

# Speak to 'Em (feat. Common)

## Lil Bibby

Let me tell you how I feel  
This the same life I dreamed about when we was kids  
And since I got a couple ears  
I ain't gon' preach to 'em, but let me speak to 'em  
Said let me speak to 'em  
Let me speak to 'em  
Just let me speak to 'em I say they know that I'm a loose screw, pockets on that Bruce Bruce  
Nigga lose it all, bitch act like she never knew you  
So I don't catch feelings baby, I just keep it neutral  
Let her stay a couple nights, I hit the road, I'm through with you  
These niggas amateurs, fuckin' on these models and these actresses  
I keep it under wraps 'cause  
Bitches runnin' game and I know they ain't slick  
She gon' meet a ball player and do the same shit  
I swear this shit is hard, gotta watch for these niggas and these broads  
Ain't no friends turn frauds  
Still waiting on the day a nigga try to pull the card  
Loyal to this thing of ours, my youngest down to risk it all  
Been a young star, back to back in them cars  
In the streets my life was hard so every day I thank God  
All praise to Allah, blessed we made it this far  
Studied the attraction law, she want me to hit it raw  
Now let me tell you how I feel  
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And since I got a couple ears  
I ain't gon' preach to 'em, but let me speak to 'em  
Let me speak to 'em  
Said let me speak to 'em  
Let me speak to 'em I remember trappin' all winter  
Know I kept it killer, January to December  
I was in the trap all day gettin' faded  
Boomin' like Metro til it got raided  
Learn the rules to the game 'fore you play it  
They gon' ask you, better not say shit  
'Cause what you say gon' be used in the court of law  
He wasn't built, got in that room and he told it all, damn  
Thought that was your friend right?  
He should help you do that ten right?  
He was with you smilin', riding in your Benz right?  
You was on top, but that shit ain't air right

Out witnessing the judge'll lose you  
He ain't even send you money for a pack of noodles  
Thought he was real but he fuckin' fooled you  
Different hood, same story, it's the fuckin' usual  
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Let me speak to 'em  
Said let me speak to 'em  
Let me speak to 'em  
Pyramids and stars on garages  
The Gods is plugged in the streets catching charges  
He used to serve from the crib and his daddy was the sergeant  
Black Life Matters, before we was marching  
My squadron stretched from 87th to the 9, real niggas on the grind  
With the power to refine, know good wine and crime  
Expensive watches and niggas doin' time  
Everybody wanna shine, the young stars aligned with us  
We used to fuck they babysitters, now these young niggas is hittas  
On the streets they deliver  
I was that nigga that rolled up and smacked niggas  
Now I yell "Free Allah, bless the trap niggas!"  
Cop lights backlit us, the spotlight  
Made niggas wanna clap niggas, Black bigger lifestyle  
From Rothschild to White Owls livin' for the right now, my niggas never lied down  
Don't sleep on my city, we keep it a buck fifty  
That's why I fuck with Bibby, hear me?  
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