

MoneySign Suede, Back To The Bag

I said I changed, but ain't no angel, ain't no saint
Came out of county, planned a lick the next day
Struggle had me lost, had a nigga losin' faith
I was in my cell prayin', but when I was out, wouldn't pray
I know that I ain't shit, baby, you ain't gotta stay
I know I'm hardheaded and I'm stuck up in my ways
She gon' tell you that she love you, but that love gon' probably fade
They gon' smile when you close, but when they far, they gon' hate
Been the realest from the start, and I'll continue 'til the end
Always got nothin' but F's, but right now I'm tryna get M's
I be itchin' for a bag, for a bag, I'ma sin
Like I don't learn my lesson 'cause here I go again
My nigga was fresh out, but he a fool, he back in
Told my nigga 'bout a plot, he was quick to tap in
We some motherfuckin' fools tryna bring them racks in
\$UEDE, you need to chill, boy, you need some damn sense
You'd probably understand if I told you 'bout my life
You wouldn't even know all the pain I feel inside
'Member almost dyin' at seventeen sniffin' lines
Ain't nobody perfect, you got problems, I got mine
One day, we gon' leave, one day, we gon' die
'Member in that casket, ain't nobody by your side
If I get rich but don't get fame, I wouldn't mind
Care about the guap, never care about no likes
Free my nigga Poloh, just put money on his books
Bitch, I'm only out on bail, I would've been up in them bunks
First day out, link with shorty and I fuck
Second day, hit the plug for the drugs
Why the fuck would I change if I'm up?
In the stu' sippin' Henny, I be buzzed
I was down for a minute, I was stuck
Niggas mad I don't bang, but the hood show me love
Expensive belt, but I still sag
Nigga, in my city, niggas kill rats
HP South Central where the real at
I'm tryna pull up to my people like, "Where the bills at?"
Tryna fill the fridge up, put food on the table
But my mind on this money, got no time to save hoes
Bitch, I got an open case, they say I gotta lay low
If you don't know why I went in, nigga, for a bankroll
I'm just happy that I'm out, back to the bag
Bitch, I'm back on the road tryna touch stacks
Nigga, you should join a sport, stop tryna rap
Niggas talkin' 'bout the trap, but they ain't sold sacks