

Ayy, yo

My bottle empty, I drunk it all by myself
My bitch left so now I'm all by myself
My money up, I'm 'bout to count it by myself
And if I lose it all now I won't cry for help
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I had to mention, stay away from folks with bad intentions
Faggot niggas and broke hoes that act expensive
I don't have time 'cause grindin' how I'd rather spend it
I manage businesses but suffer from a lack of friendships
Fuck niggas, ninety percent of 'em retards
Denied me when I presented propositions to eat hard
Y'all hate, now y'all hoppin' in cheap cars
Mixin' business with feelings, consequences and rewards
Y'all hear me, yeah, I said it sincerely
Y'all put rings on these bitches that should never be married
Watch your close friends, they keep they jealousy buried
'Til that chip on they shoulder get too heavy to carry
They try to hide it but it's still in they soul
Only a matter of time 'fore they feelings exposed
They don't say it to you, tell they true feelings to hoes
And these ain't bad bitches, these the ones stealing clothes

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