

# Gram House Blues

## Hotboii

This that Gram House Blues I'm ten toes down, but tell the judge I ain't wearin' my shoes I was locked down in a place where they don't care about you Judge got me ducked off, somewhere paying my dues The only way to make it out is just by playing by the rules But you know me I'm playing for keeps ain't plying by the rules Never bite the hand that feed ya Yea I understand, but I was hungry so the hand got chewed I devoured it, so much weight on my shoulders I need me a powerlift Askin God, don't know how to pray but I ve tryin' still Ain't no faith, they told me I wouldn't make it outta there 19 months in the gram somethin' gotta give Fuck a nine to five, ion wanna work no eight hour shift Rap, serve rock, hit a lick, get it how you live Blue smurfs what I feen for call me Gargamel Blues in my jeans, gang gang, no I'm not a crip I gotta chill, need a cooling kit to cool me off This that Gram House shit go hit the stall don't do no talkin' Me and ? in the same building talkin' through the walls Free Taz, I give him the wheel, he goin' through the law When you locked behind these walls it's crazy how they do ya dawg Outta sight, outta mind, they won't remember you at all My lil shorty, she so for me, she been with me through it all I'll give you a call, vent to me, I'll listen to ya talk I got to teach you some things, nothin' like seein' ya face Hold me down, I'm on the way bae I just need you to wait My life's a dream and If I'm sleep fuck being awake Was in the fast lane but I never pictured me in a wraith Fast lane, V-8, I talked to Nap he straight, my niggas in the same lane like we running relay I couldn't even pursue my dream because I couldn't behave I did 19 straight, I even missed my b-day Same shit on replay, just replayin' and don't know hit to pray, but I know how to repent So Father God, please forgive me for my sins Forgive me in the future if I go through it again God I ask you to bless me If I'm wrong, correct me I been tryna prosper The devil just won't let me I'm having hoe problems These bitches so messy It's Lil Hot, Kut Da Fan On, these hoes sweat me Kut Da Fan On so ready to blow I done put some flow in e'rr song One bad phone call in this bitch'll have ya head gone Just talked to my nigga on the Gram phone I told him when I jump we takin flight but we can't land wrong This that pen and pad flow, writing til my hand gone Reaching for the stars, galaxy, fuck a Samsung iPhone in my cell I'm facetimeing with a bad hoe A hoe gon be a hoe, you can't control it what you mad fo' Locked up, yo hoe'll fuck a nigga that you beef with Real talk, that's some g-shit, I done seen it Wolph was in the game they locked him down no defense Now I'm hollin' free him, he was just hollin' free me Promethazine stuffed up in my bottle just like a genie Dawg said Lil Hot you need some crutches boy you leanin' Feenin for a feature, get some money, stop the feenin' Was in the Gram year round, same shit, repeatin' it This that Gram House Blues, real shit real shit This that Gram House Blues, hear this hear this This that Gram House Blues, feel this feel this This that Gram. House. Blues Laterrr

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