

No Promises

A Boogie wit da Hoodie

Wasn't I good to you?
Cardo got wings Yeah, at least I was good to you
At least I was good to you
At least I was good to you
At least I was good to you
I can't make no fucking promises
Lifestyle getting out of control, lifestyle getting ludicrous
I made a milli' in less than a year and I blew that on stupid shit
Typed it in like "How to make a milli'" I used to google it
Savannah just wanted to see me perform
And got hit over stupid shit
I woke up and saw the shit right on my phone
They don't know who the shooter is
You never know, never feel untouchable
I touched your soul, made you feel so comfortable
If I let you go, I would feel so skeptical
Unacceptable, but I still gotta let you know
Yeah, that I can't make no fucking promises
I can't make no fucking promises, I can't make no fucking promises
Yeah, lifestyle on the road, sheesh
Used to always want a Rollie, now I want a new two-tone gold Patek
Yeah, we couldn't go to Phillippe's
I had to be on that corner until it was morning
So me and my niggas could eat
I be the one with the sauce, I never thought it was sweet
I got my foot in the door
They never gave me the key, I had to turn to a ki
Even when I was a boy
I was the man in the streets, I was the man with the heat
I was a beast, sheesh
He had her heart, but she tried to give it to me
Damn, but she can't keep no fucking promises
Shit, I'm coming with a lotta money, money comes with a lotta shit
Told Mo, "Bring the studio to everywhere we go" and that's a lotta hits
Slo-mo in my videos, when the lights out, all my diamonds hit
Something 'bout blue faces, I like money conversations
Whole lotta 20's that's basic, nigga, fuck it, I'm shameless
Can't fuck with a snitch nigga, if you get caught, don't say shit
Have you ever met another nigga like me? I bet you won't say shit
I went from rags to riches
I bagged the bitches that gave me the straight face
I hit the baddest bitches

It's sad, but I had to curve 'em the same day
I treated them bad
I wouldn't be mad if I was to get treated the same way
So treat me the same way, same way, same way
I was a savage to you
I had to give up and put all my hoes to the side
I swear if I ever left you in the cold
It's cause it was colder inside
Look here, I swear if you ever try to leave me alone
I hope you don't turn to a thot
Most of the niggas that call me only hit my phone
Because I get money a lot
I be the one with the throne
You say you gon' take it but nigga we know that's a lie
Even before we was on
The money was long and we used to fuck with the spot
Bitches be singing my song
I knew I was on, right when I bust down a watch
Niggas was hating before and they hate on me now
But don't know what to say to me now
I was gonna do it to her, but I don't really wanna use her
Keep giving excuses, when we really gonna link up?
Even if I sound stupid, I'ma say what's real to her
Even if she not truthful, fuck it I'ma still be good to you
Yeah, at least I was good to you
At least I was good to you
Yeah, at least I was good to you
At least I was good to you

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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