

# Same Nigga

Yung Mal

June, you're a genius  
Huh

I'm the same lil' dusty lil' feet nigga came from that Candler, they can't even believe it (On God)  
Gucci had dropped off them racks, and I got off my back and this shit ain't no secret, nigga  
Uh, came from them Regals  
Now I ride Rolls Royce and Lamborghinis  
Huh, fuck the subpoena  
Fuck to your honor, I got my lawyer speakin'  
Up all night, don't get no sleep, I be geekin'  
She said, "Record this shit," she freakin' (Nasty)  
Pockets filled with them Franklins, Aretha  
Yeah, Iceburg colder than freezer, huh  
Racks on me and I got Visa, yeah  
I whip it out, she gon' eat up  
Car too fast, keep up  
These niggas, they broke and they mad we up

Break it down, speed it up, hold up, woah  
Ride in the back, got my feet up  
Hold up, heard these niggas mad that we up  
Nigga drop a dot, we can meet up (What?)  
I'm that same young nigga from Candler  
I come from that mantel, don't get it confused (On God)  
Come to East, we get shot out your shoes (Fire)  
We the new Death Row, bitch, I'm Snoop (Hah)  
We spinnin' your block like a hula hoop (Hmm)  
We turn your shit to Ragu (Ooh)  
Bitch, I got money like Jew (Cash)  
Get the backend, on the money, go 'choo (Racks)  
I made that chopper go hoo  
Two bands spent on my shoe  
Can't fuck one, I got two  
Bankroll big, all blue (Yeah, all blue)  
Go to the mall and get blew  
Bitch, I'm ballin', ooh

I'm the same lil' dusty lil' feet nigga came from that Candler, they can't even believe it (On God)  
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These niggas broke and they mad (They mad)

Get off your ass, shit sad (Shit sad)  
I gotta get me a bag (A bag)  
I gotta keep me a bag  
Good on my face, they put shit on my tab  
Young nigga slept in the trash  
Now I got bags to fill up a trashcan (On God)  
Hood left me scarred, I got scabs  
When the shit gettin' hard, I just stack that shit tall like giraffe  
Wrist water, that shit took a bath  
No, I didn't follow, I made my own path  
Add this shit up like a math  
Same lil' nigga put the hood on the map  
Sold out show but we still gotta trap  
We gettin' all of the money, this shit not fair  
Think we goin' broke, nigga must be on meth  
Bitch, we goin' up in the air

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