

Lil Tjay, Clutchin My Strap

Ooh, there's a power in your soul
Ooh, and I wanted you to know
Only you can help that magic to unfold
So be true to yourself
There is something to be held
Hunger in my body, I got pain in my blood
Nothin' average 'bout me, I done got it out the mud
Really I'm a young thug runnin' off some drugs
Millies in my bank account, so I done made it flood
Of course, I won't never go back
Old life, that was so whack
Still gotta move tact
Got PTSD, clutchin' my strap
For nothin' I'ma bang, I just do that 'cause I want to
A hundred to your name, bet them shooters come and hunt you
We gon' move smart, not gon' sacrifice the front crew
Pussy nigga, I know you be wishin' you could undo
What you did to me, I took seven, he took three
But these flesh wounds better than a bullet to the ski
Allegedly, 'cause I don't even really know what happened
I'm just rappin', but I bet I'm 'bout that action
Four-five, leave a nigga slumped, like he tired
I know they gon' leave you on the job, say you fired
Real street nigga from the start, just retired
Circle close, catch a body if you tryna get hired
Can't trust niggas, niggas police, they be wired
Liars, forget all about loyalty through fire
Miss all of my niggas in the motherfuckin' sky, yeah
Shootin' 'bout your name, I can't sit back bein' quiet
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