

Sonatine

Wiki

Critics critique 'cus they be reaping whatever we flood through the streets
I'm done with the weak hoes, I'm coming for cheats
I'm running my mouth, I want it, I'm coming for keeps
Thought I be bumpin discrete, I bump in the club and it's heat
Gave 'em the one that was fleet, gave 'em the one that was free
What more you want out of me
Y'all don't follow but think about when you preach
The amount that you speaking
The amount my accountant be counting receipts
They blunted and drugging
While you cowards critique
I does it for all of my thunnies is hungry
Plus they get blunted my youngins is wildin' with me

I does it for y'all, don't do it for them
I does it because
Half of the shit that they callin' gems, man it be duds
I need to drop jewels, I know they need jewels
Give 'em more jewels than the neighborhood that I grew in
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I do it for you

You, you, you
I do it for you

Reality kicked in right after the child in me kicked in
And I been kicking all type of shit off the dome and I'm lifted
Shit is significant, if I quit it, got a bitch with a business
And I'm mixed with a immigrant lineage, you gon' list it
How you gon' depict it, give it a label, stop it
I do it for Slick and do it for the paper
I am the Pope, now that's just a joke
I'm not the hope I'm looking to y'all
So look to yourself, that's looking to God
I do it for you, I do it for y'all
I do it for every cat that be throwin it on, whatever they on

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Find a place that's anonymous
No questions asked it's obvious
It's the L.E.S representers
Live hopes and finesse the kid

Roll 'em over, hold on soldier, pull the trigger
Feel no mercy, the name of the game
Stay in your lame if you living like a broke
Not situated if you give in for the bucks
In God I trust
I'ma hit it with the trucks
Lay his ass cold, I don't give a fuck
That's how it is when you raised in the streets
Skatin' through traffic, nigga that's me
Dimes for dubs all for the low
I'm working real hard helping the fam
Mom raising a man, dad went and ran
Damn, what have I learned
Love is a bond, trust is a key
Everything second of me
Throw in the towel, I'm working for hours tryna get by
I'm sick of the bickering, sick of the lies
My mind on the future, I had to get mine
I'm tryna fuck bitches, I ain't got the time
I got all my niggas, I'm out of my grind

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