

# Hope You Make It

## YoungBoy Never Broke Again

For safety, it turn out bad if you try to play me (Try to play me)  
She might get killed, he might get hit up (Hope you make it)

In my section we keep sticks for safety  
It'll turn out bad boy, if you try to play me  
Inside my hood, we sell dope to make it  
I pray to God, I just hope you make it  
(I just hope you make it)

We put switches on the back of the Glocks for them opps  
But this cutter came automatic, how we brought it out the box  
I told my five I ain't have nobody, he said, "It's lonely at the top."  
I told 'em, "My nigga, that's real. I'm gon' keep my head in box."  
I'm gon' focus

How many kids you got to feed gangster, I feel ya nigga  
Trapped out in the spot house with them bangers, 'cause it's real niggas  
It's hard, but make it through, I know you will nigga  
Let 'em talk behind your back, you gon' come up and that I feel nigga

Grandma say, "Baby, all you need is faith as a monster seed."  
I say, "Grandma, my faith bigger than a watermelon or a peach."

He played you like a ho, by nighttime masked down and knock 'em off  
That's how we raised, that's on little Dave, put shit in graves  
Should sell it to you, nah, he gon' wait outside and take your face  
How the fuck you gon' comment on me at the top, I earned it and I made it

In my section we keep sticks for safety (For safety)  
It's in her bag boy, if you try to play me (Play me)  
Inside my hood, we sell dope to make it (Sell cocaine)  
I pray to God, I just hope you make it (Hope you make it out)

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Steady getting my head dirty, I'm getting loaded  
Aston Martin, straight off the lot, or buy a Lotus  
I say, "My mama, I got a Glock. I got a .45 by the couch."  
You come in here, better be on it, with all this money in here

Taking care of the whole north side, if not they even kin to me  
Take them sticks, we load up, ride, and murder all of our enemies  
Selling verses like a young nigga got put ten a key (whoa whoa)  
I made of concrete, here to stay, it ain't no ending me (no no)

We've been flashing out with these Glocks (yea)  
Twelve murders, we done pulled off in twelve months (yea)  
Pussy nigga with all that stain, gon' end up dead  
They gon' find you with a bullet shot straight to your head

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