

# 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

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

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