

Nine Three Six

Zero 9:36

When I die put me in a mausoleum
Wearing Demna Gvaslia
Til' the death need my per diem, I should reup, all these headshots, and hol
low tips ain't hard to
Reach 'em
Send this money to the shell account in Argentina, part of me should try to
Feel the way I felt when I was no one
Instead of making plays, gotta stay watch my nephew grow up
Hard to know what's real anymore when I'm looking at the ceiling of the bunk
Hard to show up when my feelings validated by your love
Like it ain't hard enough
To wake up every morning as it is
And that's how it's been, I feel it's twice as bad for y'all
(Too many diamonds make the watch heavy)
It's a wrist breaker
I'm a bitch taker
Get paper
Switch fits, you mistake 'em
This rate, I been ballin
You been fake
You been fraudin'
I'm over that
Cause you back on that bullshit
And I'm back on my shit, bull
It's wishful thinking that you'd have a dog in this fight, you should wish m
ore
Cause I'm Vick, bull
And I stand that ground dog
The one that you went and ran back on
You the type we should go and pull masks on
And ask what the fuck did you ever came back for
As soon as u thought you were getting as good as my last song
Had to go and prove that wrong
Get smacked and laughed at where I'm from they'd tell you that's a bad jaw
And I ain't worried 'bout a dollar, or whether I get my next spin
This is not a fight club, we jumping you if you step in
So tell a bitch ass mufucker it's destined
I been... all around the world and back
So what the fuck do y'all know when you ain't never stepped out ya back yard
I know none of y'all are thurl as that
So stop talking down on me ain't tough when you tryna act hard
They tell me put my old shit back up
I gave them tracks up
A made a million off this, ya'll lucky I never act up
I keep my boys fed, and keep my family racks up, oh no, oh no, and on the an
d...
On the low, when I exchange, I'm iffy about the hand
Balenciaga pants, with or without I'm still the man
It's different, do what I want
You bitchin, do what you can
I keep it the way it's been
You switch up, and ditch the fam
Oh God oh God on God
Why do they act up
A long time coming, and a longer time has us dead
Get
Me to the start of the ending

It's way late to stay as much as it's tempting me
It's tempting me
It's tempting me
I watch myself look back at all the things that I've done
The person I have become
In the last few years
And I wouldn't change it for the world
Why the fuck would I change it for you?
Why would I change it for you?
Do you know who the fuck you are?
Cause I know who the fuck I am.
And I would never change it for you
Yeah
I remember back 2016
A 97 Ford, 250, 000 miles on it and it seems
Forever ago, was making 15 songs a week in the basement, just me and Drew I
wish we
Could've seen the future on a split screen
Was slept on back then, now mufuckas wishing that they would wake up in this
dream
Cause we ain't shopping at the mall no more, we fuck around and spend a thou
sand on rick
Jeans
10 bands on a wrist piece
Advancing to give these mufuckas a taste of the medicine that they'd give me
Lil bitch please
Either get with or let my clique breathe
This is not the same energy that I would expect if you made up to the big le
agues
I been me
After everything that I've been seen
I wouldn't trust a soul, keep my head up whenever it gets mean
Ain't signed on no 360, we split it up over on this team
Target up over their head never missing a moment to make sure this shit blee
ds
And they still sleeping on me