

Wish Me Well Flow

YFN Lucci

Real nigga, real nigga, real nigga radio
Uh, he say
Gotta listen to whatever word he say
Gotta listen to whatever he say
Yeah (Listen to whatever)
Look, uh

Home state, I had the game, EA
No, we can't ever give these niggas leeway
No, we can't be worryin' 'bout what the streets say
Gotta tote the four-five, know we keep spray
Uh, got at least four or five brewin' when we play
Be cool, you don't really want a wound from the K
Be cool, you don't really want them goons in your place
Be cool, lil' dude, it ain't nothin' to get you ate, yeah
I'ma pop shit like I never did
Whole lot of money, ain't it evident?
Call it like an elephant
Promise I ain't never hit, who the fuck you better than?
You ain't got no leverage, we ain't tryna settle shit
Unless you got a body for the bro, we can't settle it
I'm tryna better it, I been on the better shit
I just dropped an album and that shit there doin' excellent
I just got another mil' ticket and you know I'm still with it, yeah, uh
Playin' with my mother, I know she ain't even deserve that shit
Bae didn't deserve that shit, that mean I won't ever quit
Playin' with my team, full speed how I'm coming in
Ain't nothin' you can tell a nigga when I'm in my element
It ain't nothin' you can tell a nigga 'bout my family
Yeah, it ain't nothin' you can tell a nigga, we gon' handle it, yeah
You better know that we gon' handle it, yeah, yeah, uh
On my Arm & Hammer shit
Spittin' like I'm cancer, sick
Plus you know we candle lit
Went from riding with a half a brick to a half a ticket
Went from baggin' up them groceries, now we baggin' bitches
Look, whole lot of addresses, you ain't got a pad yet
Now I got a bag, you ain't even got a knapsack
Uh, droptop bad, so we ain't never had
Hard times turn a little boy to a man
Ayy, even though we took some losses, we ain't go out bad
Them niggas turned they back so we ain't never turned back
When you missed your dawg's call, then nigga, you call back
How you go against your dawg? We ain't never learn that
Yeah, uh, and yeah, I'ma ball, but I'm still learning
Whole lot of bridges to cross and I can't burn 'em
A whole lot of niggas I lost and it still burning, yeah
Uh, came from the slums, lil' nigga, we stayed down
We ain't got no problem whenever we move around
Know I'm going even if he dead wrong, look
Them my dawgs, I would never change on
Uh, change, man, I love you, can't change on you
Change whenever I put my chains on
Change whenever I got my rings on

Real nigga, real nigga, real nigga radio
It's a cold world we live in

One where love can turn into hate and real is almost always fake
Dawg, it's a tough lesson to learn
Knowing that not everybody wishes you well
Now, this is not the ending
This is where we stop telling the story
See Wish Me Well 3, an album worth of hits
Made a mixtape worth of pain
Wish Me Well 3 is on the way