

My Thoughts 4

Babyface Ray

(I just need my space right now)
She told me to go make some time
Yeah

She told me to make some time, but bae, I ain't wastin' mine
My Rollie up to the sky and ain't set up the date and time (facts)
I sent you up to go get it, just bring it to break it down
Got my folks collectin' pints 'cause they heard 'Face in town
Her heart broken and it's my fault but I ain't notice
I'm half-soldier and half-boss and niggas know that
Hope they ain't hatin' 'cause they'll never get they ho back
I'm at Zeidman's electin' somethin', this where I vote at
Girl, where your passport? I need some love, let's hit Jamaica
I'm gettin' what I want, I used to run around with takers
These boys get desperate when they be runnin' out of paper (no cap)
Know I got vices, I'll probably never put the drank up
Lame-ass nigga, come and get a picture or somethin'
Grab you somethin' from the mall, but you ain't gettin' my trust
We need Smack DVD 'cause they ain't livin' like us (come on)
Somethin' black to match the bin, put my bitch in the truck
Told me I need therapy, I don't be givin' a fuck
I can only judge a nigga how they act when they up
Pull a move, don't think twice, he would've did it to me
Pull up on me same day, this shit won't take me a week
You ever dropped a glass pint and had to scrape up the drank?
You ever slayed a bad bitch and had to keep it discreet?
No guns drawn, bullets flyin', how you beefin' with me?
Might give a Scat to a rat, it's cats stitched to my seat
Ri-rich dope fiend, a Perc' dipped in my lean
Bi-bitch, watch your mouth when you talkin' to me
I had to cut into the rug for almost kickin' my drink
Sir, can you tell me what you pourin' that keep makin' it pink?
Look up at the JumboTron, I'm flexin', I'm gettin' off
They see me, they cheerin' for me, but I ain't pick up a ball
Snowsuit claws, cuz shovelin' my driveway
Cars back to back like we celebratin' a holiday
Barely get to see her, but she still gon' keep that pussy safe
That's a pick six, niggas tried to run the rookie play
Bro dropped out, but he still won't put the books away
Old hoes mad, on my Instagram, "Look at 'Face"
Another day, it's new Givenchy, I'm just doin' press
Do you love me or you hate me? Say it with your chest
Life is like a card game, I been done with chess
I can't show my hand, won't tell my right about the left
Made a way, but never left, put my homies out this mess
Tied with the top execs, ride with the chopper, yes (boy)
I know I can't win 'em all, but I won't let 'em see me sweat
I'm just tryna get them out, these niggas wanna be the best
I left a statement to the telly, groupies eatin' it
They keep on askin' for the blueprint, I just be myself
My youngin walkin' with his shirt up so you see his belt
No double Gs or LVs, this make you scream for
Carhartt, Marni
Wockhardt, Barney
Rockstar, gnarly
Beam me up, Charlie
Take a nigga bitch 'cause he lyin' like Safaree

I keep buyin' Chromes that's identical to Cartis
Can't change my habits for shit, I'm stuck in my ways
You got the right to remain silent, the fuck did you say?
These FaZe Clan-ass niggas play nothin' but games
Walked out the crib, decisions, decisions, I jumped out the Range
Like fuck it, who ran the route better, me or Harriet Tubman?
Can you picture me rollin'? Exes picture me clubbin'
He can't erase the hate, I put my dick in his woman
My glizzy gettin' engaged, I'm gettin' it fit for a button
You know how my niggas livin', I'm turned up, I'm on the Oxy'
I'm ballin', woah Kemosabe
I'm coastin' like I'm at Jozzy
She dig me, my pimpin' popular
It's neat, but I want it sloppy
Rap for 'em, but I ain't Fivi
She foreign, my lil' mami
Yeah, I can fly you out, bae, I don't care to see bitches
Psyche, it's like ten of 'em comin' to the D with me
Shorty, these your options, you gon' cut me in or eat with me
High, nodded off, fucked around and let her sleep with me
Codeine baby, I don't care if it was three-fifty
At the round table passin' cups, you can drink with me
I had a one-on-one with God and he gon' bless me for life
That's for them times I kept it solid when I could've been slime
She let some niggas knock her up, but this bitch wanna keep mine
I'll have some gangsters pop you up, you say my name three times
You know it's hot, it's just like grease, I'll get a lame deep fried
I used to get 'em for the nineteen, my name Keyshawn
I rock the cradle, then boom like it's '85
I'm smashin' the pedal of somethin' new like I'm racin' the lines
These ice bowls reboxed, but it's Mason in mine
I hope some years get knocked for niggas facin' some time
Lookin' for artists, who the next Warhol?
Baller, bitch, rich nigga up, look at cornball
Hangin' with my nieces and my nephews and ignore y'all
There's niggas speakin' down when you ain't there and don't support at all
Listen to this, can't do bad all myself, my nigga
Niggas gon' try and I'm gon' catch a free one, I feel it
How you gang? They got the drop on, go kill him
I'll dress 'em up and make 'em look good, we send it
Swag on a hundred, flowing through I'm like Wayne in '06
TMZ on my dick
Post a half, look at this
Post a bag, niggas goin' out sad 'bout some chips
Met her first day and cut her ass the same, that was Trish
Nigga play, so you know I gotta get 'em, made a list
Damn, look at me, remember playin' tag, now I'm it
I come through, got the whole hood wavin', Money Mitch
Rap general, I still'll sub in and dunk a brick

(I just need my space right now)
Face MOB, nigga
M-O-B, man, the business, Money Over Bitches
Fuck you other niggas, y'all ain't really with us
Y'all know how we comin', nigga
Shit ain't 'bout nothin'
Codeine cowboys
Rest in peace to all my fallen soldiers we lost, nigga
Motherfuckin' stupid soldier turned to boss
Diamonds like Voss, nigga, makin' me talk
Real P when I walk, bitch