

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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