Bas

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We gon make it baby, no discussions
Bas is nasty, spit disgusting
Gunna and 500 know a nigga hustling?
Got a 20? Fuck it, cop the buds and eat some Ruffles
Far as mook? We gon need a duffle
Do it by the book. Nigga we don't need a duffle
No police, no more trouble
But I'm troubled, got a homie who ain't heed the warning till they slugged e
Now we miss em and we love em
Yea we love em
Lord, I just wanna see his face!
I browse the profile page of my homie slain
I saw a post from a lady and this is what it say
" I cried when you passed away I still cry today
Although I loved you dearly, I couldn't make you the stay"
Live the Land of the Free, but we missin the brave
They tell me " Remember me when you hittin the stage"
In the darkness of night, I'm just missin the days % \left\{ 1\right\} =\left\{ 1\right\} 
That's why I spit on this mic, like I was kissin the grave
Yea Boi I
Rhyme a few bars so I could buy a new car
And then I kick a few flows, so I could pimp a few hoes
I used to know this girl she was the Devil in disguise
One look in her eyes
You would turn to gelatin
She only fuck with rappers if you ain't one you irrelevant
Only fucks with athletes if you ain't one then she take off like a track mee
Yea exactly
When I rap she know exactly what I'm sayin (I'm sayin)
And when a nigga ball she know exactly what I'm playin now (iso)
If we go to eat, she look at me till I'm payin now (I know)
Hold up now
You're a groupie. Say it loud, say it proud!
Bitch you lazy or you just a fool?
Shout out to Misha, had her baby and still finished school
I'm a believer
One day I'm a sit on a stool
On top the world and remember I used to sit on a stoop
Never swerve in the coupe
When it's work in the coupe
Now I pirate the game, tryin to earn me some loot
I tell em " Stop being Nazi you better serve me my soup "
But this ain't Seinfeld
I flip that like some clientele
Yea Muuufucka
Rhyme a few bars so I could buy a new car
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And then I kick a few flows, so I could pimp a few hoes