After You Left

GoldLink

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I made a hunnit thousand dollars this year, yeah
That still don't mean shit
My cousin Geetchie and his baby motha' got into an accident
And lost her baby, yet we talkin' 'bout this nigga Bruce a lady
That ain't shit, nigga, huh
DC niggas legit now, yeah
See Black kids gettin' killed by cops
White man wanna shoot us down, niggas started sellin' rock
And who the fuck can stop us now?
My nigga, we ain't shit, nigga
My old bitch lost a baby too
Ain't know what the fuck to do
Right before the first tape
Almost killed a nigga for some Foams
And quit this rappin' just to buy her shit
Y'all niggas don't know this shit
Landover, and smokin' dip
Ain't even the half of it
Half a father, half a bitch, and half a brick
And have a bit of hope can take you far, shit
And this just the intro, nigga, I ain't even spazzin' yet
We ain't even make it yet
Talk to me like I'm that nigga, ask me who I'm fuckin' now
Momma can't go to family functions, they ask if I'm around
Shout my cousin Tiana and bless her, bless her family too
Look at the nigga, look at the boy that I had grew into
The pressure of fame is gettin' to me already
I can't tell Shakir to stop fuckin' around with Setea
I can't tell my mama I ain't go to school for Setea
I can't tell Setea I fell in love wit Rahwa first
Do you understand how much that shit might fuckin' hurt?
That I put her ass third and my city first?
I never trust that nigga Que, aye fuck I do to you?
And fuck dat nigga Gleesh too, you ain't bulletproof
Mo' money, mo' bitches, equal no problems
My cardiac be acting funny and my soul follows
Went to go-gos, to meet hoes, wit' no fathers
Now my path righteous wit' a light and gold bottles

I never thought I'd be the nigga reppin' westside
The crips love a nigga, say they rep the best side
Ill-rock, West Baltimore, you can meet the lord
See his physical features, delete you when you meet the God
Me and my father, we started speakin'
Hate my uncle on my mama side, we started beefin'
Kicked me out house, yeah I was homeless, wasn't eatin'
Robbin', never gave a fuck about a job and
Trappin' wit my nigga Sam and start romancin'
Kali, we were gon' get married, move to Cali
Porrah, Porrah yeah you drive me crazy
Why you leave me, baby?
Yeah, why you leave me, baby?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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