

Lil Durk, Love Dior Banks

I love my daddy, I miss my daddy
He was so special to me
He took me shopping, bought me everything
I follow his footsteps and bigger dreams
That's my daddy, that's my king
(Turn Me Up Josh)
(J Thrash On The Track)
(Ayo Bleu)

Ask me how I feel inside my mind, but I'm okay, for real
Never ever ask me about my life or about my case, for real
What you know about sellin' everything you got 'cause you gotta pay the bills?
I just drove two hours to get some drank, I feel like a J, for real
Got some shooters comin' out that cut, they move like Navy SEALs
I will never vouch to pay for pussy, I'd rather pay a pill
Ask me for some cash, I'll give it to you, I'm like the bank, for real
What you know about bein' around all them drugs? That shit stink, for real
Whenever that cash involved, them niggas gon' go race to kill
Sometimes I leave the Perc' on my tongue just to taste a pill
And he on papers, he tryna slide, I gotta make him chill
I be havin' deep talks with my dawgs, I gotta make 'em feel

(Yeah) Look up and pray in my palms
Hold your brother in your arms, never let him go
(Yeah) This shit ain't promised tomorrow
If you get him in your arms, never let him go
(Yeah) And I love you for life
Hold him close, and you let him know
(Yeah) It's too many homicides
Hold him close and you let him know

We see niggas fuckin' with other niggas, they out-of-towners
You come around 'cause you got the drugs, you know I won't allow it
Plenty nights I ain't talk to my son, I had to call in private
Sometimes I'm mad I picked up a cup, I tried to really fight it
And I'ma react you play with my bitch, you know that's really wifey
Say somethin' 'bout Tay time, I'ma react 'cause you know you reunited
I'm from the Lam', I've been 300, I feel like Leonidas
Never call my phone 'bout murders, you know they still indictin'
I got a feelin' I'm beatin' my case 'cause I ain't even been indicted
They say I'm steady climbin' the charts and they ain't even too excited
He told me he fightin' like two, three murders, I told him keep on fightin'
Up to the point I'll send you money 'cause I ain't gon' keep on writin'
Get fresh as hell, take care of the opps, that shit that I be on
Got in my feelings, say they put V. Roy on my Styrofoam
I'm The Voice, cut off my music, they gon' sing along
And when I got on my feet, I put my people on

Uh-uh, uh-uh
Uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh

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