

# These Keys

Nines

How can I give this all up  
This is all I wanted to be  
This music money isn't enough  
I just can't get caught with these keys  
With these keys  
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With these keys, with these keys

Ask my nigga Nunu how we went through all them rubber bands  
Remember when I copped the ice Hublot with the rubber band  
Made 30K this week I'm nothing like them other man  
I'm on a different level now but I don't think they understand  
Last year I would have stressed my pockets if I copped a Range  
Funny how in a couple months, how a lot could change  
Old niggas on the track, bragging 'bout watch and chain  
Next album I'll probably rap about yachts and planes  
Pull up on the block, all them yungens circle 'round the Porsche  
Came a long way from the Gilera with the loud exhaust  
Shit was slow, mandem was moving like some scavengers  
Never going broke again I'm cool with all the traffickers  
Jazzy said chill and let them young bucks spray them tools  
Think they hating now, watch when I upgrade my jewels  
My little niggas little niggas spend a monkey on some shoes  
Trappin' from a distance can't see them junkies from these views  
Grew up 'round some of the best niggas to do it  
Now we fucking with them Albo's they like the Mexicans of Europe  
They don't play me on the radio but I don't give a fuck  
I've buried P, went broke, then I had to dig it up

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Empty boxes got me nauseous  
Six burner phones in my faucet  
We buy phones and we wash 'em  
Digging holes to find a million dollars [?], ain't sweet  
I've been broke, same clothes for a week  
Fresh off the plane I see badges fuck the D.E.A  
This piece costs a couple more G's, when it leave the States  
Started from the bottom, with a key of yay  
I'm ridin' round dirty in this Honda, I don't need the Wraith  
They grabbed Stack, we just laughed when he beat the case  
Cookies with the cheese, bring me strains  
Bring the jack back, I'm smoking for the JA  
Black hoodie with the AK  
Dirty money bring the devil out, bag the lemonade  
Put my gloves on, then we send 'em out  
80 for a 20 pack, yeah I'm talking locally  
Here in the city, I'm still getting The rest of them getting 2, they can't e  
ven sell 'em though  
I could never sell 'em low, I'd rather be selling blow  
Talking on the telephone, now he's never coming home

The dope gang dirty yeah, they don't love you until you're gone

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