

Dead Players Testimony

Arin Ray

Fuck is we doing? Feelings and fools
She asked for work, we brought her them tools
Breaking our own rules now
Shit done got outta hand, wanna hold hands
Match times with schedules
I advise we next up
Stakes high, eyebrows high, acting irregular
Mama crib, weak wifi still on the cellular
Tellin' all ya business tax brackets and missions
Picking up a car, errands, oil, gas, and emissions
Eyes tied, soul tied, thought to tell one lie
For old time sake, call up some old hoes, hey
If you ain't out here playin' I'll cling to your heart
If I do, I hope you know that it's a dog in this man
Mastered the art of no fucks gave
A wave rider, a all nighter, a good buyer, nah sleep tighter
Wedding registry, air fryer applying
Watching the player in me dying
Dead

Yo
I'm good how you
Oh yeah, I'm just, uh, looking at this Airbnb, Out the way
(Ain't it good, baby?)
I was thinking, we can you know
(Ooh child, yeah)
Get away for a little bit, me and you just slide
I'll pick you up, pack you a lil bag
That sound good?