

## Testimony

YFN Lucci

Lately I've been runnin' round chasin' millions  
Usually I be runnin' round chasin' women, hey  
But it's a lot of Os in the kitchen  
We got a lot sold, yeah, we get it  
You can't trust a soul in this business  
There a lot of fake love and pretendin'  
I swear I'm spent like a rose up in linens  
Shit crazy, could have had a role before 20  
This is a whole 'nother 20  
I love when that money talk to me  
Like your girl when we fuck, she talk to me  
She love when I bite on that pussy  
If you searchin' for love, keep lookin'  
I'm so above these rookies, yeah  
I'm so above they lookin'  
Pour up and pour up a cup for your nigga  
Straight out the mud I grew up with them niggas, hey  
A whole lot of pain I promise these niggas  
I don't fuck with no nigga  
Shit is not the same, I swear these niggas is not the same  
Everythin' changed, all you niggas changed, yeah, yeah

This my testimony, yeah (this is mine)  
I'm so obsessed with money  
I gotta keep a weapon on me, yeah  
I swear a nigga gotta keep a weapon on me  
I'm somewhere sippin' on 'em  
My bitch always trippin' on me (oh)  
Fake friend went missin' on me (oh)  
But we ain't even trippin' on it, yeah  
This my testimony, yeah (my testimony)  
I swear I'm so obsessed with money, yeah (obsessed with money, yeah)  
I got to keep a weapon on me, yeah (I keep mine, nigga)  
This my testimony, yeah, yeah, yeah (Boosie Badazz, nigga, I got a testimony  
)

Shit, when I was a local rapper  
I traded out sex for money  
Made my bitch write bad checks for money  
Shoot off a nigga whole neck for money  
Kept a weapon on me  
Had a little man ego  
Wishin' I was Nino before he turned rat though  
Tried to whip it on my own in the kitchen at first  
But it hurt when it didn't come back though  
Old lady goin' crazy on me  
I'm steady makin' babies on her  
Got blessed, made it off the corner  
Now my other baby mommas, now they hatin' on us  
This my testimony  
Nigga, hittin' at me with them.<sup>45</sup>  
Prayers every night that I don't die  
Two.40s on my hip 'cause I go live  
Warners Brothers on the line, this is '05  
Now my friends gettin' a little jealous  
Same motherfuckers who I used to shoot pellets  
Stealin' out the pot, sayin' Boosie boo selfish

If you steal from a nigga, to the cops you a tell it  
Diabetes, tired of stickin' myself, nigga  
On lock down, facin' death, nigga  
Came home, blown up then I got cancer  
But God found the answer  
This my testimony

Yeah, this my testimony, yeah (this my testimony)  
I'm so obsessed with money  
I gotta keep a weapon on me, yeah (gotta keep it)  
I swear a nigga gotta keep a weapon on me  
I'm somewhere sippin' on 'em  
My bitch always trippin' on me  
Fake friend went missin' on me  
But we ain't even trippin' on it, yeah (this ain't right)  
This my testimony, yeah  
I swear I'm so obsessed with money, yeah  
I got to keep a weapon on me, yeah  
This my testimony, yeah, yeah, yeah (oh, oh, oh, woah)

This is my, this is my