

## **S.L.A.B. f/ Poppy, Scooby**

### **"I'ma Make It"**

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(\*talking\*)

Yeah mayn (what's up fool), same shit a different day  
(I know man), surrounded by these bullshit niggaz and  
bitches man  
Always trying to sell a nigga soul man, sell a nigga  
dream  
Or wolf tickets, I ain't buying this shit no mo'  
Guess I gotta do this shit by myself

[Poppy]

I'm headed nowhere fast, running this race and I'm  
finishing dead last  
And the cats that I thought that was down, just stare  
and laugh  
At the paths that I've taken, they say I'm out of my  
league  
I never reach the goals, that I set out my to achieve  
please  
I've always believed, in destiny and fate  
But current circumstances, now have me questioning  
my faith  
Niggaz hating, trying to tell me which direction to take  
Nobody's in our corner fuck it, what difference does it  
make right  
It ain't right, and it's a burden to discuss  
The way that I feel inside, it burns a nigga up  
Friend or foe, it's hard to determine what is it  
But where I'm from, you learn to be a man and suck it  
up  
Regardless, of the situation  
We gon make it, we don't need your participation  
And our careers, I shall fear no man but God  
And for that reason, my hand's in the hands of God he  
walks with me

(\*talking\*)

I feel you Poppy (straight up)  
You about the only one, a nigga could trust  
Now-a-days mayn (for real)  
Everybody in this motherfucker, done let you down  
I ain't tripping though, you feel me

I'ma get it grind and mash for it (straight up)  
God just leads us on our own  
Or whoever ride with us, it still go down

[Trae]

Look at me now, the same nigga that they played for a fool  
I try to focus everyday, but still I'm losing my cool  
What the fuck it's gon take for them, to see I'm one of the best  
They'd probably never pay attention, till they put me to rest  
And I ain't tripping cause I take it like a man  
That shit fraud, and I don't think they really understand  
This rap shit be cool, but the game fucked up  
I'm constantly paying dues, while these niggaz lucked up  
It's all gravy baby, love it or not we gon be next for the crown  
If you ain't been through what I've been through, nigga sit the fuck down  
I've been through wars with the scars, to prove I'm a guerilla  
With the heart and the hustle, to prove I'm one of the realer  
Motivated by myself, and only God knows  
Everybody downing my dreams, so all the do's closed  
Get in my face, but now I know they ass sick  
Cause I'm still on the grind, and number one on they list

(\*talking\*)

Trae mayn (I know you gon)  
Try and get these niggaz to understand mayn  
I ain't just out here, rapping for these hoes  
I'm trying to get it, for real mayn  
I gotta feed my family dog, niggaz ain't got nothing  
On the bills, they can't eat dog that's how it's going down

[Scooby]

Nigga what's the problem, it really ain't hard to find em  
They on they way up, they just came from the bottom  
These boys gon do some'ing, y'all better watch em  
But they don't wanna get cash, so we ain't vibing  
And I don't fuck, with niggaz that be lying  
You stay on your side, bitch I'm on my end  
And I ain't got no business, for y'all to pry in  
Cause I tell it all to ya, in my rhymes man  
And you don't mean shit, just cause you signed man  
That ain't gonna pay the bills, when your ass down man

Then what, fuck get your ends up  
And this ain't happened over night, man I've been  
tough  
Real fuck with real, and y'all ain't kin to us  
And how y'all gonna take us off the road, we in a  
bigger truck  
Nigga what

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