

Uh, yeah

Oh there it go, Uh

Son of a gun out the holster, cops was a rolling stone
Covers shoot the shooter, left some chips on my shoulder
But I'm the master with those tricks so in my whip I'm a chauffeur

It's like windows crack in this bitch, rollin' dossier
I'm on a mission like

Let me slow down and get this picture right
Slide through the city, cold as christmas night
My OG had that winter white

Had the fees itching like they picking at an insect bite
I would just chill up in that bitch and write
First time I smoked I was too humble for more
I was 16 seeing a quarter mill dumped on the floor
They let me see it

But they urged me not to come through the door
We stay away from this game and this fucking allure, I was a bore

Free cricket till they let him out his cage, that's my nigga
Smoking blunts till the day, I hope his time come quicker
You know I stayed away from the game
But I found another way to get payed off this pain I would scribble

Got my eyes on the money but my mind above all
Keep those snakes out the circle, ain't no liars involved
Still, Wether whatever bet I'm still refining my flaws
Sometimes pressure don't make diamonds at all
A lot of niggas don't even care to live righteous at all
I see through niggas, me and then don't share no likeness at all

Diffrent strokes still a product of that hustle
It's just a different approach
Roll steady through that fire when niggas is getting
But still I rise to put that smoke in the sky
Make me feel alive, locking up that bag securities
Same feelin' I had ridin' in that winter ride
So I don't question if it's real or not
Already know not to get caught in the lore
Games over, being caught out in the storms
It's just the law

Yeah