411

"July 4th"

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[Verse 1:]
This is for my niggas who've been through it all
But still kept a level attitude
Labels did us wrong but how could I be ever mad at you
Y'all made us who we are so y'all deserve some
gratitude
For contributing to giving me a rebel attitude
I'm hardly ever bruised
My blood, sweat and tears is on a first class flight
And all my pain is on a cruise
This is what I do, I'm always making moves
But it's hard when all them haters wanna do is see you
lose
And they get heated when all you do is the opposite
Passing bottles for couple models and blow some
dollars quick
Kill the game with some songs we wrote for your
favourite artists with
No album in stores, still I ball like I hit the lotto bitch
Middle finger the industry, niggas and politics
Get familiar mother fuck twitter, just follow this
Now snap a picture, take it wit' ya, post it up in your crib
All just to remind you that you was once a part of this

[Chorus:]
Gunshots in the air and that's for all the hard work
Living like a slave is something we don't stand for
To celebrate we go outside and light a firework
Cause tonight we are gon' treat it as if it's july 4th
Hands up in the sky like the life at our concert
Everyone just live for the moment cause life's short
To celebrate we go outside and light a firework
Cause tonight we are gon' treat it as if it's july 4th

[Verse 2:]
I don't ever lose
All I do is win
Magic on the beat
Now let us begin
I came from the bottom
Then I moved up

Our label let us go down
They done fucked up
Yo, ptfao when you walk into my crib it looks like an
award show
There's awards everywhere, yeah plaques up on the
wall
That's why my ego's so big, yeah 20 feet tall
I got elephant balls
Cause I go in the office and say fuck all of y'all
We celebratin' like it's july 4th but it's funny cause see
we ain't even on our home turf
Virgin islands in this mother skunt
Rep my hood in your hood, I disrespect for mother
skunt
A nigga high up like a helicopter
I no fucking actor, I's a firecracker

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[Verse 3:]
I've paid... so now I'm feeling like a boss up in this hoe
Fireworks lit up like it's july 4th in this hoe
We going off up in this hoe
I'm dropping bombs up in this hoe
I'm a little insane but the flow's hussain like I'm
saddam up in this hoe
You can tell I'm self made as if I'm ross around this hoe
I'm running this bitch so you can call me... around this
hoe
Don't get me started in this hoe
I spit my heart up in this hoe
I'm 'bout to lose it now and really get retarded in this
hoe
Standing strong without a label, now we taking off like
rockets
But it's cool because they still get to sit back and
fucking watch us
I told you all that nothing y'all did was ever gonna stop
us
Game over nigga, 8 ball inside the corner pocket
Wrote a song for b but haters tryna understand how
Two songs on rihanna, raining men and also man down
Talk about my past in this cause all I ever had

Was my balls and my word which gave me everything I
have now

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