

PRISON

YBN Nahmir

(Bang)

(Ayy)

So much money in my pockets, it ain't shit you could tell me
Drunk as fuck, coolin' in the trap off of that Remy
Fucked this ho and she stupid bad, she squirt in her panties
Still in the hood with the gang gang, my enemies bitches
Twelve hit the spot, they started askin' about all them cars that was
rented
I don't know a thang
'Cause when it was pressure, all my friends turned to snitches (All m
y friends turned to snitches)
I swear to God, know it ain't shit to drop a bag when they kill 'em
Self-defense and I'm bonding out, I can't see me in no prison

Self-defense and I'm bonding out, I can't see me in the system
Know the opps be tryna wet me up, they bitches be hittin' me
But I'ma chase all these fuckin' bands, fuck you and yo' clan
Like "Where the safe?"

My bitch come through and she smoke you and yo' mans
Like "Where the cake?"

I need that bread, fuck all that shit you be talkin' 'bout
True Religion, Robin jeans every time I stepped out the house
I got a bag, you niggas broke, so how you say I fell off?
I get the cheese, I ain't no rat but I got P's in the loft
Come through shooting at you niggas like I'm Jayvon
Niggas thought they caught me lackin', had that Glocky .45
If he slide, he gon' die

We gon' send you to the sky

Since them niggas shot my brother, it's guaranteed that I'ma ride
I might have to send that kite, gon' and take a nigga life
FN with a thirty clip, it complete the mission right
Watch how this young nigga bounce out with that .44, get to spillin'
shit

Bitch, I been, been had them packs

Bitch, I been, been had them racks

Errytime these niggas see me, bitch, I'm always in the trap
Momma told me watch these niggas, 'cause they'll stab you in the back
Yo' homie tried it, he got whacked

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(Gang)