

Ray Jr. "St. Clair"

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[Hook]

Ah, this is for my niggas on Saint Clair

Put them choppas in the air!

Ah, this is for my niggas on Saint Clair

Keep them choppas in the air!

They only give you credit when you dead

Fuck your validation

I've putting on for years

I put it on my expiration,

Grab my bread friend and matches

Yeah praying and hit the streets

Get in my ride and press the brakes

Nigga it's push start no key

Just a young nigga with driving, I started out on E

And them young niggas who head shots

Tryina knock you off your feet

I'm talking headshots, yeah nigga headshots

Nigga better go and bulletproof them dreadlocks

Cause when your circle too big it turn into a yule

Letting pussies in your circle will fuck up the crew

So fuck them other niggas who was hating on the

scene

They acting like the world ain't waiting on us

I ain't grinding this hard to whip a Cadillac

A nigga seen broken and I ain't going back

So fuck them other niggas, fuck them other niggas

Fuck them other niggas bitch cause we the niggas

I ain't grinding this hard to whip a Cadillac

A nigga seen broken and I ain't going back

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Put them choppas in the air!

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I came a long way from that buzz pass

I had dreams in my pocket fat as a butt pad

Pissing my hallways won't change it for the world

Life's a bitch press bar these niggas doing girls

Heart of a runaway slave, smart as a scholarship
Dirty money showered it, this that black power shit
Nigga this that bad bitch, fuck her on the first night
Wake up and get some head, and been don't
pronounce her name right
Push ups and dips nigga, boke up your size
Even know I'm from the city where them skinny niggas
ride
West side nigga, east side nigga, pick a side
As long as ain't a homicide nigga
So fuck them other niggas, fuck them other niggas
Fuck them other niggas bitch cause we the niggas
I ain't grinding this hard to whip a Cadillac
A nigga seen broken and I ain't going back

[Hook]

Ah, this is for my niggas on Saint Clair
Put them choppas in the air!
Ah, this is for my niggas on Saint Clair
Keep them choppas in the air!

What you niggas know about having no address
What you niggas know about living life mad stress
I'm from where you not allowed
Cold killas ride around
Everybody know king chip on every side of town
What you niggas know about headshots every night
I'm from thorn hill, eddie row, that's the hood right
These rappers from they pantshouse, living good
I was trespassing bandos, living in my hood
When vinnie came out, I was living in my van
But when I hit the club looking like 600 grand
Now my crib in callie bigger than your church is
Hallelujah king chip, put that work in
I know they live by my words, cause my words strong
Kings get they heads cut off while bitch pray on
Before the internet hit the hood, I was in the streets
Catch me at the marathon on the 117, Saint Clair
So fuck them other niggas, fuck them other niggas
Fuck them other niggas bitch cause we the niggas
I ain't grinding this hard to whip a Cadillac
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