

# Pay The Price

Yung Bans

All this pain in my eyes  
But I can't cry, but I can't cry  
And I can't lie, and I can't lie  
Stay down for this shit for my whole life  
Gotta pay the price  
Gotta pay the price  
Gotta pay the price  
Gotta pay the price

Nine times out of ten, that nigga fake  
Niggas talking up on my line, scared like the snakes  
I gotta clean out my dirty laundry  
Young nigga been doing money laundering  
Dirty money, dirty money  
Ay, these niggas scared of money, niggas scared of money  
It feels like I'm running in circles  
I got questions, yeah  
Is this a curse or a blessing?  
Yeah, I'm supposed to be happy but I'm stressed  
Yeah, you got the answers, ma, I'm guessin'  
Yeah, shit fucked up, shit fucked up  
When the money come around they say I lucked out  
Now everybody want some, they ain't getting none

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Nine times out of ten, that nigga fake  
Always plotting on the low, tryna take your place  
I got a 40, keep it on the waist  
Young nigga been really moving weight  
I get money, I get dirty money  
Ay, these niggas scared of money, I ain't scared of nothing  
Feel like I got demons in my circle  
I miss my pops, I'm bout to pull a Kurt Co  
Paranoid, I can't get no rest  
Am I cursed or am I really blessed?

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