

Everythang

Crooked I

Yeah, wassup
Count money, get money, count money
I used to have nothing
But now I got a whole lot of everythang
And I come through stunting
And now the whole world gonna know my name
And I used to have nothing
But now I got a whole lot of everythang
That's why I come through stunting
When I'm gone, the whole world gonna know my name
12 years old, caught up in that street life
I was trying to shine harder than the street lights
Ran the streets tongue-tied, couldn't sleep nights
'Cause when you're living wrong, it's hard to sleep right
But it is what it is, gotta eat right
Cop them things, they be whiter than your teeth right?
Drank some big things on my grandmama couch
It's some mink things at my grandmama house
'Cause when you play the game every strike counts
And why they call them 8balls? 'Cause they don't bounce
Bag full of weight down in the crack yard
But you can't get 'em [unverified]
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What it do nigga? 1 triple zero
Who you be nigga? Neighborhood hero
Dope game, no shame, nigga, more pain
See them enough to drive a young nigga insane
From the windows of the trap, see the prison bars

Flashing lights on top, call them prison cars
For my niggas make a living on they mobile phone
Grind hard 'till your earrings cost a mobile home

Ain't nothing wrong with that, get your mobile on
Get the bricks butt naked, get your [unverified] on
All the other bullshit I could have focused on
Said, "Fuck that shit" and kept my focus on
I used to have nothing
But now I got a whole lot of everythang
And I come through stunting
And now the whole world gonna know my name
And I used to have nothing
But now I got a whole lot of everythang
That's why I come through stunting
When I'm gone, the whole world gonna know my name
Yeah, they try to stop a nigga but I won't let 'em
See the wheels? How the fuck you ain't gon sweat 'em
Bet you one thing, bet you niggas won't bet 'em
G5 take off, you know I'm gon' jet 'em
Road trips ain't shit, you know I go get 'em
Plus my man send his check, you know we gon' split 'em
Now so many shoes that I can't wear
From that real nigga cloth, that's why you can't tell
Always knew that I'd make it out someday
Traffic jam, I was going down the one-way
Twelve used to hit the block, I had to run away
Now this nigga be flyin' in the runway
I used to have nothing
But now I got a whole lot of everythang
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That's why I come through stunting
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