

(1-6, 1-6)

(Jaiah, let me look in)

Cold streets got me anxious
Got the heat for anxiety
All this beef's kinda cancerous
Made it part of my dietary
No sleep, no anxiety
No sleep, no anxiety
All this beef's kinda cancerous
Made it part of dietary

Didn't wanna go this far, still I ended up here
Now I got opps, got no option, I'm living prepared
Mum thinks that I've got anxiety and that I move weird
No safety, I'ma be safe, I ain't gotta be scared
Can't let my sis know what bro done
Cah she won't let me bring him inside
Can't let my mum know what I done
Cah she'd probably wanna see me inside
I'ma wear the plain one, not the stripe one
Cah I might wanna wear it next time
Last time all I heard was swoosh
Then I got blood on my Nikes
I don't even know who's winning
I just know I'm fine
I don't even know who's with him
'Cause I ain't got time
Anytime when a man's out dipping
I just wanna get strikes
Leave man in the gutter or alley
Just 'cause he never boled in right
How the hell you going to catch man lacking
About three times
Must be trying to go for a hat trick
Now we going his hat online
Now we got his chain online
Got the same drip as mine
Now they gotta call me 2 Chainz
I'ma wear them side by side

Most wanted sinner
Trident had me in the station
Same week I heard how a opp turned singer
I wish I could splash like Ramz
I'll do it in minutes, but bro does it quicker
I was in the cut, me, Bliky and Jigger
Name one guy on your team who's realer
My bro phone me all stressed
I laughed like, "I can never be that nigga"
Anything grrr get brr and bill up
Slide 'round there, see something get hit up
I keep myself to myself
Cah foenem's chatty and she's to inna
The hood's been baking hot
I still gotta dash from cops
Think the line's getting thinner

How much times can I pick up?
How much times can I bill up?
How much times can I toke on the crow
Make the holes in the ozone bigger
I left my nigga on the wing
That's my winger
Been with me since ching chang chong
Yeah, that's my chinger

Still gotta come through spleaging
Damn, if it's wrong things he's screaming
My bro's getting watched by Trident
He still gets cash and makes it home by the evening
I was in the car just scheming
Jump out, hood came off and I beat it
Jump back in the ride, now I'm tweaking
Thinking, "Yo, did the camera see this?"
Few weeks later I'm on the M-way speeding
I'm in a whip that's clean
Getting followed by CIDs for no reason
My broskie just caught a case
And he ain't hit me up and I heard he's speaking
The life I live ain't intriguing
This real rap, no cap, just believe it
This real rap, no cap, just believe it
Bro's in the trap, no sleeping
And it's freezing

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