

Same Clothes As Yesterday (feat. Ciscero)

GoldLink

I show these niggas what I'm worth everyday
I thank Jesus 'cause he keep me blessed, man
Niggas get murked everyday
My people that's gone
'Cause they made me strong
Even though that they hurt everyday
Told my momma I'ma be somebody
But she told me to go to church everyday
I'm makin' things work everyday
I'm gettin' closer to food that's booster flow
I'm wakin' everybody up that's rooster flow
And you ain't I you just booty, moe
You ain't fly, you just Rufio
I'm in the backseat of a black jeep
Feelin' classy
Duckin' shots from these niggas wanna trap me (ayy)
Actin' like they gettin' at me (ayy)
But all the niggas do is at me (ayy)
Fly as I'm 'posed to be
Y'all just some hoes to be, lines in my holster
I ain't got time to be rhymin' for groceries (ayy)
Time's been so good to me
I've been in ovaries
Got so many girls like I've been in Jodeci (ayy)
And there's so many relationships
I still ain't as wise as I 'posed to be
Devil be tryin' these rappers and groceries
Man it's crazy how niggas need devil worship to keep up
Cheap stuff, I'm so 301 mo, my jeans cuffed
I'm still lookin' like I'm a Brooklyn prince
I don't know what I'm on the brink of
I'm doin' rap tours like I'm Rookie Vince
My mom had a stroke ten years ago
And she ain't really been cookin' since I tell her
All my niggas stay wildin' in this bitch
All this bullshit happened, I still smile through the shit
I ain't really really even supposed to be here
They don't want me here but I ain't 'bout to leave here (what what what)
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I ain't really really even supposed to be here
They don't want me here but I ain't 'bout to leave here (what what what) I don't give a fuck

about shit, my nigga
I don't give a fuck about shit
I don't give a fuck about shit, my nigga
Ridin' 'round and my car's low, nigga, what you waitin' for?
Big dick in her tonsils, yeah, I got a big ego, hoe
Ridin' 'round and my bitch high and grip her thighs, I might fuck that right
Wildin' out, I might make her mine, might fuck around, I might blow her high
Go kill a nigga, be a real nigga, still rock put it for a kill figure
Never trust a hoe 'cause she's gon' fuck whoever feels bigger
See seat to my C niggas, big sunnies he beat niggas
I don't give no fuck now, I might just come around start heatin' niggas
Fuck you fake ass rap niggas, like Big Reese might slap niggas
All you niggas my children now but I ain't even 'bout to tax niggas
Fuck her ride her passion (ayy), all talk ain't no action (ayy)
No no feel no type of way, momma said you better pray
For these little D.C. boys, you might get hit with a stray
Congress parked at MLK, they'll just give us any day
Man, a lot been on my mind, like how y'all feel when I die
Everybody gon' cry, go head just build my shrine All my niggas stay wildin' in this bitch
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