

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
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
Fake friend went missin' on me
But we ain't even trippin' on it, yeah
This my testimony, yeah
I swear I'm so obsessed with money, yeah (I keep mine, nigga)
I got to keep a weapon on me, yeah (Boosie Badazz, nigga)
This my testimony, yeah, yeah, yeah (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.⁴⁵
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
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My bitch always trippin' on me
Fake friend went missin' on me
But we ain't even trippin' on it, yeah
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