

6 Years Ago

YN Jay

(Enrgy made this one)

If you don't stand for somethin', you'll fall for anything, you feel me? Told my young niggas, you understand? You gotta get this money, you know what I mean? We gotta get on this road and get to it, you know what I mean?

Aye

Told my young niggas go to school and get a bag
When I did get a lil' money I ain't brag
All I ever wanted was the shit I never had
You was playin' games I was tryna get a bag
Birdman, Weezy, I was stunnin' like my dad
Never had no money, I can see it in your face
Niggas out to get me, got me feelin' like I'm Ace
Money in the attic, I ain't never had no safe
All I ever wanted was a crib with the gate
I was on my grind, drinkin' water eatin' noodles
I was sellin' dog, you was playin' with a poodle
Now a nigga rap, you can look me up on Google
Mixin' up the magic, I ain't talkin' 'bout no voodoo
Naw, racin' on E, just got pulled over, damn, I hate the police
Hatin on me', already paid niggas, I'm still waitin' on beats
Niggas ain't tryna get rich, seem like they waitin' on me
Talkin' on the internet, seem like you hatin' on me
My nigga made it to the top, like, 'Is you waitin' on me?'
I got twenty in a year, Gary Payton on me
Pull up with a chicken tender, I got bacon on me
Yeah, we gotta go, we can't stop no more
Nigga had the spotlight, he can't pop no more
Label tryna hold him back, he can't drop no more
What the fuck? Damnnnn
Aye, what you gonna do now?
You got your back against the wall, what you gonna do now?
She let the whole hood fuck her, that's your boo now?
I ain't trippin' over shit I got my shoes tied
I got my shoes laced
I got a knot over the hunnids, I got the blues laced
No more room, more hunnids, got the blues taped
Nigga tried to tell me 'bout some real shit, but the news fake
Damnnnn, why you lyin' to me?
I put my suit and cape on like who flyin' to me?
Put you on the American Express like who flyin' to me?
Lotta nigga never put in work like who grindin' to me?
Yeahhh
Yeah, I told a bad bitch, 'I can take you there'
She said, 'Where we goin'?'
It get cold in Coochie Land, she said, 'Is it snowin'?'
No, it's drippin' wet, it be rainin' pourin'
You ever been to dookie land? It be thunder stormin'
Still hit my hood bitches, and I'm fuckin' foreigners
Still pull up in old school, and I'm droppin' foreigners
Sixteen shows in one month, I can't stop from tourin'
Nigga thought he had some Wock', he was droppin' Morton
You had a different Jumpman, them was not no Jordans
Scotty keep passin' me the ball, I can't stop from scorin'
Nigga tried to steal some money, it was out a Porsche
Why the fuck you tryna buy some shit if you cannot afford it
Damnnnn, haha, that don't make sense

Freak bitch like to fuck, she can take dick
Bitch got perfect boobies but got fake tits
JR high shootin' threes, but this ain't Smith
Bullshit diamonds in your watch, you gotta fake wrist
Only reason why I hit the road- I love to take trips
Artist like Picasso with the picture, I'ma paint shit
I'ma hit the dog with the dog, I'ma mate shit
In the water with my fishin' pole, I'm 'bout to bait shit

Shit

Shit, Jay you goin' too crazy