Da Man

Yung O

All I ever wanted to do was be da man
Get out the ghetto and feed my whole fam
But the dirty streets in the city won't let me go
Let me go, let me go
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Get out the ghetto and feed my whole fam
But quarter ki's make G's that's all I know
All I know, all I know
A hit of crack frock could get ya fucked up
A ki of coke could get you rich but too much of this shit
Can get you stuck up that's why it's best to deal with
A nigga, that you know and chill with
Case he flip the script, you know where he live at
Plus, the game done came a long way, yeah
We done lost a lot of niggas that was speedin' down the wrong way
See these days these niggas, squeeze trig gas quicker than yo' boys
'Cause they got guns bigger than yours plus, ain't not more coppin' out
You either ridin' or tellin' if you ride then you ride forever
Born the son of a straight killa, raised by a strong woman
I'll ride for my homies, so, can a nigga get a bond
Or do another nigga have to come along and raise my daughter an' son
Your Honor, answer this question and be honest
"If you lock me up for the summer will you support my momma?"
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Ay, ay, move on over, I sit and took over 2 clips, the AK holder
Brick taped to my bitch, strapped on her shoulder
Raw grams in the trunk of a jag
Hard ounces stashed in my Cadillac dash
It's drought season daddy, we huntin' for riches
We fly like birds go divin' for fishes
A known deep boy, the no.1 Stunna
Got a hundred brick stash in the back of the Hummer

But on my block, a old tymer got shot
I didn't wanna do it but he was holdin' my spot
I'm shittin' on niggas, grandma got grams
She gave me a revolver, automatics get jammed
I'm 'Hood Rich' nigga one feet in the sand
I'm one of a few niggas that beat the man
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See, check it out, the dope game is a motherfucker, young man
I bet you yo lil' ass ain't even got a gun man
You in the game now you know what you done, done man
Yeah, bruh but I gotta feed my son man
A cutlass supreme, still a young nigga's dream
A solid lil' bitch with a whole lot of cream
Well, lil' one look here, who you scorin' from?
Look, this some shit that'll leave a nigga body numb
Take that, the comeback is incredible
Get caught, then nigga it's federal
By the way, don't say no motherfuckin' names
You listenin' to me, don't play no mother fuckin' games
You know the rules of this shit
Fuck around and be one dead bitch
It's money and the power, every second, every hour
From score to the floor, bakin' soda to the flour
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