

## Situations

Shy Glizzy

(Ayo, Bans, what you cookin'?)  
(Goddamn, BJ with another one)

Just talked to God after cashin' out with Satan  
Same block, just a different situation  
I know they said I would be nothin', but I'm greatness  
I thought my life would be a grave or some cages  
'Cause we grew up on shots fired, drive by's, cops out, oh  
We ride around with two K's we just tryna stay live  
Young Jefe Holmes

We might slide down an opp's block  
I bet that AR pistol make your body rock  
They knew it was me because some bodies dropped  
They knew it was me 'cause the damn Audemar watch, yeah  
Know that I'm goin' through this damn pain  
All alone, and the [?] by my mansion go insane  
Six shots, but it only took one to bust your brain  
All my bitches stunt, so I'm tryna pick one that I can train  
I had to cut my cousin off because he started to envy  
Bitch I went from a G to a champ like Mr. Bentley  
And they don't fuck with Glizzy 'cause they say I ain't too fri  
endly  
My shooter, he a butler, so I like to call him Jimmy

Every time I'm in the mall, I be cashin' out  
I couldn't slow up for no job, I took the faster route  
Every time that it was murder, we ain't never seen shit  
Every time we seen the opps, it was murder scenes, shit  
Pool party for my neck and wrist  
Niggas shot that I can't forget  
Homicide trees, call that the kill switch  
Came from the gutter, I think that is a privledge

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Ah  
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