

Through It All

YNW Bortlen

This that, "What's it's name," shit
I can't even, "What's it's name," this shit, I gotta, damn
(AC, turn that heat up, nigga)
Alright, let me see

Come get fly with me, on another level, you know that I'm takin' off
Blast off, ride with a nigga through it all
If I fuck with you, I fuck with you, just play your part
Keep it real from the start, my nigga smell fake from afar
Rockin' out with that guitar
Rockstar livin', now, it's fuck nigga from the hood hatin', now
And they ain't never seen niggas

Niggas just jumpin' off of the porch
They wanna get the Zaza, toe tag, green beam on your durag
Young and livin' good, I feel like a Don
I'm high as the sun, five hundred degrees
Like Weezy, yeah, baby, please don't play crazy, bitch, I go brazy
We don't tote .380, Glock ain't got no safety
AR with the shell catcher make you prove you Houdini, like you a genie
Clean your ass up, Mr. Clean
And, the bitches say I'm mean
Rude as fuck, I don't give a fuck
And, I stay bustin' out the scene
Hundred racks stuffed in my jeans
Dirty money, but I stay clean
Two bands just for these set of Js, remember when I used Sir Js
Runnin' form the real, fast forward, young nigga pay young boss shit, now, a
nigga got a maid

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If you ridin', then I'm ridin', just be with me through it all
All I tell 'em, "Rock out," they ain't playin' no guitar
Everywhere I go, I got my hand on my Glock
Steppers, they like thots how be layin' on them boys
They ain't makin' noise, you don't spin, it be borin' to me
I be sippin' lean, got me goin' to sleep
Engines for the fee, I just be wantin' a fee
Good girl but I turn her to a whore in the sheets
When they hear this song, they gon' throw it on repeat
Never duckin' smoke, what you want it to be?
I just got a house in the suburbs, but still fell I belong in the streets
Everybody feel like I made it
But, still, I be hungry like I ain't in days
I ain't trustin' nobody, that's how I got play
Double O, lil' baby, I ain't lovin' no lady

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