

Understanding

Young Nudy

So you motherfuckers don't understand where the fuck I'm coming from
So I had to explain to you motherfuckers where the fuck I'm coming from, see
what the fuck I'm sayin'? (She know what the fuck going on, nigga)
I done got a lil' older, what y'all don't understand
I'm not that same young nigga, but I'm still that same nigga
I don't play no type of games in no type of way, no type of form, no type of
fashion
I am, I am what I am, yeah
(The fuck you mean, you don't know DJ Marc B?)
You know what up, nigga

I'm a big snake, big slime, don't play (Uh)
Shawty ride big Drac' but he like that AK (Okay)
MAC-90 with the grip, love the way it spray
Named that bitch Osama 'cause the way that bitch had sprayed the A (Uh-huh)
I done did all type of gangster shit in all type of states (Yeah)
Nigga say he tried me, know he cappin', boy, that shit no way (Cappin')
Nigga know 'bout Slimeball, shawty gon' up that bitch, he hit in the face (B
ig Slime)
And he keep it real, don't say shit, keep it in the street, that's how he pl
ay (Yeah)

Ooh, ooh
You listening to a motherfuckin' dope slangin' (Sippin' drank), pistol totin
' (Molly)
Ho takin' (I took your bitch), money makin' (I got racks)
Real nigga (What?)
No ho in him (Never)
I don't know what to say (Hush your mouth)
Keep it player, keep it real with yourself (Tell 'em again)
And, you know, slime
This some good weed, I like it

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G code, these niggas don't stick to no G code (Why?)
These niggas really been hoes and I'm in beast mode
Got the streets on lock, though, really run my block, though
I just flooded that motherfucker with nothin' but snow
I know that a lot of niggas 'round me wish I was poor
I remember I was robbin', yeah, I used to be broke
Quick to hit a lick in my hood, feel like Curtis Snow
When this shit get tough for a nigga, that's just how it go (Yeah, yeah, yea
h)

Sittin' on my knees prayin' to God, "God, can you help me make it?"
I've been on the grind for a long time, money, I been chasin' (Yeah)
Clutchin' on my gun, God, I swear my patience run thin (Uh)

Guess I gotta go in, so I'm finna go in (Okay)
Gotta kick a door then, go kick a door then (Yeah)
Gotta show these pussy niggas you ain't on no ho shit (Uh-uh)
And these hoes, they gon' doubt you if you on that broke shit (Damn)
I ain't never goin' broke, ain't never been no ho bitch (Never, bitch)

All I know is keep it real, never on no more shit (Uh-uh)
Didn't your mama teach you not to tell all that snitch shit? (Well, damn)
Man, these niggas really tattletale, he really snitch-snitch
So I look at him like opposite, he is a bitch-bitch
And I'm lookin' at my wrist game, this bitch so sick
And this money in my pocket, it's a hell of a lick
Crossed a couple niggas out, I ain't looked back since
These niggas stuck in the past, I'm ahead of that shit
I'm just tryna get some money, tryna run it up and take care of my kid (Tryna take care of my baby, yeah), yeah
I'm tryna get some money, make sure that my mama don't want for shit (Mama don't want for shit), yeah
No more traphouse for me, no more backstreet, no .223 (Yeah)
I just point my finger and them shooters use the .223
Upgraded my status, nigga, I don't have to be in these streets (Big dawg)
Do what the fuck I want to, you know I'm a real OG (Yeah)
And I keep it G when a nigga don't keep it G
That's why everybody's hood love me, salute me, they can't go 'gainst me, for real (Uh-uh)
And if you say you want that smoke, nigga, I give you the deal (Deal)
I know it's shockin' when bodies drop, shawty big ill
Y'all opps the pussy ass niggas out here big squeal
Let's keep it real, lotta of these niggas didn't think I was king of the hill, yeah
Let's keep it real, lotta of these niggas didn't think I have them M's (Pussies)
But I got money, M's on M's, bitch wanna fuck with Slim
Freaky lil' bitch, yeah, just like Kim
Make her bend over, stand in them heels (Yeah)
Barbecue baby, put her 'cross the grill
And it's a gangster goin' 'cross her grill, yeah, uh

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