

We The Lifers

Red Café

Hoes on the street, hoes on the street
Dope on the block, fofo in the Jeep
Back through the hood with a package full of good
Zones on the move, keep Pablo on a leash
Chevy with the stead by, fully loaded in it
Might be the limit, nigga smoking in it
Sound bitch got the rug tucked in her bra
Living my dream, middle finger to the law
Shake down life, killer be killed
Never gon' stop, give a fuck how you feel
Chick better suck if she get in my car
Champagne life, baby girl, say Aaaaah
Win it, play your cards right when I deal 'em
A secretary, got a secretary
Find me the money, the rest secondary
Whole team shooting, this is military
Shakedown, nominated next February
Never been a nigga for the pillow talk
Always get money, get work, get it off
Call Queen La, then we set it off
Gucci bag full of money, we gon' get it all
Louie bag full of money, we gon' get it all

Bx niggas, Queens niggas, dope boy, loaded magazine niggas
Psycho, they don't like us
When it come to cheap coke, we the lifers
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Word on the street I'm my zone
Niggas call beacons like tofu
I hate a nigga thinking that he's so cool
Knock the wind out them, how they gonna lose?
Get it, lose, win
Lil' homie with me, got the tools in
Pull strings, I'mma crumble shoe in(?)
I'm out here, tying all my loose ends
Initiation, like a nigga getting ghosted
OG Bobby Johnson

Affiliation with my homies more than music
Dirty red, got the party Johnson to Johnson
A nigga stay fly in this crime lane
Growing up in Brooklyn as a pop fan
Mob style, breaking bread with the fire fence
Could play star spangled banner with my Benz
Down kick, square pound kick, you ain't round kick
Mine imprisoned by the shit that sound safe
All my niggas hit the block hard, 'till the crown break
Buka buka buka how the chopper sound
Back on my niggas, don't come around
Tryna get over, get you underground
When you gamble with your life, you better double down
Rain up!