

(Trust the fucking shooter)  
Fuck with me, respect me  
I fuck with you, respect you  
You come for me, expect me  
It's natural  
I'm at you

I fuck with you, respect you  
You fuck with me, respect me  
You come for me, expect me  
I'm at you  
To me that shit is natural  
See that's just, the universe working  
It's natural  
See that's just, the universe working  
I Fuck with you, respect you  
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I'm at you  
To me that shit is natural  
See that's just, the universe working boy  
It's natural  
See that's just, the universe working

I seen it all  
Done it all  
I guarantee y'all there'll be some soul searching involved  
If we done lost one of ours  
We was taught be a boss  
Money, cars, beating off  
And something with the engine in the trunk dawg  
With three exhausts  
Decision making, free it cost  
Discount me, then we'll talk  
Cause talk is cheap  
Momma 'cross the street tryin' see us off  
To college  
We out here against all the non-belief  
My Walkman is playing Malik, Jamal and Bahamadia  
Still haven't figured out yet what I want my sound to be  
Still rough around the edges  
Fighting and waiving around the piece  
In response to that 9/11  
That night I got that beep  
Or that shit got tied to me  
I just wanted to rhyme  
And everything that flashed in front of my eyes felt like some trick photogr  
aphy  
I had to go to open mics to show a different side of me  
There's more to me than hoppin' over fences bro  
It's gotta be  
My calling, I gotta put my all in, the entire me  
I'm starving  
Momma pressin' five, collect callin'  
Nine times in like two days  
Now it's time to find new ways  
To put that 5 and that 9 to use, eyy

There's significance in numbers as a youngin'  
I thought of my first corny punchline from a chick who sucked my dick the longest  
I was like "If I stick my dick in her ear I wonder if the bitch can hear me cumming"  
Niggas from around the way I grew with is in the kitchen peelin' onions  
While they momma's drop the tears that's from it  
AKs that gunnin' to this day I still hear the drummin  
I'm A1, I figured I'd end up with straight A's in something  
Them growing pains were like Novacane  
Boy they made us numbin'  
I followed my gut like I ate a compass  
I put all of my trust in my native stomach  
My uncle Ozee got rich before me  
Told me to save my money  
And showed me dough he gave me none of  
And he ain't even my shady or my crazy uncle  
That's just on my momma's side  
We ain't gon' talk about my fathers side  
Ain't nothing over there but a bunch of drug use and homicide  
I been through some things that should've left me traumatized  
But didn't  
See, these were just experiences  
I was 10, my father tried to spank me with his hand  
Not knowing I'm holdin' a pen  
Before he knew it the pen went straight through his hand  
Imagine me, him and my mom at the Hospital tryin' to explain this one y'all  
Doctor like "wow, you were trying that hit that kid pretty hard"  
I Had to talk to the cops like look "this is just who we really are!"  
Montgomery's my nigga  
Montgomery's my nigga  
When my uncle was living he couldn't babysit me for long  
Cause he might pop and turn somebody high-  
top to a Gumby right in front of me  
And I'mma need to get blood wiped out my onesie my nigga  
Montgomery's my nigga  
Montgomery's my nigga  
Sometimes I want to just want to die  
Sometimes I just want to cry rivers  
But I got to stay alive for my mother, my son and my sister  
My daughter, my wisdom  
All that I have is all that I give them

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