

Young Stoner, My City (Remix)

(It's LM on the beat)
Uh, yeah

Opps out with vengeance, they swearin' they don't know who did it
Growin' up, they told us flexin', but all we know is extensions
My Glock sit like an erection, that bitch poke when he experience
Foenem told me to stay down 'til I'm up, thank God I listened
Now they proud, but from a distance, they showin' love from a distance
In my city, bein' broke is fake, if you up, they gon' listen
In my city, can't talk to the jakes, another disappearance
They done took lil' Jake, gave him a grave, done told that boy to listen
Now they out searchin' for bodies, got doctors doin' autopsies
It ain't my place to make a statement, but I'm not just anybody
It ain't my place to re-embrace shit, but my heart cold, no tsunami
I really know niggas who know niggas who take souls from bodies

We made it known, they knew what's up with us
To the point where we ain't speak and everybody fuck with us
Pullin' up three or four deep, that heat, we gotta tuck us one
Sendin' shots 'til my Glock shrink
I threw it, tryna duck and run and re-up on another one
Stop, had to wait and think, remember pops said not to do
Opps, they duck or get hit, we leave hollows inside of you
Glock, had to tote the stick, I grew up unreliable
They never told me how to move
Don't wanna hear, "I'm proud of you"
Mama said ain't healthy
I been on my own too long, there's nothing you can tell me
If I don't know anything, I know that's still gon' help me
They tellin' me different things, so I gotta be stealthy
Put my pain in my lyrics 'cause I know niggas feel me
I can't love a bimbo, 'cause these hoes out here be filthy
Mama, I'ma make it, this for you, I hope you hearin' me
And fuck cross-relations, shout out to my fuckin' family, yeah

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I really know niggas who know niggas who take souls from bodies (Yeah, yeah)

Lifetime revenge, do you trust me?
He won't come outside, so they killed him in the lobby
Rockin' all white, turnin' red, you think you godly
Federales lookin', but they can't find the body
Look at CNN, niggas droppin' like flies, oh
They gon' keep a grudge, they don't let bygones be bygones
Crazy I had to go to jail just to read the Bible
I told niggas, "Keep it trill," but they don't speak English
I could kill a nigga today like a half a mil' ain't on my wrist
If she play with my name, we gon' have a funeral for my bitch
I could take shit to the grave, I never seen no one get flipped
Pillow talkin' the violations, like a chip, you can get dipped
Got these labels tryna sell me
Tryna see my kids every day because it's healthy
Talkin' to my brother, he had a phone in the jail
He say he just paid a thousand for a knife from my celly

Spent a half a ticket

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From a distance
They gon' listen
Another disappearance