

Yung Bleu, Dead & Famous

If I could make it out the streets, I'd take the whole hood with me
BET Awards, I got the whole hood with me
He get out of line, I put a hole in a nigga
Thuggin' in these streets, they took the soul from a nigga

Said I'd rather be alive and local than dead and famous
I was taught to hit him, stand over him when I'm aiming
He been sellin' birds so long, the police angry
She been around me for a week, I still don't know what her name is
I just came in for the takeover
I got different color bitches, Crayola
Backwoods for the dissin', we gon' roll up
It don't matter where I go, I don't go sober

If I could stay up out the streets, a nigga would've been bigger, woah
Won't play my cards with you again 'cause I don't wanna deal with you, ayy
Main nigga switched up, shit got my heart heavy
Nigga, fuck Amiri jeans, thirty in my Embellish
Know I changed the rap game, but I don't get no credit
Don't touch my chain, give you niggas nothin' but lead
Montana got shot by the police while I was on set
I wanna get him out the streets, but now he goin' fed
I wanna dig my granny up and bury all this cash
You see it in my eyes, don't you? But you never ask

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Sellin' drugs, same nigga that I trap with
Fell in love with a bitch I used to rap with
Hit him up
Can't fit the dick up in her mouth, she gon' spit it up
No favoritism, anybody play, we hit 'em up
Street nigga, played the block and I wasn't booksmart
I ain't no bully, but all my cars, they be push-start
Gave him a sack and he ain't move it, call him Rosa Parks
We from the jungle, you can't be around here after dark
This chopper, it got ten clips like 106 & Park
Yeah, run it like a relay
And if you play the opps, shit, we up it on the DJ
Run around killin' shit like we just got this shit on freeplay, yeah
Now where the opps stay? Where the cops stay?
If they kill another nigga, we gon' bust it broad day
Fifty thousand to my lawyer, I just beat a large case
And I had to hit her with my glove on like I'm Floyd May'
And I ain't trustin' no bitches, I'm skeptical
But them diamonds in the bustdown Oyster Perpetual
Left all my sins in the church, I just did a confessional
Havin' a condom fuckin' you, you know I'm a professional, you know I...

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It don't matter where I go, I got that iron on me
Put that semen in her throat, I got her neck concrete
I don't know how much he weigh, he softer than a poundcake
I don't know who niggas know, I'm clutchin' on my fanbase

I wear black and white, no, I can't listen what the Klan say
No smile up on my face, I'm lookin' like I had a bad day
And I will kill you broad day, well, bitch, don't care 'bout what them fans say
That Lambo got the kit, I'm lookin' like I'm finna drag race

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