

Ten Nine Fourteen

Bryson Tiller

So, ever since October
Living out my dreams, they got a lot closer
Had to do it for my daughter before she got older
Had to wake the sleepers up, bitch I got Folgers
I'm the realest nigga out, remember I told ya
Guess I'm dirty city raised, but I'm not local
Now they actin' like they kin, I do not know them
I've been prospering ever since I dropped "Don't", nigga
But it don't stop here, I gotta keep it goin', keep it goin'
Keep that hate coming my nigga, I'ma
keep ignoring
God Tiller, your flow so prehistoric
Got, got killers, smoke yours or put me in the corner
I'm Cassius, my nigga put me in the corner
Versus anybody, really show me my opponent
They coming for my head, I'm like Makonnen
Kill them all, send 'em my condolences
And I'm back, back, back on my bullshit nigga
Do I miss doing this shit, just for fun, just a little
Now, I do it for funds, that's facts, fundamentals
For a house up on the makers, lawyers, doctors, my neighbors
Everyday I say my prayers, terminators, portrayers
Now the man is blessing me, first the man was testing me
I went through the storm not knowing whether it was green on the other side or not
That shit would bring out the best of me
I'm so true with it, who are you kidding
12 asked what I do for a living, told them Google it
I'm so rude with it, and the youngin' doing it
You don't know what I been through nigga
This the truth nigga, oh my goodness
Spittin' flames in the booth, nigga, oh my goodness
God really came through for me, oh my goodness
I can give a fuck about you, and your mothafuckin' crew
That's ain't something I would do, no I wouldn't
Ya dig? Yeah
I just gotta let this shit rid man
(Ya dig) Uh, I feel like Weezy F Baby sometimes
Carter 3 Wayne, Carter 4 Wayne
Carter 5, man where that shit at?
Yessir You know me, I gotta keep it real on this shit
My shawty mama put me out the crib, nigga I was payin' bills
Almost got a third job, she don't know the way it feels
But look, look at how a nigga living
My dream just got a little more vivid
And I'm starting to see a whole lot more friendlies

But I don't want too many, no I don't want too many, no way
City to city

Never forget that phone call I got from Timbo and Richie
When I was in Philly, that's when I knew this shit wasn't given
Then shit really got crazy when, got the kicks from Drizzy

Well, the recognition from Drizzy alone

I remember when they slept on me: memory foam
Can't believe Timbo the king just sent me back home
But now that boy getting on, my nigga give me the throne
Ya dig?

Yup, I know the people they diggin' me now
The cools kids from high school can't sit with me now
My baby mama's mama can't say shit to me now
What did she do wrong? She better figure it out
You better, I done grew into a wise young fella
This is true shit, you know Tiller goin' tell 'em
I'll tell 'em the truth, I'll tell 'em the truth, I'll tell 'em the truth
The whole truth, yeah
I'll tell 'em the truth, I'll tell 'em the truth, I'll tell 'em the truth
The whole truth, ay, baby yeah

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