

# Ruthless (feat. Jay Critch)

Lil Tjay

Two, three bands and you thinking shit sweet little nigga  
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sweet little nigga I ain't never gonna extend my hand

If we too deep vs the whole block deep  
Swear to god I ain't ever gonna fail my mans  
Money gonna come like the money gonna go  
All these fake niggas started getting too close  
So I stay with my guys that been by my side  
'Cause I know they gone ride til the car can't drive  
New drip had to pick up some sauce  
New kicks I don't care what it cost  
Ruthless I don't care who lost  
Stupid I done turned to a boss

And I know

They don't wanna see the young boy win  
They don't wanna see the young boy win  
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They don't wanna see the young boy win  
When I come up there's a whole lotta gang shit  
As a youngin I just wanted to be famous  
Hopped in the booth til we screamed that we made it  
Other day I was recording in the basement  
Now I pull up to a show in a spaceship  
How you screaming day in doing fake shit  
Nowadays bad bitches wanna taste it  
Pull up on the S show love that be gang shit  
And if they let me in the game I'ma change it  
Ain't a lotta niggas saying that I'm basic  
Pop out I'm a stain Balmain and some bape shit  
Niggas see me they ain't ever gonna say shit  
Buss down they ain't never gone take this  
Money I got lil nigga can't make this  
Counting blue strips broke niggas gonna hate this  
Momma so proud I'ma take her on vacation  
I be goin hard

Remember used to starve  
Remember selling nicks right on the boulevard  
Going downtown try to steal a nigga car  
And if I call Tut he'll pull a nigga card  
I don't play the field no more without the hammer  
Brodie on the news whole face on the camera  
Free all my day one niggas out the slammer  
Opp nigga told black and white he a panda

Got me finna run up in his crib like I'm Santa  
All this designer got me broads in Atlanta  
Honestly I ain't playin games no more  
And they be on my dick til my thing feel sore  
Bitch said I'm trash shorty change your draws  
I ain't worried about you why you worried about me  
I'ma still popout with a fresh white tee  
With some retro j's and some fresh Nike's  
Two, three bands and you thinking shit sweet little nigga  
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They don't wanna see the young boy win  
They don't wanna see the young boy win Check up they don't wanna see me win  
Flex up I'ma jump out the gym  
New water watch that young boy swim  
I got it the harder way like I'm Tim  
In that Maybach you can't see through the tint  
I rock foreign but bro in a stolie  
Had to make me some plays on my doli  
Think I made it these bitches all on me  
Now they say that chain is a trophy  
Boss up he a baby like jodi  
Used to go hit a stain for the oz  
When I put on the ice it be OD  
I'm talkin money putting cash on the three way  
Doing the dash on the freeway  
I knew I would get it they didn't believe me  
Baby I make it look easy  
Your bitch keep callin and sayin she need me  
I know she see me with Tjay  
I'm sipping fours of the drink moving slow mo  
But my whip through speed race  
She wanna link up a hoe  
That's a no go  
I be stackin my cheese cake  
Yeah I get to the racks and I'm up by the rim  
Collecting em back and I do it again Two, three bands and you thinking shit sweet little nigga

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