

Conscience (feat. Future)

Kodak Black

Yeah, Project Baby
These streets took my conscience
Blee
Sniper Gang
These streets took my conscience
Yeah, everybody with me on that same thang
I don't gang-bang but I bang bang
I pull up to the club, I got on eight chains
Took that bitch to Wings-N-Things, she wanna be my main
Brown liquor made my dawg insane
Booted up a geek, it's the same thang
Fish scale or molly, it's the same name
Murder by the stains, which gang you claim?
The big Patek face cost ten chains
Took your bitch out to eat on a private plane
Real talk, 150 when it's plain Jane
Drop the junk behind the dumpster for some cocaine
Ayy, free my nigga coo, he in the chain gang
Chris Johnson, I swear for God I drop the twenty-eight
I told my nigga be fool, he put a potato on a barrel
I kick lil' dumbass out my crib, say she want Chanel
I bought that bitch a wig 'cause she ain't got no hair
I sent that poor ass hoe a Uber 'cause she ain't got no whip
Thirty golds in my mouth like I'm Stephen Curry
Thirty clip in my Glock 'cause I'm a damn Warrior
Streets left me scarred, ain't no worries
Run my money up in a hurry
Thirteen strippers, James Harden
Money make you greedy when you starving
Monisha, Tamica, they vouching
Before I had anything, I was saucing
Before I had that Bentley truck, I was saucing
All these hitters, yeah, I pray you never cross them
She say she brand new, I swear I want the old her
Eighteen hundred, I got more stories than a author
I'm credit card swipin' at the Chase Bank (ey)
Me and Future gang gang, same thang
I check your temperature, nigga, is you hot or cold?
Like a state trooper, I make my money on the road
I remember hittin' houses, nigga, cash 4 gold
These streets made me lose my conscience, took a nigga soul
These streets took all my soul from me

Tried to leave me in the cold
These streets took my conscience from me
Now tough love is all I show
I know my niggas got love for me
And they filling up they nose
I know my Levi got love for me
She just want everybody to know I know my niggas, they be missin' me
So I be posted on the straw
I don't even care about how much cash I see
I'm always gon' be in the 'No
I ran out of money, then they switch lanes
I ran it back up, then I switch lanes
In a brand new Range, diamond colored candy cane
I bought a brand new K, I can't wait to let it spray
I'm sorry mom ain't mean to bring you through so much pain
I said I'm sorry mom, I ain't mean for it to be this way
Ayy but fuck it, bitch, I'm here, I got diamond rings
All the finer things, designer jeans, I'm gettin' paid
These streets took my conscience
All the finer things, designer jeans, I'm getting paid
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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