No Respect

Aaron May

Listen close I don't talk for no reason
You gettin' paper go put it to use
You get hatred for speaking the truth
And truthfully fuck em cause I'm living proof
It ain't hard for me to make it look easy
Deal with these problems, roll up, pour a D'USSÉ
Knowing I shouldn't tell you it's wrong
What do it for me might not do it for you
Some fightin' they demons, some come to a truce

To tell you the truth I been fucked up
Still flex on who thought I wouldn't touch much
I was tryna get a check told me tough luck
I took every single step I ain't cut once
Now my pockets do talkin' I'm stuffed up
I could ride through the dirt in the back of this foreign
Top of the world they know wassup

Give the shirt off my back I been so used to doing
Knowin' it hurt me to say no
I been learning to stack get them racks run through em
No rainy days if I make more
I'll take care of the problems, flaws and all
But against me that's somewhere you can't go
My hoe do what I say cause I say so
Know some real hoes and know niggas straight hoe
Make em lay low

And last time I checked
Niggas wasn't talkin' bout none but the next
You don't hustle it ain't none to flex
You a customer or you gone collect
Used to countin' my cuts and scars
But I'm gettin' accustomed to countin' a check
When you cut and you know who you are
You don't need no bitch ass nigga respect
(I don't need yo respect)