

Mile Away

Clyde Carson

In the middle of the fake shit
Real niggas punk out
You can see me from a mile away
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Yeah, we holler with that dope out
All my niggas got the same dreams
Get money, live big
And she trashy if she drop me off
Now it's foggie, cause I got a Benz
Racks by the park, bitch
All my niggas had to blow
No love for a park bitch
Hittin donuts by the liquor store
Ain't no more goin five on the weed
Just fo me, I need at least a o.z
Goin hard in the pain, O.G
I'm a get it how I live homie, nigga

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Cartoon niggas, yeah, we call em Bruce Wayne
Bust it up, bend the hood, got two dames
Nigga run, who blame go bang bang
I'll go, everything call it Trinidad
Two bad bitches with me, yeah, I'm into that
Got a car chopped up, where the ceilin at
Got the rap game doped up, feelin that
Me and Clyde causin on this bitch, killin that
Hating niggas tell a motherfucka how I am
From the bay rap Golden State and the Raiders
Nigga giant on these little niggas
RIP madre cups from my real niggas
And my 2k shades, call em B40
Bitches get up and the ghost gon get naughty
We don't play checkers nigga we play chess
When it comes to the street shit, I'm the best

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Outta town, got the price up
Now I got a fat house
Everyday I see a golf course
Neighbors waving when I'm in and out
Got a view from the third floor
Fireplace in the backyard
Hall of famers livin next door
All my goons got a [?]
Cross country, puttin miles on the Benz
Atlantic City, New York by my ends
Set the bar, we don't neva follow trends
Consider how she put the world in my hands
I just wanna smash when the stacks up
So I can feel good when the rent due
You can miss me with the bullshit
Gettin money what I'm into

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