Young Greatness

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Brand new [?]
2016 joint
You see the pipes on that motherfucker
Got a hundred bands on the front seat
I swear on my mama
I'm trying to kill this
I swear on my mama
I'm trying to kill this nigga
I done grind all day to pay my light bill
These niggas fake sippin lean they sippin Nyquil
I'm talking Rolly wrist [?] cocaine
Serving all the main mains
Got the streets on straight flames
My father died and now he let the pain go
My momma cried cause she ain't see the rainbow
I drive the Rolls and raines with the windows down
None of these niggas will listen but they hear me now
This that trap or die shit I'm talking [?]
I ain't letting another slide am talking bird season
Where your curb at I'll put a foreign there
And the passenger I'll put a hoe in there
And that nigga that owe me some gone pay
And that nigga that owe me some gone pay
I swear on my mama
I'm trying to kill this
I swear on my mama
I'm trying to kill this nigga
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Deep in the ghetto I make them feel my pain What you know about the [?] on them long nights

What you know about that struggle shit that muscle shit
Trying to hit a lick and your best friend in a casket
And his momma crying they done kill her son on valentine
No sunshine gotta stay strapped like velcro
This that row for you fuck niggas never trust niggas
Let em empty out on your bus nigga
I been on my hustle shit
You been looking like a criplet
First round your the draft pick
New Orleans nigga so flashy
[?] with passion
Copp the coupe might crash it
My momma raised her a savage
Somebody please go and talk to these niggas
Cause they trippin

I swear on my mama I'm trying to kill this I swear on my mama I'm trying to kill this nigga