

Mind Frame

Moneybagg Yo

Reminiscing 'bout my niggas that done died man
Goin' through pictures and it's fuckin' up my mind-frame
Thinkin' back when we was broke but we still maintained
Accepting calls from my niggas in the chain gang
His first offense, judge gave him all that time man
He in there buckin' and it's fuckin' up his mind-frame
His bitch real bad and treatin' him bad like she don't know the man
I run with shooters and it's murder on they mind-frame, hey Thinkin' 'bout you as I'm scrolling
through my call log
Your number still in my contact but I can't call y'all
Lost my niggas to the streets and it wasn't even worth it
Tray-Tray, Lil Mafia, Lil Corey, and J Money, that hurt me, hey
Free Big Larry and every nigga that went fed man
Wouldn't wish that time on nobody, fuck what they said man
Wouldn't ever beef, I just bossed up and did my own thing
I saw my vision, I painted it, made my own lane, hey
Shawty fucked one of my niggas in my circle
I wanted to spazz, I wanted to crash, I wanted to hurt her
I had to learn hoes gon' be hoes, nobody perfect
Cut from a real nigga cloth, I'm fuck shit allergic
They say my nigga killed my nigga so my mind-frame fucked up
I won't put my trust in no one but this Glock on me with one up
I was posted with them packs on me all light until the sun up
Don't fall for nothin', always stand up, that's how I'm gon' raise my sons up hey
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I run with shooters and it's murder on they mind-frame, hey Niggas out here sending threats so
it's murder on my dome
They gon' pull up and just hop out, we don't send no shots on songs
My son mama say I'm wrong, she got that lil girl mind-frame
She ain't built for this lifestyle, she cannot take what come with fame
I just sent my nigga a pack to penitentiary, now he straight
'Cause my lil homie lawyer paid in full, know he beat the case
Took my nigga out the hood, showed him the world got more to offer
In Miami with the Dolphins, BGE 'til we in coffins
Mind-frame on I don't care
Glock nineteen, I'm so aware

You can look and you can stare
It's blood on me, you touch a hair
Niggas crossed me, said fuck me
Showed me really what it was
Now they callin', tryna talk
But I can't reimburse that love, nah
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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