

## Young Brown f/ 40 Glocc, Glasses Malone "Listo"

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[J Steez]

"I, can't let it fly

No

Not as long as it needs

Not as long as it keeps

There's

I, can't let it fly

No

Not as long as it needs

Not as long as it keeps

There's" --> Barbra Mason

[Verse 1: Young Brown (40 Glocc in background)]

Breathe easy

Life is a gift, homie, believe me

See, I'm a wrap/rap it up and pass it on through this J

Steez beat

They said I been asleep

But I got vision and hunger

And musically, I could see eye-to-eye with Stevie

Wonder

I do it for my people

Follow me with a faith of a Hebrew

Look, listen, it's (???) rappin' is deeper

I'm running game, making dough, build my fucking  
cake

And you running out of breath like you want a shake

Make way, I'm chiselling haters off me

Hustle my way to the top

Make 'em bounce to the heart beat

Hook up the 40, homie, pass me the pistol, the pisto

Yeah, you ready holmes? (Yeah, yeah, I'm listo)

Only one way I can go from here, it ain't down

And there's nothing that I really fear, I'm Young Brown

Perfectin' myself and I'm repin' brown, I'm So. Cal

And you ask me why I take a while, I'm ready now

Chorus: Singer

I, can't let 'em down, no

Not as long as it needs (Yeah, yeah)

Not as long as it keeps (There's)

I, can't let 'em down, no  
Not as long as it needs (Yeah, yeah)  
Not as long as it keeps (There's)

[Verse 2: 40 Glocc]

All my life  
All I wanted was some  
Money in my pocket  
And food in my stomach  
Thinkin' any problem, I done just 'bout done it  
Made a living out of robbin' niggas, spur of the  
moment  
I put my faith in my pen to get me out of the hood  
When I die, I let my kids know I did what I could  
Escapin' the pen, got me knocking on wood  
All the money in the world could take my love from the  
hood  
Drinking vodka til I hurl, keep me feeling good  
When times get bad, it'd help to get me a push  
I got the coast (The coast)  
On both of my shoulders (Both of them)  
Hoping if I die, I don't go unnoticed  
I'm fully focused, asleep with my eyes open  
When I think of getting caught  
I'm a go out like a soldier  
I got plans (Got plans)  
And won't be dead for a moment  
I'm a make the best of it and watch time pass over

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3: Glasses Malone]

Been a long road before the boy caught fire  
Lot of stop signs, caught a lot of flat tires  
Lot of hearts broke cause a lot of chicks flip  
A lot of dope made, man, a lot of stakes stick  
Raised by the son, like a seed in the Earth  
Seen plenty homies shot, left, bleed in the dirt  
Free, made it through, some leaving in herre  
Since niggas wanna head, they give me G's for a verse  
A life full of pain in exchange for cake  
Doubt what I'm about, I rearrange your face  
Doubt what I'm about, I squeezed the two  
My minds need help, gotta please the jewel  
Must sell units, make cheese for doing  
If I don't (Clack, clack)  
I'm a need your jewels  
So when the tough get goin', the tough get to it  
To sell a couple dollars, niggas come with break fluid

Repeat Chorus

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