

## Walk

Young M.A

They was tryna' get me  
They was tryna' get me out  
Like y'all don't know what I'm about  
Y'all do it for the clout  
The streets like, "where you at?"  
I told niggas I'm en-route  
I was working at the house, in the stu'  
Sleepin' on the couch, tryna' figure out  
What my next move is  
Come move with the movement  
I see through you old transparent niggas  
Who you guys think you foolin'?  
We bhillen' bhillen'  
Pinky ring drippin' drippin'  
My necklace is jewelin'  
Tre-pound got a bark  
Park a nigga like amusement  
No clowns over here  
No haha, no amusement  
Nah, nah, we ain't losin'  
Y'all got us confused with them other niggas over there  
Who 'dem? Who 'dem?  
And I'm hoppin' out the Benz  
Givenchy by the lens  
I ain't come here for friends  
I came here to make money, save money, then I spend  
M.A., where you been  
Don't you do that shit again

You think I give a fuck what a hater got to say about me?  
That's exactly what they hate about me  
They around me when the sun rise, when the sun shining  
But where the fuck y'all was at when it was cloudy?  
Fake niggas please get the hell from around me  
I don't even know why these niggas is around me  
That was the same niggas that doubt me

Louis pack got me buggin' out  
Louis scarf, gotta thug it out  
New chain, had to flood it out  
My money never runnin' out  
Cut the check bih  
Tell them hatin' niggas cut it out  
Where the light at? The blunt is out  
Pour me up when my cup is out  
Didn't mean to fuck her  
She had a cramp, so I rubbed it out  
Kick bitches out, wave bye with my rubber out  
Your opinion doesn't matter  
That's one thing I don't give a fuck about  
Dick riding, ass kissing  
That's somethin' I know nothing 'bout  
Everybody in the same lane  
So I went and took the other route  
Baggin' weed at my mother house  
If she knew she would cuss me out  
Same black tee, same sweatpants

Oh well, had to bum it out  
Young M.A this, Young M.A that  
Damn nigga, what the fuss about?  
Now niggas just tryna figure out  
When the next joint coming out  
Oh, nowadays niggas want favors  
But if you talk about money  
Well homie then we can work somethin' out  
Louis scarf for my right side  
Yeah nigga that's the right side  
Give my blood niggas high-fives, hi five  
Her eyes chink and her pussy pink like high eyes  
Bad chick, but that don't mean I won't bring her ass right to Popeyes  
Two piece and a thigh for you  
I ain't paying if the price high  
Get money, act broke, that's the motto I apply by  
Never boujee, we on vacay, pourin' Henny in our Mai Tai's  
Never change, I'm still the same  
Drinkin' Minute Maid with the hot fries  
In the club, in V.I.P with y'all bitches and my guys  
We get money, we don't want beef  
Take that beef shit to Five Guys  
Start shit, got five guys with five 9's, hit you five times  
Extendos on the chopper, niggas thought we was carryin' a tripod  
Niggas like "where the hoes at?"  
My bad, it's where the thots hide  
Them lame niggas there  
It's more poppin' here on my side  
Fake niggas move left, real niggas move clockwise  
Blew a check at the jeweler  
'Cause I won't wear it nigga if it's not  
Fuckin' mine...