

It's summer, and I'm chillin on my steps with my little crew  
Just like the videos, just like all the little rappers do  
We voice love to the heads we know that walk past  
Sunshine and smilin, Livin out of a shot glass  
And I talk fast when it comes to girls  
Hey baby I'm just a nut tryin to fuck a squirrel  
Maybe we could shut the world up  
Let some slug into your life  
Suddenly she hypes an eyebrow up, like  
'What do you mean?' and I start buggin like  
'If I was to fallowed you home would you keep me  
Would you feed me, would you pet me  
Would I fuck you till your sleepy?'  
She said I'm creepy, and walked off  
Too late, I already got off on the fact you even stopped  
You knew I'd treat you like an object  
You knew I was a rapper, you knew it was the trend  
For us rapper men to disrespect women infront of friends  
Nonetheless; here comes that kid Sean that I used to be cool with  
Went to school with, now this kid is talkin fool shit  
Gettin supper touchy with his lips about  
how I stuck his bitch supposedly  
What the fuck is this supposed to be  
Sean's got nuts, hes alone, I'm wit crew  
Now tell me what the fuck I'm supposed to do  
I spew. Look (???) makes believers of cartoons  
And I happen to know your bitch sleeps in until the afternoon  
Honestly, my man, you don't bother me  
Cause Everybody bleeds, now go and ask your seed who his father be

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Now Sean kicked my ass, I ain't gonna lie, ain't gonna laugh  
It wasnt fun, but fuck 'em, I'ma get my gun  
Shit like that gets done in the world of rap  
If they pushin on ya vibe, you just a pussy if it slides  
So I sprint up three flights, Get into the feet whipe on the door  
Draggin dirt and blood on the rug, and the wood floor  
Couldn't believe my squad just stood there and watched  
Word to God, this boy tellin me to blame it on my cock  
I'm amped, and I'ma shoot every motherfucker out there  
I'm ill, and I'm gonna prove that shit when I get back downstairs  
Into the bedroom, my passion aimed at the closet  
Visualizing the top shelf, thats where the shoebox is  
I push the top up, enough to fit my hand in  
Reach into the box in a frenzy, realizing that it's empty  
Hand rests in the box, head festers in an open stun  
Then I remember, I don't even own a gun

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Writers Never Die  
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