

It's getting colder
Hoodie over my head
Still sober by the wind
It hit me when I hit the corner bend of the ave
Sun hit me on my back and my shoulders
Worn but I'm torn, why you torn?
'Cause the shade on the ave [?]
And my mother would be mad (She'd be pissed)
That I'm chilling in this weather without a hat
So I walk on the sunny side up
I'm on broadway, all I see money signs up
That's how it all translates
Here and now I mandate
Y'all can't eat up off my damn plate
With a can of them yams straight
Tired of tryna fuel the fires of the fan base
Sucking up your industry [?] damn rate
As long as me and the fam straight
Come on, let's see what me and the fam make
Death to those who can't get the damn plan straight
Put you back in your damn place
Scram, [?] told you for your damn sake, it can't wait
It's funny how fate work

Sometimes them plays hurt
Yeah, but sometimes them plays work
Keep at 'em, stay perked up
Even after a day's work
They say you don't work
All you do is say "Yerp"
But these days I won't say nerp... til I get paid first
Pay back for the way they played Pat
Flaked on me when I played [?] late verse
On the list, dipped out, came just to show face, first
Y'all fake, y'all sicken me
Need [?] to feel you as lit as me
But don't even sit with me, rock with me
Smoke with me, hit the reef
Take a pic with me, fictitiously

[?] you was lit with me
In the shits with me, you shittin' me?

This guy was hung out to dry