

Welcome to the Rodeo

Lil Skies

Ayy, ayy I ain't foldin' under pressure, I ain't switchin' for no ho
I ain't talkin' to no cop and I ain't tellin' on my bros
Ain't no killer but don't push me fingers itchin' on that pole
Niggas plottin' on my come-up, gotta watch, they on my nose
Long nights I sold drugs just to hit the studio
Now I'm eatin' steak and shrimp, bitch, I ain't eatin' sloppy joe
Look into the mirror, flex, and now a nigga in his glow
Bust off like a Smith-N-Wesson, welcome to the rodeo
Shawty wanna fuck me 'cause a nigga wearin' gold
I came up and made it happen, I was trappin' by the store
Big dope inside this Backwood case this nigga want smoke
Do me dirty I'ma find you, lay your ass out on the floor
19 with a bag, I got rich by myself
Rather do this shit alone I wasn't askin' for no help
They keep askin' how I'm winnin' with the cards that I was dealt
Boy I worked hard for this seat and I ain't bucklin' my belt
Call my brother on the phone, he said broski you a star
I said brother hold it down and soon we'll all be livin' large
And it's crazy how last year was sellin' coke out my garage
Now I'm in a good position for this life can't sabotage
I ain't foldin' under pressure, I ain't switchin' for no ho
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Ain't no killer but don't push me fingers itchin' on that pole
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Bust off like a Smith-N-Wesson, welcome to the rodeo I got tattoos on my face, I use that shit
as motivation
I could never get a job, so for my dream, I'm dedicated
For a second lost myself, I was too busy gettin' faded
Now they see me out in public and be knowin' what my name is
All these rappers want the clout and the life of bein' famous
I just wanna be stable, tell my family we made it
I was comin' for my spot, a young nigga had to be patient
Now I'm runnin' up these bands, can hit the island for vacation
I've been shittin' on my haters, you could say I'm constipated
Five racks on this fit just to stunt when I'm in Vegas
Narcotic on my body, shout out to my nigga Caleb
Young niggas got the cake up, now these bitches wanna date us I ain't foldin' for no pressure, I
ain't switchin' for no ho
I ain't talkin' to no cop and I ain't tellin' on my bros

Ain't no killer but don't push me fingers itchin' on that pole
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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