

Loved Ones (feat. Rapsody)

PRhyme

As time goes by, a eye for an eye
We in this together, nigga, your beef is mine
So long as the sunshine should light up the sky
We in this together, nigga, your beef is mine
Man, I just saw that nigga out the other day
That's me talking to my loved ones
I wouldn't have this shit no other way
That's me sparking for my loved ones
As the plot thickens, either get rolled on or rock with it
Make a decision, nigga, the clock's ticking
Feeling chauvinistic, rolling with the coldest bitches
And the whip's equipped with gold ignitions
It has just been bought to my attention
That the mistress finally went and told the missus
Aw, shit, Vishis, hold this liquor
I got to take this phone call from my shawty tripping
Uh, I'm dipping out, keep the car and the house
I get my own shit, shit, I kept a separate account
I know the rules in the street or the house
And what I learnt, it ain't an equal amount
I see them niggas you 'round
And the loyalty, you'd go to war to hold 'em all down
Tell 'em your word is your bond, but you lied to me, how?
You respect them niggas way more than me by a mile
I had your child, shit, babe, I can't figure it out
You cheat on me, it's respected, cheat on them, it's foul
Somehow, the codes that you live by ain't balancing out
Cross the line, motherfucker, I'ma line it with vowels
I owe you nothing, fuck your vows
I was your down-ass chick, you let me down
Said your word and your balls is alls you had
I learnt your your word and your balls wasn't always 'round
Shit, I know niggas in the bank you still loyal to
Never snitch, you don't seen you a lawyer dude
But pillow talk and sing to bitches, is that loyal, too?
Tryna figure out when it becomes, "Aw, fuck the rules"
'Cause you a real nigga and that's what real niggas do, love none
Money over bitches and hoes how this shit goes
Even though she giving a nigga head out of his globe
Keeping me fed was something more than just bottles of rose
But when you out in the cold, you gotta follow the code
I'm a rider fa sho, got my side chick in those
Apartments that's downtown with the thousand-dollar deco'

I'm wilding out for the dough, though, make sure
That you never let me out, always keep me in
I get geeked when we be deep, I feel awkward when we be thin
Made of these ingredients, real nigga and loyalty
My three downfalls is get killed, snitching, and lawyer fees
Tripping over quarter-kis
Even if shit come up missing, I flip for my 40 thieves
Death before dishonor, just lock me in jail and throw the keys
'Fore I step to your baby momma, c'mon, bro, it's me
We just rolling, clutching 9s
Even though it's rumors you been fucking mines
I don't believe 'em, though, I just be tuning 'em out
Out of my mind and out my vehicle
Just give me some drink and some weed to blow
Though, I ain't naive, though We cold, uh, my nigga, we close
My wife friend got a big old ass
She come around me, I put her in the fish bowl fast
I be staring at her like she a science project
Thinking to myself like, "Goddam, why I ain't got that?"
But I'm just busy getting money
Running through these bitches with my loved ones
Killing all these niggas with the quickness for my loved ones
Getting it with my loved ones, splitting it with my loved ones
Hey, money over bitches, never switch and never love none
Getting money, running through these bitches with my loved ones
Killing all these niggas with the quickness for my loved ones
Getting it with my loved ones, splitting it with my loved ones
Fucking with these hoes even though we never love none

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