

From The Bottom - Quando Rondo Lyrics

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"From The Bottom"

If shawty exotic, that's just how I like it
Thiry-two thousand, I spend on Versace
When I first hit that lick, it was all about the money
If you have my kid, I'ma fix up your body
We gon' board on a private, then dock in Miami
Extension cord, got it stuck to my fannie
I ran the mall in the pandemic
Got the shit off the floor, ain't no handouts
When I hopped out the Porsche, had them bands out
Made her get a abortion, she fanned out
Mama look at your boy, he a man now
Youngin' jumped off the porch, now his man down
When the Yola came in, it was tan brown
Used to think that I can't, but I can now
I just laugh to the bank with them bands now

Got a hundred in change, you get ran down

I came a long way from the bottom and I did it with the bros

I came a long way from the apartments, posted by the corner store

I came a long way from the projects, where they told me use the stove

And I came a long way in the process, now my heart turned cold

They say it's cheaper to keep her, but no, I don't want her

I pass that bitch right to the homie

I keep that heater when I be out grindin'

'Cause I know these niggas wanna come harm me

I rather do this shit all by my lonely

All by myself, no, I don't need a army

I'm blowin' purple, baby, like it's Barney

I spent 'bout thirty acres up in Barney's

Shawty say I drip like a nigga from Harlem

Told my team that it over, let's go chase the commas

Damn near 'bout to lean over while geeked up on Molly

My lil' nigga should've did what I taught him

Got that lean by the case, couple cases I caught 'em

Brand new I8, I'ma give it to Poppa

Bozak cookin' up Yay just to fill up his pockets

Fuck it up and just spray, I don't wanna do talkin'

Whole hundred racks, fuck it up in the club

I know she got my back, that's my muthafuckin' thug

Steady sippin' on Act', that's them two double cups
I'ma count all these racks, while I do all these drugs
Got my neck and wrist wet like a swimmin' pool
I done traded in the 'Vette for a two-door coupe
Swear it's so many bitches, it's hard to choose
I still go to the trenches with all these blues
I came a long way from the bottom
I came a long way from the apartments
I came a long way from the bottom
I came a long way from the projects
If shawty exotic, that's just how I like it
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