# Touché

**Armani White**

I mean if it means anything it wasn't supposed to happen like this but
I guess we can just keep it going

Call the house again
Tell them that them ounces in
Yellow brick it, I split them o's up
You ask them alpha men
Council doubt I'm probably not gon' amount to shit
It's common sense
Look at all this trouble that my filthy mouth done got me in
I'm stankin' rich
Banking switched
Pocket tees with handkerchiefs
Used to see that glass half full
Started to drink that shit
Switching the litter with Brenda when I was a baby
Still didn't think to pitch a philly nigga after Pac
They clocking Jada Pinkett-Smith
I'm cold
Papa passed a pocket snatcher
That mic gon' die with rings, apollo greed
Then rocket back up
'Cause anti-virus ain't gon' stop them
80's popping back up
So when they hard up on the rise my bubble got to crack up
You went from calm demeanor
Call police to accomplice and follow leader
Nine beneath the bomber, tees
Or poppin' heat, yeah I believe ya
Honestly I doubt if they gon' drop after autumn
Even if I fall off I just otter box out the bottom
Until I'm looking like the last off
How the fuck I lash all
Silence is my last song
How the fuck I pass y'all?
'Head of confederates at war
Even them veterans getting their flags tossed
Fasten them bulls and I'm pulling them straps off
Right from the belt til it's looking like flag ball
Half y'all reaching out that wanna hold me back
These niggas can't hold me back
All I want is my homie back
These niggas can't loan me that
No these niggas keep reneging
Think these writtens is only rap
But the old me back
With an eight this mean it only take 16 to bring Kobe back

I don't know how many fucking times
I told you to stop with this drug money shit
You got one more fucking time, and I'm taking my kids
And I'm leaving your ass
You keep putting my family in danger
I've had enough of this shit
I'm done
You put your hands on me
You selling drugs

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I've had enough
I've had enough
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