

Still Brazy

Y.G.

Ayy! This shit
This shit, this shit
My life, my life
Nigga this shit brazy
Nigga shit brazy
This shit, this shit
This shit brazy
This shit, this shit
This shit brazy
Nigga this shit brazy, oh Lord, oh!
Nigga this shit brazy Look at my life
Been through it all, got bullet wounds twice
Still don't know where it came from, yikes
(Why everybody want a piece of my pie?)
I, I, gotta keep guns with me
Shit real, I ain't tryna be pretty
Paranoia got this Henny in my kidney
'Cause I don't know if they're with me or against me
They always said this was how it's gon' be
But me, I ain't wanna believe
They don't wanna see a nigga with the green
The reason for the 40 cal with the beam
The devil's on me, got me trippin'
I used to party out with Scotty like Pippen
Now I don't trust niggas, and I stopped invitin' bitches
Over to the crib, they can't know where I'm livin' Shit brazy (Brazy, brazy, brazy, brazy)
This shit, nigga, this shit brazy (Brazy, brazy, brazy, brazy)
Oh this shit, this shit
This shit brazy (Brazy, brazy, brazy, brazy)
Oh Lord, oh Lord, nigga this shit brazy (Brazy, brazy, brazy, brazy)
Oh shit, this shit, this shit
This shit brazy Verse two, verse two
I got too much to spit for verse two
Just be careful on how you approach dude
'Cause he done already heard about what you wanna do
Paranoia, paranoia
Paranoia down in killer California
What's their motive? What's their motive?
Shit, I'm the closest with some money that they know of

Lady problems, family problems
 Homies problems, all this drama
 On my mama, this the type of shit you sweat out in the sauna
 Grandma pray for me, devil keep away from me
 Fell out with my day one, that was my ace to me
 Mind blown, somethin' different when I'm on
 All this shit got me in another rhyme zone
 Lately, I've been at home
 I grab the pistol when I answer the door 'Cause shit brazy (Brazy, brazy, brazy, brazy)
 This shit, nigga, this shit brazy (Brazy, brazy, brazy, brazy)
 Oh this shit, this shit
 This shit brazy (Brazy, brazy, brazy, brazy)
 Oh Lord, oh Lord, nigga this shit brazy (Brazy, brazy, brazy, brazy)
 This shit, this shit
 This shit brazy I ain't F with this, but I F with this
 Can't complain about it, gotta find out where he gonna master it
 Gotta put cameras all around the crib
 Gotta, gotta wear the vest like a bib
 Got some, got some problems, a whole lot 'em
 So I stay dangerous, Osama
 Nigga say they heard about a million dollars
 So I gotta bulletproof the Impala
 Man I'm 'bout to lose it
 Homies I'm confused with
 Money get involved, it's all bad, they switch too quick
 It's too sick, thought you was realer, my nigga
 Got popped, you ain't do shit
 Thought you was my killer, my nigga
 Oh! Shit get realer, my nigga
 When niggas know you gettin' skrilla, my nigga
 I don't know what's gotten into my nigga
 Close from day one, I was with him, my nigga This shit brazy
 This shit, nigga, this shit brazy (Brazy, brazy, brazy, brazy)
 Oh this shit, this shit
 This shit brazy (Brazy, brazy, brazy, brazy)
 Oh Lord, oh Lord, nigga this shit brazy (Brazy, brazy, brazy, brazy)
 This shit, this shit
 This shit brazy

Songwriters

KEENON JACKSON, TYRONE GRIFFIN JR., SAMUEL AHANA, WILLIAM CURTIS, JOHN

FLIPPIN Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>