

Facts

Young Dolph

Yeah, it's Dolph
P.R.E., Paper Route the Empire
Ayee!

I heard my dawg got cancer, said I prayed for Boosie
I can't wait 'till my boy come home, free my nigga Gucci
I took one for the team and blew us up like Weezy (Tunechi!)
Made a half a milli in the trenches bumpin' Jeezy
A million dollars worth of cars, feel like I'm Baby, nigga
Spend all this fucking money on ice like I'm crazy, nigga
I just left San Francisco, smokin' flavors with Berner
Still a work a bitch like I'm Ike Turner
My city is to me like Toronto is to Drake
Shout-out to Meek just cause I love to see young niggas get cake
Just ask around this muthafucka, I'm the Jigg in my city
I'm not sayin' they not good, I'm just sayin' I'm the realest

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Yeah, young nigga blessed
I feel like every day god put me through a test
Since I was 17, I ain't been able to get no rest
Bill time comin' up and guess who pay the rent

Damn, man, I miss my grandma and my Uncle Vick
All these fucking chains on like I'm Slick Rick
I feel like Master P cause ain't nobody gave me shit
Rozay told me "young nigga make sure you get your paper"
If we ain't beefin' bout no skrilla, then I see you later
Aye, miss me with that fuck shit, man
We all about paper over here, let's go!

When I'm in LA, I'm only smokin' on that platinum
When I'm in the Bay, I'm only smokin' on gelato
When I'm in the A, I'm flexin' hard, might go tomorrow
Smellin' like a pound of weed, we just walked in Wells Fargo
And I fucked the manager last night and she swallowed
One thang bout me, I'm gon' stay fresh as fuck wherever I go
Two thangs bout me, them hoes always go wherever I go
(It's Dolph!)

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I feel like every day god put me through a test
Since I was 17, I ain't been able to get no rest
Bill time comin' up and guess who pay the rent, uh!