## Exist

They say an old dope boy don't exist They say an old dope boy don't exist They say an old dope boy don't exist They say an old dope boy don't exist

Everyone in my circle's winning, 3 whips, which should I get and Shit done changed up, people keep singing to the law Scared of fed time The realest shit I ever saw, 2 killers turned snitches over fed cases 20 years for a phone call, outrageous Tryina duck the reco, I'm chilling out in reno Like fuck the weed, what's the price on the kilos Quick money you ain't quick enough One to the head, try and stick me up 2 bums pick me up, now I'm on these blue thangs Fat lace show strings, cookies in my splif, juicy j on that blue dream Ex fiend see my face to wanna smoke again 29 back to selling coke again Back to sending hoes again, back to my crazy ass ways In the days, day dreaming while this dope shit play

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They're full of shit, 2 bricks, new kicks, black chips on the table Whisky on the rocks, johny walker blue label A loafers no sock, bought head, fuck a fitted cap Dogs tryina find where it's hidden at, ha I let them try so high I can touch the sky Coke so clean you can cut it twice Og cream high, butter knife I got og's doing double life Playing with that mail, got them hot as hell I told him keep it cool, he ain't listen though Now his ass missing yo, heard he was snitching And the homies had to slit his throat Crazy like the shit I smoke, I'm sitting here tripping And watch what you say on them phones cause they listen They say I won't last, but I'm just living I'm sposed to be dead by now, war in prison I'm still here

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