

First Day Out

Tee Grizzley

[Intro]

Helluva made this beat, baby

[Chorus]

These niggas prayed on my downfall (They what?)
These niggas prayed on my downfall
On all ten, bitch, I stood tall
Show these disloyal niggas how to ball

[Verse]

Go get a thermometer for the pot, I need this shit cooked right
Let's keep that water 400 degrees Fahrenheit
You ever been inside a federal court room?
Nigga you ever went to trial and fought for your life?
Bein' broke did somethin' to my spirit
Asked niggas to plug me, they act like they couldn't hear me
Look at me now, drivin' German engineering
You don't want your baby mama fucked, keep the ho from near me
Kilroy, 'member when I used to use your L's
To hit the road, hit the O and make them big boy sales?
Moo, 'member when you had them green things mailed
With vacuum seals tryin' not to have them green things smelled?
Feds was on me, what you know about related through money?
I don't know nothin', I just used to see 'em walk to the Coney
I fuck with bitches, my body count go from Pershing to Cody
Any further questions, you can take that up with the lawyer
My nigga Fenkell, J Money, Brightmo Lo, Project Joe
Will tell you every day before school I sold a half bow
How you think I won best dressed with no support?
And had them paid lawyers comin' in and out of court
Ayy, Dwan though, ayy, Theo ain't it a blessing?
We made it out Kentucky after all that happened?
After the pre-trials, after the status
After them impact statements, after the castle
Ayy, JR nigga, ain't it a blessing?
We made it out of Lansing after all that happened?
After Michigan State, after Hubbard
When our mans told on us, them bands they took from us
Joy road bitch, but the money long as six mile
Brick mile, knock your bitch down

Pick her up, knock her back down, pull her tracks out
Yes I slap girl, yes I slap dog, yes I slap loud
Yes I'll slap a pussy nigga if he act out
Yes I caught cases on the road with them killers
Bro, kill me if I snitch, 'cause if you snitch I'm gon' kill ya
Spent a lot of time on that yard with them gorillas
Stood tall, did I let niggas ho me? Quit bein' silly
I know for a fact your bitch pussy get wet for a nigga
'Cause I do it better, plus I'm doin' better than niggas
I'm at home when I'm down there in Lexington nigga
'Bout the king, they gon' drop you and who next to you nigga
Unc said Lil T, "Get ahead of them niggas!"
When you take off, don't look back and try to rescue them niggas
You killed his mans? Then make sure you get the rest of them niggas
Don't let them get the best of you, just get the revenue nigga
So let me know what you can handle, okay, come grab it
Here go some extras, so if I'm busy you can manage
Fiends had me Blade dancin', eating sixty dollar salads
Get it there and back, tell the feds I need a challenge
My first offer was 30 years, not a day lower
I told them crackers holler at me when they sober
On parole, I'm a felon, you think I ain't got that blower?
Yeah you right, bro take his head off his fuckin' shoulders
(Boom-Boom-Boom!)
You hear me? Hit the Rollie store with the Rollie on
What was our getaway car? A Jag Portfolio
You hear me? Ayy, I heard I had some sneak dissers
Whoever feelin' hot, that AR got a heat sensor
Cuz said don't entertain them hungry niggas
I wish I would pay attention to these homeless niggas
Don't call my phone, I don't want to do no song with niggas
And tell yo bitch to tighten up before I bone her, nigga
I don't know you niggas, fuck wrong with niggas?
Through these white buffs I can see the ho in niggas
Free my nigga Parico, that boy be hoein' niggas
Shoot the smile off your face, I don't joke with niggas
Boy, I can't trust you with that strap if you ain't got no bodies
Boy, I can't take you on no lick if you ain't robbed nobody
You ain't no shooter, you can't do that shit without no molly
I came home and had the hoes wetter than Kalahari
Thirty months ago niggas ain't think that I was comin' home
Shout out to them niggas' freaks that I been cummin' on
Get 'em to the crib, bust 'em down, now bitch run along
This SK'll get to shakin' like there's somethin' wrong
Thirty bands two times, watch this money clone
The feds say my name hot like when the oven on
Bitch, I came home to my lil' brother gone
Niggas say they lookin' for me, pull up in the Skuddy zone
Who said I'm a snitch? You just heard a lie from him

Better check the black and white
That paperwork will vouch for him
Zero toleration for that nigga, take his life from him
He don't want that pistol play? Okay I'll Tyson him
I ain't hear from bitches when I had them blues on
So soon as I'm done fuckin', put your shoes on
I'm on parole in two states, I can't move wrong
The feds tryin' to build a case, I can't move wrong
I went to trial back to back, bitch, I'm 2-0
The state of Kentucky banned me from every jewelry store
Say I can't even be in public with my hoodie on
Michigan State don't want him here, they don't know what he on

[Chorus]

I know they prayed on my downfall
I know they prayed on my downfall
On all ten, bitch, I stood tall
Show these disloyal niggas how to ball

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>