

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

Stalley

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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/>