

Is What It Is

Lil Durk

Southside

DJ on the beat so it's a banger
Fresh up out of bed, got a call, he was dead

It is what it is, fuck 'em all, we ain't scared

Back back to that shit, we hit it all with some fear

He said that he ain't tell, what he said ain't gon' stick

Fly in, then you don't fuck, then I'm not payin' for your expense

I told him order that Benz but send in back up, it ain't the kin

Niggas stick your hand in, always ask for a hand out

I'm fuckin' up with my backend, I walk in Chanel and I cash out

I need that check

I need that check, I need that check, I need that check

I need that check, I need that, I need that check

I need that check, I need that check, I need that check

I need that check, I need that check, I need that check

I need that check right now

I'm in the stu' off the X right now, yeah

Rollin' on air right now

Fuck around, text their ex right now

You not so tough right now

You in my city, you a guest right now (Uh)

We ain't gonna talk about drip

I'm in Chanel, you in Guess right now (Pussy)

I hit the road for the shows

Just run up, gon' bring their poles with 'em

A lot of these niggas so lame

Don't pull up, you ain't got your loads with 'em

These bitches be playin' with their nose

I pull up with a bag of Cole Bennett

I pull up on Izzy for gold

55K for some gold pendants

I'm sellin' drugs to my tenants

Broke niggas always try to come with opinions (Yeah)

Ridin' through the city in a Bentley

Could've been tinted, Chanel, but I want that Bentley (Uh)

Realest nigga that you've come upon

Free Ralo, he run up a marathon

Good gas like a Marathon

Killin' shit with their hazards on

A fresh 20 just to add it on

I put 20 in my Rag & Bones

Type of shit I be braggin' on

Make a call, put a ratchet on you

You a goofy, they gon' stash it on you
You ain't gang, don't ask for money
O.T., they tax to join
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I need that check, I need that check, I need that check I'm standin' on couches with CCs
Gotta watch out 'cause they shootin' up FEFES
They told me don't go without bein' 'round killers
'Cause killers be watchin' these VVs
You think he a killer, but his ass a goofy
I heard he be ridin' the weeweews
His lil' bitch be trippin'
She ask for some Gucci, but she know she get on her knee-knees
Audemars, bust it down, 30, I bust it down
Niggas won't lower the pounds
You vouchin' for clowns, you can't come around (Pussy)
Nowadays, niggas fight, these niggas gon' pull out cell phones
Nowadays when we fight, my niggas gon' pull out a nail gun, yeah
One call for raw beef, they tryna nail somethin'
Don't condone the violence
But if you gon' nail him, nail him 'cause they'll tell somethin'
No threats on the internet
I told my guys don't go way into that
Next time don't have your kids with you
I'ma tell lil' folks to go finish that
Go get the Bentley, MAC
I nut on my bitch with a pretty ass
You not right there, where you really at?
I'm on the Lam' with 300 guys, yeah
You not a street nigga
You see a shootout, you gon' get excited
You not a street nigga
Instagram watch your murder, you gon' get indicted, yeah
Now my page on private (Page on private)
Now my phone on silent (Phone on silent)
I ain't tryna answer no questions (Answer no questions)
I don't know what happened (Nah)
All I know is he was cappin', trippin'
Callin' my phone, tellin' his business

I don't wanna hear 'bout no killin'
And you ain't one of them niggas who killin' Fresh up out of bed, got a call, he was dead
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