

# Bruddanem - J.I.D Feat. Lil Durk lyrics

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## “ Bruddanem ”

[Intro: JID]

**Mm, mm**

**Mm, mm, mm, mm**

[Verse 1: JID]

**If you my nigga, you my nigga then**

**Twin, thick or thin**

**I was a kid when my brother went in**

**Now he lil' brother, the man**

**Kinda like Pac in Above the Rim**

**Couple M's, cut a check, cut the film**

[Chorus: JID]

**I got the Glock for my bruddanem**

**I spin the block for my bruddanem**

**I did a lot for my bruddanem**

**You better watch for my bruddanem**

**You gotta watch my bros**

**I'm finna cop for my bruddanem**

**You call the cops on my bruddanem**

**You don't know, partner, them strugglin'  
That shit ain't nothin' 'bout nothin'**

[Post-Chorus: JID]

**And if my brother say, "Let's slide," well then, my sister slidin' too  
It ain't no slippin' on this side, I got my grip and found my groove**

**And if they blitzin' on the squad, I swear to God it's bad for you**

**When there's nothin' else they thought I would do  
My brothers ride through  
My brothers ride through (Yeah, uh)  
My brothers ride through**

[Verse 2: JID]

**Uh, look, uh (Shit)**

**This for my brother, my hitter, my slugger  
My nigga, my jigga, my killer, my dog  
Here for the women, the women my niggas  
Most of them really be realer than y'all**

**When I was little, remember we literally can't forget all the shit that we  
saw**

**JaJa hit a nigga right in the jaw**

**We ain't jumpin', we just lettin' 'em brawl**

**Every summer it was somebody dead and somebody scared, so nobody  
saw**

**Buddy in jail and somebody called**

**Collectin' the bail is somebody boss  
Laid off, hm, stay in the bed  
Hell nah, what the fuck you done did?  
All that stressin' takin' care of the kids  
(Give us somethin' that can take off the edge)**

**From the minute I got in trouble  
Got a whippin' for nothin', that's somethin' my brother did  
I never snitch, I never done no sucker shit  
'Cause he'll hush for me if it was him  
He'll bust for me if it was him  
So you know it's all toes ten**

**When it come to my bruddanem  
I'll whirlwind, spin your block again**

[Chorus: JID]

**(I got the Glock for my bruddanem)**

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**I did a lot for my bruddanem**

**You better watch for my bruddanem**

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**My brothers ride—**

[Verse 3: Lil Durk]

**Ten millimeter, it's different, my brother had gave me one of his switches**

**My uncle be bitchin', they told me he snitchin', so when I grew up, I was**

**blessed in my distance (Oh, oh)**

**We slept by the window, bein' hungry a issue**

**Power knocked out, slept close to a window**

**My brother, my brother, sayin', "Mama, this real"**

**What I be sayin', this shit is official**

**I get rich, you get rich, I got rich, you rich now**

**Fucked the opps up so bad, they tryna establish a sit-down**

**But he can't sit, brrah, buddy got hit, brraow**

**Trench baby, street nigga, real niggas, real killers, gravediggers**

**Gang, gang, foenem block, all that shit really gang members**

**Fake Percs, he don't got no more**

**He said they feel like real painkillers**

**My brother a shooter, my brother a killer**

**Fuck politics, I'm with the same niggas**

**My brother gon' slide, but two of my brothers had died**

**They was my main niggas, oh, oh**

[Outro: Mustafa the Poet]

**These niggas, street niggas, type to never leave niggas**

**Roll somethin', hold somethin', anything to disappear, nigga  
Neck-deep in this water, neck glistenin' to be seen, nigga  
I see you, I love you, do you feel it? We're still here, nigga  
God gave us a war  
And this sword can't be near niggas  
You reach for it, you reach for him  
You reach for these dreams, nigga  
Two wraps on this durag  
Two straps when we're out for dinner  
Take care of your skin, take care of your liver  
I won't let them in, I won't let you wither  
I won't let you**

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