## Yung Bleu, 1980 Flow

1980 flow Vandross Yeah, yeah, yeah

All this money give me confidence that I never had You get money, you get enemies that you never had Tell the valet to park the Lambo' where he park the Jag' My niggas back to back Pour up the D'usse for my niggas gone, know you had a taste of this life But you ain't get to see the peak, so we gon' drink up tonight And pop a bottle to success in all my other endeavors And show the fuck out on these pussy niggas ain't on my level We showed the city love In a new car, I showed my ass off like I'm City Girls I blew his head off tryna show off for a pretty girl I'm underrated, on this album, I'ma show the world Stay on my pivot, be realistic I paint this picture so vivid I might blow the world My baby mama tellin' me she want a lil' girl Plus I been in and out of child support court with my first son I'm fighting for custody, I don't want 'em to hurt none' The way that I been prayin', I should go to church some

And I feel like a lot of people don't know shit 'bout my life So I gotta fill you motherfuckers in You gon' feel it

Keep it going, it's just first one, yeah

Live from the city like it's Fox 10 breaking news I'm from a city where every murder don't make the news Gotta take the game how it come, no, you can't make the rules Mama got no gas in the car, that's why I'm late for school Had to get some money to prosper so I could make a move Might as well don't send a deposit if I can't take a tool Mama raised a real ass nigga but she ain't make a fool You can lie your whole fuckin' life but you gotta face the truth Light some candles up in the studio 'fore I face the booth I'll take the beat up Honda before I take the coupe I'm just tryna be low-key, yeah Don't give a fuck if you know me, yeah I know you never believed I would ever achieve Mama, she was broke, it was a blessing that I was conceived Wrinkles in my jeans, I went through struggles you never perceived Back by any means, they tried to shackle my wrists to my knees Travel overseas to get a bag of some Mexican tree Probably fuck a bitch 'cause she exotic, no tellin' with me Fuck security, I gotta keep me a felon with me Bitches on my dick like voodoo, I got the skeleton key I speak from the root, it's so clean just like medical leaves Hanging with a clique of thug niggas who treacherous theive Plus I'm with a bitch who can't pronounce all her S's and T's Bilingual, no singles, no jingle Nigga, this the album Told Columbia pick up the check, and this the outcome Every nigga tried to come against me, they got outdone Bossing through the party with some guns you can't outrun This that Big Pun, this that '95 Biggie Mack Milly, ride with me When I'm slidin' through the city, I know niggas wanna get me I'll smack a bitch silly And bitch, I'm really worth a milli'

See, everybody askin' me about my life Shit, I'm just tryna live my life RIP to all the real niggas gone RIP my brother Tyquan RIP G-Money, RIP Vail RIP Nipsey Hussle All the real niggas died by the clock 1980 flow