

Own Man

Alex Wiley

Now, if you really tryna see what's good with me
Come, smoke good with me shit I tell ya'
Tryin fuck shawty and a friend but I don't think shawty
Friend down to do it with me, shit, I feel ya
Smoke will kill ya, I smoke the first blunt
And it was hot, real talk, niggas didn't even get high
I'm the kid in school niggas didn't wanna sit by
Now I call the shots, nigga, I don't let shit fly
Bitch, that's honest (that's honest)
If a rapper want beef swear to God he can get it all steak, no plate, Jagger
bitch nigga
And then they catch fists, and then they talk shit but don't say nothin' els
e You down on the kick
But now you want in
Now, fuck that, nigga, we don't play those games
You hated on me then, we ain't fuckin with you now
You not there for the eat, you don't say no grace

I think they drownin
I think they drownin
Lord save him
I think they drownin
I think they drownin
Lord save him
The man's a challenge
And clears the pallette
He lean on the chalice
And lost my balance
Finn this nigga (rat pack God?)
You gonna crack that card?
And I ain't gotta trap that hard

I sweared I'd do my thang
And leave my mark all on this game
Then I'm ghost, 0000oooo00oo0
And I swear to God the way
The sun come off, the lake remind me
Of the coast, ohhhh
Got a head full of mischief
And a car full of hoes
A van full of bitches and a
Heart made of gold
Got a head full of mischief
And a car full of hoes
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Heart made of gold

I've been drinking all this water
Piss ain't never been so clear
I never been so thirsty
I'mma be a martyr, I'mma be a menace
They be showing love for the green nigga
I got the advantage, I been playing tennis
We could take it to the table if you want there
But I don't think you really want it there
Fairer skin get the most airplay
And I don't think you really want it fair

And I been running this whole thing like a turtle
Trust me nigga I don't think you really want it here
Slow grind, been penning these poems since '09
Give a fuck about the pigs
I ain't never really fed into the bovine
Windy city all you flimsy niggas grip a clothesline
Flippin verses just to get a couple dollas
Shit to say we got the worst times
Please don't ever think it's sweeter
Just because a nigga got a fuckin' cosign
That's so blind
It's like they in love with the money
But trust me they trust me
I'm droppin more dimes

I think they drownin
I think they drownin
Lord save him
I think they drownin
I think they drownin
Lord save him
Cause I can only bring em to the fountain
But niggas so worried about the chalice they'll turn a molehill to a mothafuckin mountain
Think They Drownin, Lord Save em

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