

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 w
ay 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