

Had dreams and they shattered yours
That's how you end up having war with people you held the ladder for
Medieval like I had a horse
Feel like I'm holding a saddle and sword and leaving the battle sore
I love life, I ain't mad at y'all
Y'all remind me of broke battered whores
You're all shopping at the average stores
That's the probably the reason why y'all dogs all wearing the same coats like they're Labradors
My last shootout, I had a ball
Fuck one magazine, grab em all, give em a catalogue
My bitch left, I ain't mad at all
Now she got a straitjacket on in a room with padded walls
So I don't get close to whores
All she do is suck dick, I never heard the bitch vocal cords
Coke raw, the dope is pure, serve it all, hurt you more
Alcohol on an open sore
I was petty never
My bars were steady clever ready for whoever said he better
Niggas know I get heavy cheddar
Birds wanna flock together, I got a bullet for every feather
Any weather we can meet up, summer time
But I'm still riding with the heat up
Seen it all the time, niggas dying or get beat up
Pay it no mind, nigga I'm just trying to re-up
Trust

You know I'm saying, I ain't done with you motherfuckers
And I produced everything on this motherfucker
Ain't nobody fucking with me, man
I'm giving y'all real life street shit, you know I'm saying?
Real stories, real events, real talk
Gotta love this shit
Six Shots Overkill, nigga
Shoutout to the Trust...
Trust Gang!