

Been Thru This Before (feat. Giggs, SAINT JHN)

Marshmello, Southside, Giggs & SAINT JHN

Ayy, Southside, where you get all that drip?
Mello made it right[Giggs:]
Most these niggas are most these problems
Most these toolied up goons, ghost, and goblins
Nah, mostly bougie stuff, don't see problems
Know she said she was, but no, she wasn't
Yeah, posted hoodied up, yeah, Gucci bottoms
Yeah, yeah, she lookin' sweet, but lowkey rotten (Haha)
Yeah, soldiers Uzi'd up, best know we got them
Yeah, all these dudes in touch, but lowkey Gotham (Smashin')
He's in the back (Yeah), he got the massive Glock (Yeah)
He's on the left side, squeezin' the Macintosh (Mm, yeah)
Hollow man's back (Yeah), you know that I'm back on top
And everyone eats (Yeah), and that's when the rations stop (Yeah, yeah)
You sound offense (Offense), you gettin' me tense (Me tense)
Like, go get my money, my twenty percent (Jheeze)
Big movies over there, best know we shot them (Shot them)
Yeah, all these dudes in touch, plus
[SAINT JHN:]
Nigga, we, we been through all of this before, cocaine in a drawer
Pistol by the pocket, baby, ready for a war
Comin' from them vibes, scratchin' pockets, know we poor
Ten years later, same shit, just more mature
We been through all of this before, duckin' from the law
Hopin' that forever comes, knowin' this is life
But only life that we saw, pistols in a drawer
Cocaine in a corner pocket, hopin' that you know we been through all this before I do not fuck
with nobody, I do not have me no friends
I got a GoFundMe and a Venmo, so, if I love you, depends
I got a brother that shoots, I am just wipin' the prints
I did the math, the graph, and givin' you half ain't makin' no sense
I'm still real, and I'm still screamin', "Brook-Brooklyn"
Grey scene and that good look
Dope game in my co-vein, so cocaine in my cook-book
Dark skin in my snow-white, I think it's that color
Picked up where you left off, and I gave back what the hood took
So, callin' it now, next year I'm takin' a Grammy
Usually Sheniqua exclusive, tonight I'm just thinkin' 'bout takin' an Emmy
And they just know I'm the king, so, I'm just takin' a nine
Niggas'll back out their pack and relax out the sack like I'm takin' a Xanny

Man's on a crusade ting, niggas'll aim at your head
And they come for your top on a toupee ting
Bitches'll play with your heart, just a baller, 'cause they on a 2K ting
I'll tell a bad bitch to kick it and push it on and skate on a Lupe ting
If it is black, then I'm black and I'm black and I'm back on a D'USSE ting
Nigga, we, we been through all of this before, cocaine in a drawer
Pistol by the pocket, baby, ready for a war
Comin' from them vibes, scratchin' pockets, know we poor
Ten years later, same shit, just more mature
We been through all of this before, duckin' from the law
Hopin' that forever comes, knowin' this is life
But only life that we saw, pistols in a drawer
Cocaine in a corner pocket, hopin' that you know we been through all this before

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>