

Misguided

Azizi Gibson

You little lonely bitch
Little phony prick
Nigga why so stiff?
Nigga it's okay
I won't punch your face
But I got something to say
I'm tired of your lies
I'm tired of trying
They been denying
They in denial of my sense of style
It just makes me smile
Mother fucker pipe down

I see what's in front of me
And I need all of ya'll
To get the fuck from we
All you shooters get the fuck from we
Can everyone please step awayyyy
Back the fuck up
Give me my spaaaace

I switch it up real nice
Cause I'm off the ounce
Ima bounce right now
Why you niggas throwing salt tonight
Do forget who put you on
You ain't up on the one [?]
Sorry you ain't on the list tonight
Just trill niggas trill bitches on the spot
And we going up tonight
Don't let life go to waste shit face

Yeah we getting turnt tonight
Let's be gooone
No let's stay here
We'll chill for a bit
We'll have one drink
Fuck it let's get ripped

I won't be looong
I must keep gooing
This shits anoooying
Better watch your tooone
Headed straight for the throne
Got my gun to your dooome
Maaan, I'm tired of you bitch ass mother fuckers trying to say I ain't got s
tyle
Daaamn
Now you want to ride my dick
Please make up your mind
Daaamn
Your bitch tip toed over here in jordans
Ima take her ass down
She said, "Z, will you wait for me?"
I said, "Okay... Psych!"
Bitch I'm leaving then I'm gone
And I ain't never coming back

I ain't got time for the bullshit
I say that on all my tracks
I don't give a fuck who you are or what you rep
You niggas ain't real
You meals

We gon' have a feast to that
We gon' have a feast to that
We gon' have a feast to that