrtrt!)
Had to get back in my bag, ain't no way they fucking with me
I got bells and bricks and bags, man I pray the feds don't get me
Got my lawyer on retainer 'cause I know this shit get sticky
First nigga in my hood to pull up in a black Bentley (flex!)

Red crew, nigga!

Trap!

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Hustle!