

Tree

"Trynawin"

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feat. Roc Marciano

Different superstitions, my newest coup is missing
And it's cruel intentions, is zooming through jeans of
venice
It's never too relentless, it's only a too intensive

My toolie's a few defensive, I'm on it like Gucci symbols
Gotta me new a henchman, my old one's reduced to
sentence
Down to a year or so, now he was true repentance
Can't blame him, can't blame him
Want better thangs, 20's, 50's, 10's, 5's
But I never change,
Hustler since a shawty, since a shawty I been hustling
What the fuck? Fuck, fuck
Niggas I ain't fuckin with
Mama got food stamps, money from the government
Papa told me never fucks a bitch if she ain't suckin dick
The dirty bitch a devil is
Your rappers in your ...
Your nose and your aunt know
Yeah you know what the fuck I mean
It's crazy, crazy, have me in 80
First they say off now they talking ...pay me
Mama used to play me, scratch off tickets like man
...get it
She never got it, she put it in her... holder
Pockets get swollen, if I never do nothing
Mama see me in the rover

[Hook]

My bitch is tara connor, I'm in the airoscada
My aroma please do louder, tryinawin
My bitch is tara connor, I'm in the airoscada
My aroma please do louder, tryinawin
My bitch is tara connor, I'm in the airoscada
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Ah, cold summers, hot winters
God's with us, the truth's hard to swallow
Like cod liver
Mark jacob, sharp shape up, get your cake up
Lift your cape up, switch the pace up
Jim star, split your face up, then hit the taste up
Spray your place up, my dna a make up
This bake up, cut the korean steak up
Won't take the pay cut
Flip the grey truck, staking your gut then hit the lake up
Vicious and a dream, lamborghini cemetry
Sip some hennesy, take bitches from tennesse
Let you tell her what you telling me, you celery
This elementary, how I bag the melodies
Pleasant memories, this necessary be
I spend my nights in the tellie, like ron jeremy
You better g the better g
I twist you like the letter G
So if I said it, let it be

[Hook]

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