

Ruthless (feat. Jay Critch)

Lil Tjay

Two, three bands and you thinking shit sweet little nigga
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sweet little niggai ain't never gonna extend my hand

If we too deep vs the whole block deep
Swear to god I ain't ever gonna fail my mans
Money gonna come like the money gonna go
All these fake niggas started getting too close
So I stay with my guys that been by my side
'Cause I know they gone ride til the car can't drive
New drip had to pick up some sauce
New kicks I don't care what it cost
Ruthless I don't care who lost
Stupid I done turned to a boss

And I know

They don't wanna see the young boy win
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When I come up there's a whole lotta gang shit
As a youngin I just wanted to be famous
Hopped in the booth til we screamed that we made it
Other day I was recording in the basement
Now I pull up to a show in a spaceship
How you screaming day ine doing fake shit
Nowadays bad bitches wanna taste it
Pull up on the S show love that be gang shit
And if they let me in the game I'ma change it
Ain't a lotta niggas saying that I'm basic
Pop out I'm a stain Balmain and some bape shit
Niggas see me they ain't ever gonna say shit
Buss down they ain't never gone take this
Money I got lil nigga can't make this
Counting blue strips broke niggas gonna hate this
Momma so proud I'ma take her on vacation
I be goin hard

Remember used to starve

Remember selling nicks right on the boulevard
Going downtown try to steal a nigga car
And if I call Tut he'll pull a nigga card
I don't play the field no more without the hammer
Brodie on the news whole face on the camera
Free all my day one niggas out the slammer
Opp nigga told black and white he a panda

Got me finna run up in his crib like I'm Santa
All this designer got me broads in Atlanta
Honestly I ain't playin games no more
And they be on my dick til my thing feel sore
Bitch said I'm trash shorty change your draws
I ain't worried about you why you worried about me
I'ma still popout with a fresh white tee
With some retro j's and some fresh Nike's
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They don't wanna see the young boy win
Check up they don't wanna see me win
Flex up I'ma jump out the gym
New water watch that young boy swim
I got it the harder way like I'm Tim
In that Maybach you can't see through the tint
I rock foreign but bro in a stolie
Had to make me some plays on my doli
Think I made it these bitches all on me
Now they say that chain is a trophy
Boss up he a baby like jodi
Used to go hit a stain for the oz
When I put on the ice it be OD
I'm talkin money putting cash on the three way
Doing the dash on the freeway
I knew I would get it they didn't believe me
Baby I make it look easy
Your bitch keep callin and sayin she need me
I know she see me with Tjay
I'm sipping fours of the drink moving slow mo
But my whip through speed race
She wanna link up a hoe
That's a no go
I be stackin my cheese cake
Yeah I get to the racks and I'm up by the rim
Collecting em back and I do it again
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>