

# Always Into Something (feat. Ty Dolla \$ign)

## Stalley

Always Into Something  
Stalley  
PYONG! 12  
SharePlay100 miles and runnin'  
Always into something  
Yelling fuck the police  
Like I'm straight up out of Compton  
Real niggas don't die  
Appetite for destruction  
Just a nigga with an attitude  
Always into something  
Impala on eights, dope boys on crates  
Swiss movement on watch, 45 on the waist  
Got a million dollar hustle, a rich nigga face  
White cocaine, rack it up on the plate  
Alpina Beamer with the cavalier plates  
My niggas dribble down in VA on the run from the DEA  
That's when niggas wore button ups and white ups like  
H O V A, and everybody had Ye before 808s & Heartbreak  
The streets was a shark tank, put money in the gold link  
And loyalty was everything  
Your lady held you down, with or without a wedding ring  
Selling dope wasn't settling  
If you could smoke it they was selling it  
Hard grind peddling  
A street nigga pedigree, tryna leave a kingpin legacy  
Pockets fat like Ledisi, thank you to the heavenly  
Father for them dollars, I got it straighter than the letter T  
Dope man, dope man, that's what they yelling  
Pockets full of stones and an automatic weapon  
Teenage outlaws, rebels without cause  
Lost in this jungle where everybody is flawed  
Middle finger to the law, best friends lay in morgues  
And they wonder why our attitude's raw  
A real nigga never take a fall, that's on god  
Or never take on the false façade  
Before that happens niggas blocks getting taked off  
Appetite for destruction  
That's how we all function, and we get it how we live  
Even if it's gun busting  
Number crunching with 8 balls for fiends luncheon  
Anything to keep from ribs touching

Rims bumping, I blame it on Cube  
He says it gets funky, a subject and a predicate  
F the police, that's a gangster nigga's etiquette  
And this nine filled with cop killers that's sitting on my hip

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>