

Lil Durk, Hanging With Wolves

Banger

DJ on the beat so it's a banger
They in my business, they tryna treat me like a menace
They tryna turn me down
You know I'm different, I'm walking around with my skinnies
I'm Saint Laurent down
Saying "he stable", that nigga had got off the table
So we had to calm down
Come to the 'Raq with a rack, you think I'm dramatic
You niggas get shot down
Went outta town, they say I had a warrant for a murder
That shit gotta die down
I'm like ta-da, nigga had put up his work, that nigga had got down
Can't hide no body around, can't hide no thotty around
'Cause niggas gon' bail out
When he was balling, I had to go sit down
And wait on my turn before we had fell out
And I was standing my ground, I ain't have nobody around
I'm fighting assault
I had a deadly weapon, I had a Smith and Weston, but I got caught
I got Sam for all my cases, you know damn well he getting me off
Better do hair and nails, you better go pull off a scam to get me out
I done did street shit to a street nigga
And every time I ain't get caught
I had a best friend with a best friend
She a lesbian on dope
I got my gas in, I went to the Westin, I ain't go to the Trump
Keep it a buck, I was just listening to Gucci and Jeezy
I ain't listen to Pump
You a killer, you ride with wolves, why you tell 'em we not into it?
Park the car, they gon' jump out the door
Catch you slipping, you get a reward
And they snatching my people for it
Got the keys, Alicia know it
Geeking, Addy up, hitting the wood
In that cat with the Drac' out the door
Oh, woah, woah
Why you telling niggas we into it?
Why you telling niggas we going to war?
I don't even know about them boys (Oh, woah, woah)
Nah, we ain't tryna squash no wars
We ain't tryna make peace with them boys
Niggas know what they did and they (Woah, woah, woah)
Whenever it's war, then you gotta move
You send in your homie, you cut on the news
And I don't even talk, I'm so confused (Woah, woah, woah)
You getting indicted from the computer
I don't even talk about no rumors
I pay rent, they're my shooters (Oh, woah, woah)
In the trenches, you don't get a scholarship
A delivery, you sold to the cop or somethin'
You remember, you hop in the car with them
Chase some hoes, you know I ain't gon' bother them
On parole, on the road with my partner 'nem
You reload, reload, get outta there
He ain't got it, you know that he outta there
Inside the track, it's a red car
No cap, and I'm rapping my ass off
Sipping a four with my pants off, making me feel like a grandpa
You can go have you a shootout, don't mean you ain't a killer
'Cause you ain't gon' land one
Nigga be bringing up pushing, be around bushes, I'ma go lay in one
Nigga be pussy, bringing up shit they ain't do
That's why I don't be saying nun'

Back in the day, with his mask and his MAC in his lap
We ain't toting no handgun
Back in the day, with his head in his lap from the MAC
I went to Cancun
I didn't report last time I went to court, I took my last room
Hop on the back of the Benji, I want some candy
When you be bringing up high speed, you need a red key
I'm the type to hop on a flight with a warrant, you gotta catch me
I'm the type to pop me a pill with a orange juice, don't catch me
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