

GhettOut

Nah, we ain't the same, hmm

You got that ho on retainer, I don't do no explaining

I'll never be famous, I go everywhere with my banger

You'll tell everything to a stranger, let me guess, you a gangster

I ain't scared of you motherfuckers, I'm just afraid of my

If she love me like she say she love me we gon' be alright

I still call and check up on her just to see if she alright

Never home, I'm living wrong, I know I need to treat her right

She just picked me up from a flight, I take back off, I leave tonight

I'm living fast, two twenty-five on the dash

I'm really getting to a bag, these niggas livin' in the past

Let's talk facts, I'm the one with them racks

I'm the one that'll pull up on you all by myself with that MAC

I'm the one niggas pull up on and I tell 'em pull around the back

Pull it out the back, pop it out the vac sack

Know I'm probably gon' tax

If you know I got it on me, showing out for the police, I think you a rat

Just took a loss, I think about eighty racks

All I can think 'bout is making it back

If this plug just keep it coming, fuck it we gon' be alright

I done ran a check up on 'em but I still will squeeze on sight

Whippin' on me when I'm wrong but yeah they still gon' read my writes

I'm the one with the thirty rounds on the twelve gauge

Chopper singing, let it serenade

I got everything but a hand grenade

I was really gon' blow, I was like fourteen makin' pipe bombs

Now I got a little more sense but I'll still shoot like a Nikon

Wrong place at the wrong time, but you niggas fuckin' with the right one

They call Craig Petties notorious, but where I'm from he's an icon

Being broke ain't never no fun

Back when they ain't have a GoFundMe

I was moteling with a snow bunny

Paying all our bills with my dope money

Truth is, I been broke before, broke and poor, I ain't even gon' front

I brought steak for dinner but all my daughter want is cinnamon toast crunch

I keep the rifle like I go hunt, I stack the paper like a whole bunch

I say life is sorta like a toilet seat, you come pulling shit, I'm gon' dump

Hope you got life insurance, big time

Poppin' shit like the brick guy

'til they pop your ass and your mama can't afford to bury you without a fish fry

No rest, I can never loosen up, something like a ziptie

Got incendiaries in that thirty round, I'll hop out on you and spit fire

That's overkill, I'm in over-grind like it's overtime, I don't get tired

You a ho for real, and a pussy, that's why you always be dick ridin'

We might've fell out but I never switched sides

And I never let shit slide

Fuck your baby mama while the kid nap

Doin' drive-bys out the bitch ride

Selling mid out a rental from Enterprise

They ain't have nothing bigger than a midsize

That's the difference between hitters and sendouts

Don't tell me lil nigga, I been about it
Seventy-five round drum with me now
Ten pounds in the penthouse
I just opened one and the shit loud
I just sold three for like ten thousand
Me and bro gon' break these other six down
Yeah we gon' be alright
I just need a light, step brothers for life
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