

Cordae, Champagne Glasses (FT. Freddie Gibbs)

Uh, okay

Conversations gettin' complicated, I could tell ya, uh
Fifteen, was in them handcuffs with paraphernalia
I grew up in them trenches, boy, your house had wine cellar
If anybody ever had a problem, gave 'em hell
I got my auntie, brothers, daddy, cousin backstage passes
Everybody celebrating' with they champagne glasses
I'm just sittin' full of pain as I'm tourin' the country
Thought the stress-free life was gon' come with the money

Uh, I got my head up in the clouds livin' off daydreamin'
Still high up off of life, I know my light ray beamin'
Got up out river, nigga, now I'm straight mainstreamin'
Flowin' heavy, 'member uncle drove a Chevy on his wrist
Was a stolen Rollie Presi', couldn't tell him shit
Arrogance is deadly, in the moment, damn, he relished it
Matchin' chain, embellished it, drug dealer dreams with prison nightmares
Was tight rare, and if the shoe fits, I buy the right pair
Should be gettin' worsen by the second, I'm guessin'
Put a smile up on my face 'cause life is all 'bout perception
Tell my niggas that I'm happy, happiness manifestin'
Even though it's quite the opposite, but shit, I'm digressin', okay

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I'm just sittin' full of pain as I'm tourin' the country (Yeah, yeah)
Thought the stress-free life was gon' come with the money (Yeah)

Conversations gettin' complicated, investigatin' now (Yeah, yeah)
You can't shit on me, you pussy niggas is constipated now (Know what)
Big VL for life, the biggest rabbit in the nation now (Yeah, yeah)
You can't shit on me, you pussy niggas is constipated now (Ugh)
Niggas can't shit on me, piss the set, trip on me (Nah)
Play me like I'm pussy, man, once you in her, I burn like syphilis, G
Youngin' did a bid for me, I would slide for him 'cause he slid for me
Know that you feelin' this gangsta shit
I can feel it all up in your energy (Yeah, yeah)
Got her pregnant once, I gave her backstage passes
Ride with that dirty, I know my shit dirty
I'd rather get caught than get blasted
Crackers don't understand nothin'
Can't different, they treat us like cargo, they stashed us
I just sit back and get high
And I just think 'bout how long this rap shit gon' last us (Yeah, yeah)

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Thought the stress-free life was gon' come with the money, you know