

Bitch, I got issues  
Still thuggin', they say the streets goin' get you  
Keep it real for too long and they goin' trick you  
I think they coming for me, I'm buying pistols  
Bitch, I got issues  
Mo' money mo' problems, this shit difficult  
Ones I thought was my brothers sending mix signals  
I think they coming for me, I'm buying pistols

Yeah, rich as fuck, you know I am  
But some how I'm still in shoot outs with a gun that jam  
Caught us lacking, bullets flying, active, had us running man  
But you know my brothers double back, we don't do no running man  
Man, I'm too rich for this shit  
Take me away from my girlies, I can't picture it  
Fuck nah, that's why I can't leave without the stick  
At night it's under the pillow, I dream about the stick  
What's up with your brother? Shit, I ain't talk to Mustard  
I just fell back, can't let a nigga treat me like a sucka  
Thinking I'm just in head, you's a cold mothafucka  
Man, it's weird as fuck beefing with brother when you love 'em  
Respectfully, I'ma sip the drink and pop the Ecstasy  
Geekin' by thinking 'bout who in the way of my destiny  
Sink and deceased of the form while thinking who testing me  
Tweaking, I don't trust a bitch, I fucked, she laying next to me

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Man, leave me the fuck alone  
I change my number for a reason, why is you calling my phone?  
Your negative energy be too strong  
Fucking up my thinking process, bitch, I'm trying to write this song  
Where was we at? Okay, the homie ran off with the packs  
Where was we at? The homie gave his 4hunnid chain back  
Money and straps, I put in the hood back to back  
Shit got hostile back in back, homies politicking on that  
It's a lot on hands, y'all never understand  
Shit I don't even understand, I kept it solid with my man  
This wasn't part of my plans, this wasn't part of my plans  
'Cause niggas know, keeping it solid, that shit 'part of my brand (Aye)  
You gotta feel me, I'm missing niggas like Nipsey  
In the trenches it's tricky, it get Mickey, Walt Disney  
This shit be too much to deal with, I could end in a quickie  
One in the top of the Glock, right at my head, don't tempt me

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