

To get the cake right, we hustle to the late night
But I was scared of them people, I had stage fright
Dying for attention, these niggas is buying fake lights
They don't even notice my city in the daylight
Cost us everything so we lost everything
But the beef still long so we offing everything
Ain't no fighting for your life, we coffin everything
Tell your mama and your daddy get your coffin shit arranged
Niggas dyin' 'bout this shit that you be playin' with
Where there's a will there's a way, I feel like Jaden Smith
I gave my all to the west but they ain't saying shit
I guess the west tryna take my shine, I feel like Taylor Swift
All winter, all summer, all spring I'm rockin' R-rated shit
Had to switch my team 'cause you know I'm on some Vegas shit
I brought awareness to all that love fakin' shit
Rapper or trapper of the year, I gotta make the list
Put my whole life in this music, what else you want from me?
Mama told me shrink my circle 'cause them niggas don't love me
Dissing on the internet, tell them niggas go touch him
He ain't have life insurance, now they gotta GoFund him
I remember tryna beef when I was broke
Ride 'round, tryna creep on the low
In the whip, no tint, with the heat on the floor
Ain't tryna see her pussy, I'ma peek in her soul

Wise man taught me you reap what you sow
They don't believe it but I ain't got no sleep since '04
That beefin' shit get old but it get deeper than you know
Keep it in the streets, man don't leak the info, Lito
I ain't proud 'bout no stress, just how I'm livin'
Giving it all I got and pushing it past the limit
Add that to all this cash I'm gettin'
And I can't ever remember to ask permission
Thuggin', I need a purpose, no work, I feel worthless
I'm just hoping that this fucking sack touch before the first hurt
School zone charge, got him twenty years at thirty percent
Met him at a church, you should've met him at the churches
These niggas make me nervous, I'm only selling verses
They be following around the stores like I'm only here to purchase
You don't want that on you, but your homie getting murdered
We might wait a year and shoot you on the anniversary
I land early, I'm in Atlanta 'til Thursday
Ran it up, I'm still gambling and serving
My last bitch tried a bitch but couldn't manage to hurt me
Whatever come my way is coming, yeah, and I deserve it
I don't believe in coincidence or random occurrence
Hop out a van with so many thirties they think we the Curryys
We slide, you just better hope that the ambulance hurry up
Hope I ain't said too much, really I don't give a fuck

All this shit old, it's just old
This shit old
GhettOut, GhettOut
GhettOut
They owe me a hundred and fifty thousand for some shit I would've did for free
Look at what you did to me

I ran off with like forty thousand, I ain't brag about it, nah
Look how karma come back around, I ain't laughing
Just gettin' it out of habit, living how I'm rapping
That reality is I'm actually going to prison if they pat me down
My first pistol was a hand-me-down
You supposed to put some money in his hand when your fam get out
Got hit for twenty bands on them xans at the gambling house
But I just flipped for like one-sixty off an abandoned house
What was you saying, understand we ain't gon' play about it
Shoot you out your van, shouldn't have ran your mouth
And I ain't gotta pay nobody, they just wanna X 'em out
And they don't care none' about
Who you think you is or what you claim or what them niggas that you scared a
bout
Yeah no doubt, hits will get carried out, they just need the whereabouts
If I was you I'd get a pistol, I wouldn't go nowhere with out it
I wouldn't go live neither, fuck around be the trending topic
Rapper dies on his livestream in a rented foreign
I ain't got no pity for him, tell that nigga get insurance
I been at war, fuck I look like gettin' extorted?
I'm always gettin' booked, got off tour, went to court
Tough times will remind you what you living for
Hard grind, weak minds want to kill ya boy
Feel like a villian in the Ville, some shit you can't avoid
Nigga don't play with mine, I ain't gon' play with yours
Golden rule, tryna tell the youngins go to school
But how can I when I been sellin' onions, totin' tools
Worst of all it's all right there on the YouTube
And all this shit free