

# Tragedy

YFN Lucci

The tragedy in a man's life  
Is not having lived while you was alive  
Learnin' to love and lose is a part of life  
It's never having loved anyone or anything  
That's the biggest loss of all  
Wish Me Well 3, the streets is waitin' (yeah)

Look, never put your trust in a nigga, my mama told me that  
I can't do no dirt with you niggas, you can't wait to rat  
Big homie keep sayin' he got me, I can't wait on that  
No offence, but I'ma go get mine, just pray I make it back  
Okay, my main man down, lil' brother died and he won't pay back  
Hey, ever seen a grown man cry in a Maybach?  
Talkin' to God, the hood do anything to have Lay back  
Lord know we'll do anything to have Quay back  
Look, free dog, John Kenny, I can't wait to see y'all  
Miss me with that sucker shit, but don't piss me off  
Look, we ain't duckin' no wreck, I just wrecked my new haul  
Had to cut the dead weight, I ain't no damn U-Haul  
Long live K.O  
It's hard to spot the snakes when the grass grow  
And everybody fake but it gon' soon show  
The street dirty, what you think I keep a broom for?  
Huh, all this damn pain, I be needin' medication  
I ain't need no education, I just stayed in rotation  
Real nigga, never let a sucker violate me  
I'm a grave digger, stop comparin' me to your big homie, bitch, I'm way bigger

Huh, ring on my finger, that shit way bigger  
Huh, thinkin' they them nigga, bitch, we way bigger  
Huh, huh, I had to cut lil' shorty off, that nigga too bitter  
Before the song, I had no racks in the middle  
Now I say big bankroll, can't fit them racks in my denim  
Ayy, my lil' rich ass bro been gettin' racks since he was little, huh  
Me and money back to back splats, we was little, huh  
Before I was the man, I was the man in the middle  
Huh, before the bank juug, we had plans to get richer  
Playin' with that pistol, I got a plan for my lil' one  
They know I cashed out, I ain't put down on no nothin', huh  
Ain't lookin' for no handout, no I don't want nothin' from no nigga  
Six years later, I got elevators  
I got hella acres, nosy ass neighbors  
I got my own label, huh  
I don't need no money machine, I count my own paper

Look, tell me why these so-called thugs act like they shootin' shit up  
But niggas don't got guns, these niggas so made up  
Talk tough online, this niggas funny as fuck

Mm-mm