

Public

Ay Em

(M-M-M-Mayan)

I'm causin' a moshpit
I'm still jokin' in public
Go get a re-up and drop hits
I cannot be watchin' the clock tick
For the love of the lizzy, yeah, I had to re-route
Let you commit and now they always tryna be wrong
But they really forgot they comin' like the sea now
I'm just prayin' I make the wad and broski beat trial
Didn't learn it out of a book, I had to freestyle

Straight facts
Hatin' when they ask for a ticket in that straight cash
Was runnin' kind of late, I had to put it in the waist bag
Meet me in the corner, I'll be waitin' by the grey van
Got a new shawty that I'm linkin' on the way back
I swear she comin' different, she be something I can gaze at
But love is like tryna find a needle in the haystack
She know when she around me I just tan it like a spraytan, tan, tan, tan
Well, I'm too sick, lately, I'm too slick
They be like, "You stupid," when they all stupid
Stay around some shooters, innit, I group with
Stay away some loose lips, innit, they sink ships
Lately, I'm only tryna write all of my rhymes (I'm only tryna write)
Leave a message and I'll hit you back tomorrow
I kickback, spin it, I smoke my spinach
I might go be near that main stage

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Always on the faster lap, grew up with no father, ahk
My booze and my knife and my prayer were my starter pack
I was watchin' Art Attack when Nanny had a heart attack
I think that's why I've always picked my fights with a larger man
Look at what the summer did, look at what the summer done
Took away my brothers young, I'm feelin' for my brothers' mum
All becu' your brother try ride, have your brother rubbed
If my brother's gonna face time, got my brother's son
My mind do suffer, my life too gutter
I copped the Max Gucci in my Nike shoes, runner
I miss my gunner, they miss few summers
He step out on his own and his knife, two brothers
Knife, few hammers, I choose choppers
Then I shoot copper, define you squatter (Uh)
Shit, if the music dead, then I'm croppin' it
First time I seen a brother dead, I learned from it

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