# Drake Milligan, 3AM on Glenwood

Woah, I get rid of all the smoke like OZM
Shawty got that real jelly, yeah, petroleum
Niggas actin' like my kids and they be older than him
Can't believe they killed Skinny, I really growed up with him
I'ma leave a lot of niggas covered in roses for him
Spray the witness, I ain't leavin' no Jehovah for them
Won a Grammy and I couldn't even show it to him
Put my face inside the line up, niggas know that I'm him
Anybody speakin' on my brothers got stepped on
Pull up from the three like Stefan
And the coupe bald-headed like the other Stefan
Put my kids in private school so they could get they prep on
Think my heart made out of teflon (What? What?)
Think my heart bulletproof
You ain't got a mask? I can show you what a hoodie do
Pull the string tight 'til your eyelids covered too
I think they on the left, roll the window, hit the lights, boom
Everybody wish they switched sides when we comin' through
Everybody wish they was inside when we comin' through
I pray that you ain't on the other side when we comin' through
PTSD and I mean it, nigga, Johnny got killed and I seen it, I can't fight with these demons
Top shotta, nigga, I got gunfire for these demons
Hope you know you gotta stand on all that shit that you tweetin'
Took some real niggas from me, I could kill the whole world and I still won't be even
I be thinkin' 'bout my brothers while I'm shoppin' in Neimans
Real gangster, when I'm gone, carve my name in the cement
Watch these hoes when you rich, they play games with the semen
Trials and tribulations, I face them
Prosecutors probably wanna case him
See my opps, I jump out and chase them
I ain't Charleston White, nigga, I'll never Mace them
Love for all my artists, nigga, I'll never Mace them
Shit, that's probably why they hate him
Tryna get my brother out of jail, I'm like, "Hey, Kim"
Cut from a different cloth, he never let it break him
Look at my advance, it make me wonder what I make, damn
But I own my masters, so I can't do shit but thank them
Video visits, he be smilin' on FaceTime
I'm passionate, I'm talkin' with my hands, these ain't gang signs
You don't know Larry Tateman or CJ, you ain't one of mine
Braids on my neck, nigga, I ain't got no hang time
Nigga, I ain't got no kick-it for you
I don't wanna make friends
I don't wanna make amends
I'm chasin' M's

Yeah, facts
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