Victory Lap (feat. Stacy Barthe)

Nipsey Hussle

I'm prolific, so gifted
I'm the type that's gon' go get it, no kidding
Breaking down a Swisher in front of yo building
Sitting on the steps feeling no feelings
Last night, it was cold killing
You gotta keep the devil in his hole, nigga
But you know how it go, nigga
I'm front line every time it's on, nigga
Hunnit proof flow, run and shoot pro
458 drop, playing bullet proof soul
Every few shows I just buy some new gold
Circle got smaller, everybody can't go
Downtown diamond district, jewelers like
"Yo, Hussle holler at me, I got Cubans for the low"
Flew the [?], smoking Cubans on the boat
And docked at [?] just to smoke
Listening to music at the Mayan Ruins
True devotion on the bluest ocean, cruising
My cultural revolution even rival lution
They tell me, "Hussle dumb it down, you might confuse 'em"
It's like that weirdo rap ya'll motherfuckers used to
I'm an urban legend, South Central in a certain section
Can't express how I curbed detectors
Yes, it's evidence of a divine presence
Blessings, help me out at times I seen wreckless
Effort, got a L, but got an E for effort
Stretch it, dropped him off in the [?] desert and left him
Ain't no answer to these trick questions
Money making Nip, straighten out my jewelry on my bitch dresser
Well known, flick up and jail pose
Matching champagne bottles from Ricos til' T show
Whatever, nigga, we playing chess not checkers, nigga
Thirty-eight special for you clever niggas
See bro, if you ain't live and die by the street codes
Been through all these motions, up and down like a sea salt
I can never view you as my equal
Fuck I want to hear your CD for?
Yeah, look
I'm finna take it there
This time around I'ma make it clear
Spoke some things into the universe and they appeared
I say it's worth it, I won't say it's fair

Find your purpose or you wasting air
Fuck it though, ya'll niggas scared
Eyes opened, I can see it clear
They don't make 'em ball none
They don't make 'em real
They don't make it where I'm from
They don't take it here
They don't see in due time, I be making mil's
Bossed up in this game, I been making deals
Get your lawyer on the phone, we can make it real
I got checks and balance
I flex dramatic, other fifty on my neck, just my regular habit
Ain't no pussy on my rep, disrespect the savage
I make one phone call and the rest get handled
This just another front step with candles
Lil message from the set, we accept your challenge
We can
Yeah we gotta
We gotta make
Oh, we gotta make it
We gotta make it
Victory Lap
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