

# Resume

## Lil Durk

We sell liquid dope (gang!)  
Your lean man online (Let's get it!)  
Damn I was deep in the field on this street shit  
Late night I was starving ain't eat shit  
Studio thinking hits, tryna get rich  
Hanging with a lot of niggas that was counterfeit  
I was too real tote a blue steel  
Had a deal, had a deagle  
No deal, I was breaking packs  
Had to feed and go kill, post till I had M's  
Then I had to go chill with a couple racks  
I'm a real man  
Studio 24 like a Laker fan  
Street shit, had to take it in  
One time out late I ain't take it in  
I had to make amends  
See you the red light  
Creep on you with the red light  
Strip a forty, getcha head right  
I'ma side slide  
I don't know nothing I was on the road doing shows so bye bye  
Working naked like Wifi  
I don't know shit I can't tell on my guys  
Smoking on this spinach game, Popeye  
And my niggas do a drill  
Nigga up pipe call it show and tell  
Y'all niggas bring it like imitating  
Do a drill, they for real, they'll kill  
Going outside to these streets, yeah This street shit ain't for everybody (no, no, no, no, no)  
So I'm tell this shit to everybody (no, no, no, no, no)  
So stay in yo lane (stay in yo lane)  
You can't fit in with this crowd (nah)  
What's yo resume nigga? (what's your resume?)  
You ain't no killer (you ain't no killer nigga)  
I'm asking what's your resume nigga? (what's your resume nigga?)  
I heard you ain't no killer (nah, nah, nah, nah)  
Who with this street shit? We was hugging them corners  
Niggas snitching they informing  
Street shit was important

Back then I couldn't afford it  
Yellow ice bitch stone Jeff Ford shit  
They see how he spending them forges  
Tryna rob me a M and a (?)  
Or a storage place with no fifth  
I'm talking 'bout arm and hammer baking soda  
If the block dry then I'm taking over  
Police they take it I'ma make it over  
Give me a brick and I'ma break it over  
You ready, I'm ready  
You with it, I'm with it  
Let's get it, you talk but don't get it  
Put D in that skillet  
I'm tryna get millions  
I'm tryna get rich  
Shit rich  
Talking drug money, blood money  
I love money, I wanna hug money  
But I got that, let's get it  
You say you gotta bag, then I got that  
I'm loyal to my niggas  
Out late night I be strugglin' with my niggas  
On them corners I be hustlin' with my niggas  
I'ma kill you if you fuck with my niggas (gang!) This street shit ain't for everybody (no, no, no, no, no)  
So I'm tell this shit to everybody (no, no, no, no, no)  
So stay in yo lane (stay in yo lane)  
You can't fit in with this crowd (nah)  
What's yo resume nigga? (what's your resume?)  
You ain't no killer (you ain't no killer nigga)  
I'm asking what's your resume nigga? (what's your resume nigga?)  
I heard you ain't no killer (nah, nah, nah, nah)  
Who with this street shit?

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