

From the Bottom

2 Pistols

Yup, yup, yup, yup, yup, yup
Yup, yup, yup, yup, yup, yup I came from the bottom of the bottom, I ain't never goin' back
Got my head to the sky and the city on my back
Grindin', you know where you can find me dead
President's homie cash, rule everything around me I came from the bottom of the bottom, I ain't never goin' back
Got them Gucci locs fitted and the plastic on my lap
Grindin' you know where you can find me dead
President's homie, cash rule everything around me Pinellas Count Von south Florida raised born in the slums
Where the young ain't safe never had a crum so a Thug
I became started sellin' dope, just to get the new J's
My momma wasn't there, my daddy wasn't either
So I said fuck school, the block was my teacher Wasn't good at math but I could break down a half in the pot
Let it rock in the block on smash that was high me
And my niggas ate, ate addicted to the fast cash
We was all flippin' big weight in and out a state Gettin' cake like we won the lotto flyin' birds in the trunk
Like there's no tomorrow, that's the code that we live
By die by so now they don't sit high when I ride by
And BMU the Only niggas that I ride for 'til my eyes close niggas I came from the bottom of the bottom, I ain't
never goin' back
Got my head to the sky and the city on my back
Grindin', you know where you can find me dead
President's homie cash, rule everything around me I came from the bottom of the bottom, I ain't never goin' back
Got them Gucci locs fitted and the plastic on my lap
Grindin' you know where you can find me dead
President's homie, cash rule everything around me Money its one hell of a motivation
But it could put you in some fucked up situations
I learned how to flip that white but that white almost
Got me life, knock, knock, the feds at the front door
Half a brick in the toilet tryna flush more What the fuck, I'ma do now, I'm locked up
How the fuck I'ma get out
On the road to riches and diamond rings
Got a pistol on my lap tryna get this green Shit I'm tryna live that dream, stay fly like a nigga
Grew wings, I'm so fly in 'em thousand dollar jeans
D-boy fresh nigga from my head to my feet
And I'm a tell ya like pack told me
Cash rule everything around 2.P. I came from the bottom of the bottom, I ain't never goin' back
Got my head to the sky and the city on my back
Grindin', you know where you can find me dead
President's homie cash, rule everything around me I came from the bottom of the bottom, I ain't never goin' back

Got them Gucci locs fitted and the plastic on my lap
Grindin' you know where you can find me dead
President's homie, cash rule everything around me Oh yeah, you see I'm the last one left right
(Nigga)
We got knocked off
(Off)
They got knocked off
(Yeah) Got knocked off
(Yes)
You got knocked off
(Yeah)
Got knocked off All these niggas got knocked off, see I'm the last nigga left
See I tell you what I do right, I go holla at a solid nigga
I get me a couple solids nigga, solid block, ha, ha
Go lock shit down murk city, all the muthafuckin' city down Nigga the whole muthafuckin' bank
Nigga I put the city on my back
Nigga, a lot of y'all niggas wouldn't be eatin'
If it wasn't for me, know what I'm sayin' niggas Ain't know how I don't work this shit for free
And I was lookin' up for this nigga, know what I'm sayin'
And this other nigga is over here listenin'
And this nigga over here sayin', oh, I don't like that Nigga, you fuck that nigga's ass up
But I'm not going to work for yo ass
What the fuck you man mean, what the fuck you mean
I am that nigga, you know what I'm talkin' about? Just listen, I was gonna say somethin'
I'm not going to say too much, you dig, ha, ha
Just know that I am the brand new young boss of the city
Real talk, you know and I know now, what it really is chyea
Fuck with ya nigga man

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