

## Ronnie Drake

Isaiah Rashad

So don't call me a nigga, unless you call me "my nigga"  
I'm a king, O.E. be slipping, falling from my chalice  
Don't mind the bumpers that be missing from my carriage  
It's poorly tinted, but my women not embarrassed  
I came to bury you average, you feel slighted  
It's like she know that I got it, it feel like it  
I real life it, I spill vices  
You will like it, I promise it's trill vibing, I'm honest  
Nigga ain't no getting money on that conscious shit  
I'mma just load my gat on some survival shit  
And when I hear they got a drought on it  
I take a month out of rap and I hustle 'til I'm out of it  
I got that coke flow, that heat rock  
I got that old school, huddle 'til the beat box  
Baby, I'm just digging in your gushy for the sweet spot  
I'mma beat that, 'til that mothafuckin' beat drop

I got love for my niggas, my killers  
My dealers, my trickers, my bros  
I got love for my sisters, my women  
My bitches, my strippers, my hoes

Hope they don't kill you cause you black today  
They only feel you when you pass away  
The eulogy be so moving, we live the scenes of those movies  
Conflicts in school or dope moving, it's so youthful  
But if you die today, I hope you find some relief  
In what a great escape, we still dodging from polices  
When we make a plate, they be lying, searching in my bucket  
With the straightest face, it could be eighty eight  
Sometimes I wonder why we killers, why they killing us  
I think we only wear a grill because they grilling us  
Or how they feeling us, gotta look real and tough  
Gotta keep your hands in the cart, know you stealing stuff  
Came a long way from a boat and an auction  
Now we got names and a vote, then a coffin  
Ain't shit change but the coast we adopted  
Little black children you can call me that nigga, nigga