

Ain't The Same

Yung Mal

Bust down Rollie, not a plain jane
Got off my ass, went and got that cash, all my niggas did the same thing
Pouring purple rain, been through so many things, fuck the fame
I just want the cash so I can bless the gang
Since my nigga left, shit ain't been the same
My brother lost a case in court, judge gave him the whole thing
Catch a opp I hit him, make him feel this flame
I done got a bag, they speak on my name
Got on like five chains, what is a dream?

Flying high in private planes
Soon as I land I hop in that Range
I don't drive it, chauffeur, he switching lanes
She got left behind, the bitch was playing mind games
These niggas broke, ain't got no cash
They hand out, I swear this shit beyond lame
Rocking Tom Ford, yeah, I just poured a four up
Riding Rolls Royce and the doors open backwards, yeah
Just thinking about my nigga, if he was here, know we'd be laughing, yuh
My brother called from prison, say he got his face tatted up
I'm just tryna add it up, my son getting big, he bad as fuck
He quick to throw that Candler up, and he know his daddy up
I been flexing on them haters, boy I swear I got 'em mad as fuck
We back to back in foreign trucks every time we pulling up

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Catch a opp I hit him, he gon' feel this pain, that's a shame
Niggas think I'm geeked on all this fame, but I been havin' game
Lately I been cruising in Mulsanne, been focused on them grains
I been switchin' lanes and switchin' main, this shit feel like the same
Judge she gave Lil Meek like twenty five, shit did something to my brain
Shit rolling up this donkey, pouring drank, it look like purple rain
Deposits in the bank and I got safes at home so I'm so straight
Big plays, remember we was sharin'
Stayed down, remember they ain't care
Bust down, not a plain jane there
See you hating over there, got your main ho here
Two hundred rounds in that magazine clip
And it hang over here, won't bang over here
Chain swing over here

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